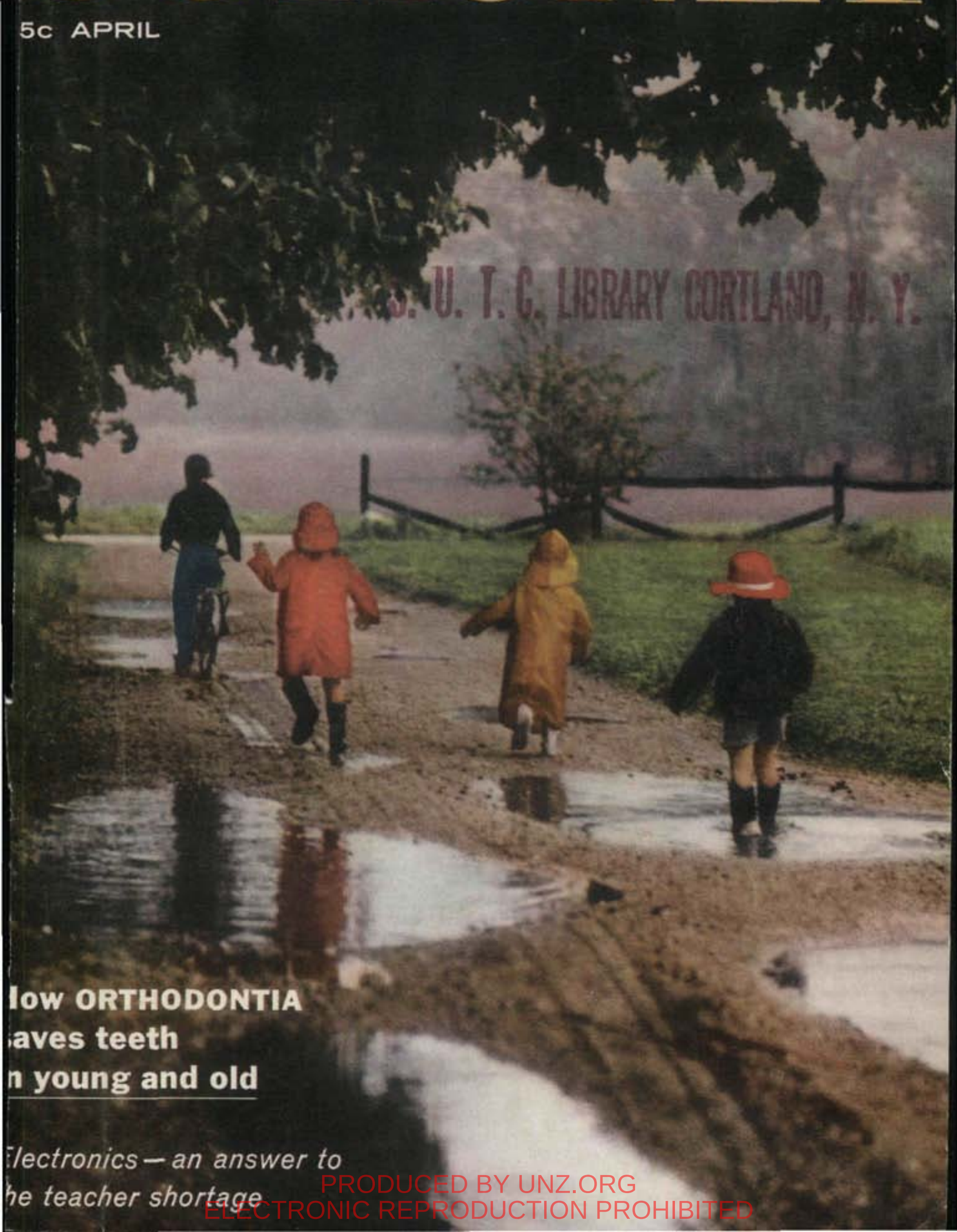
CORONET

5c APRIL



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The "filter flower" of cellulose acetate (modern effective filter material) in just one Marlboro Selectrate Filter.

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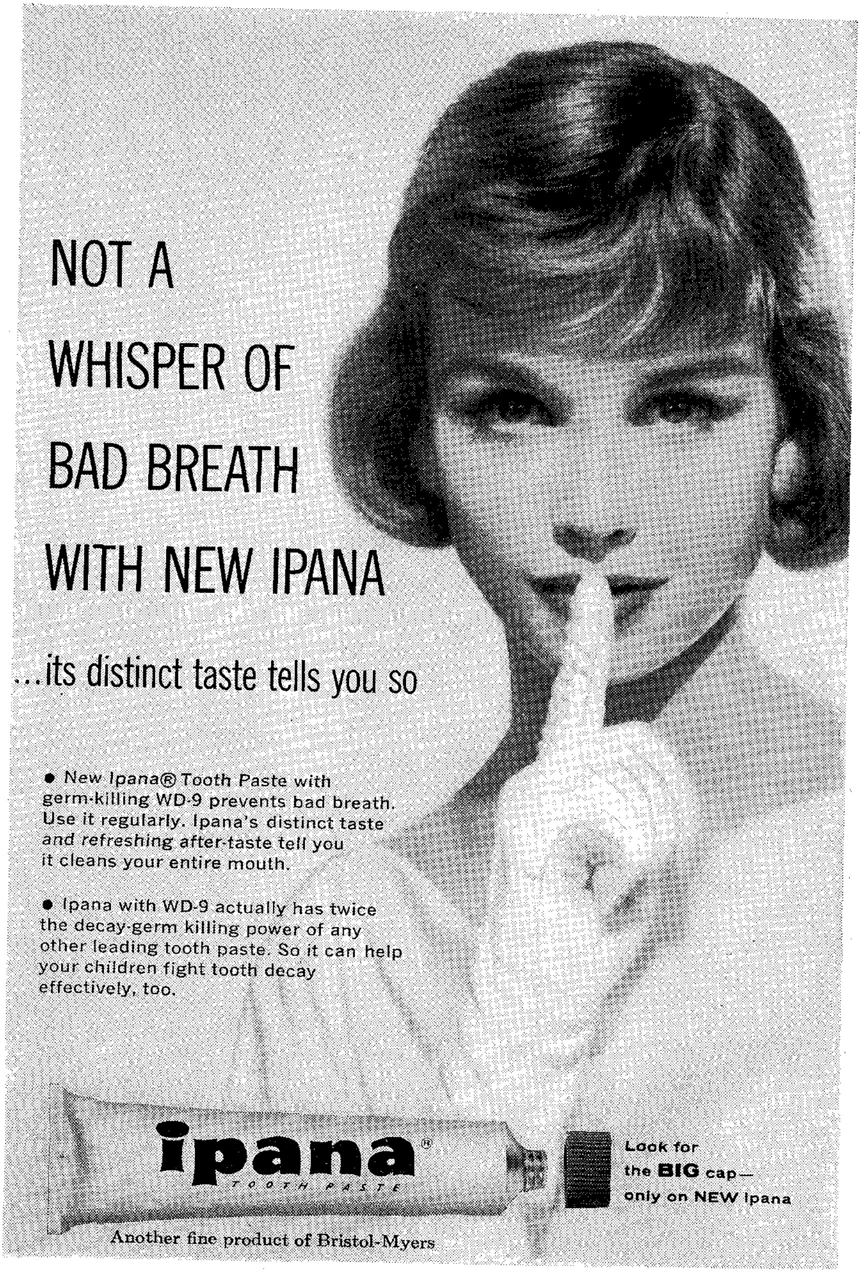

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Look for the **BIG** cap—only on NEW Ipana

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

...Relax-A-cizor
The New Way to *Reduce at Home...

*No diet . . . No Weight-loss

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests ...*at home*.

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax - A - cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11" x 9" x 6"; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Mexico City 14-68-16; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

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"I couldn't get along without my kitchen telephone"

You'll say so, too, once you know the convenience of a telephone right beside you in the kitchen. It saves a lot of steps and time. Saves you!

No need to leave the baby or the kids or the roast or whatever you're doing to make a call. No need to rush to another room to answer the telephone. You just reach out your hand and there it is!

A kitchen telephone is so convenient when you need that "telephone break" from your household chores. Other favorite locations are the bedroom, den, recreation room and workshop.

Easy to get. Wonderful to have. Just call the Business Office of your local Bell Telephone Company.

It's fun to phone . . .

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Dear Reader:

Susan Greenburg: a new look in photographers.

TIME WAS WHEN a professional photographer was thought of as a tough-talking, burly fellow who worked for a newspaper and tossed about, not only his weight, but a bewildering assortment of picture-making equipment. But the coming of age of magazine photography has made the photographer an artist in his own right; and, to the consternation of the old-timers, brought a new element into the field—women. Today there are about 40 women among the 450 members of the American Society of Magazine Photographers. And one of the most perceptive of the new lady lensmen is 25-year-old, New York-born Susan Greenburg (*She Mends Young Minds,* p. 44). Far from tough-talking and burly, she is a 5′ 4½″, 115-pound graduate of Sarah Lawrence College, which she entered with the full intention of becoming an artist. It happened, though, that she had won, as a high school student, enough money in art prizes to buy a Leica camera. Slowly, the camera gained over the brushes, and now she finds photography can be just as challenging as painting. As she puts it, "Sometimes it is easier to paint the picture you want than it is to go out and find it with a camera." As for being a woman photographer, she feels that "editors put stock in a woman's intuition and look more for special meanings in her pictures rather than technical perfection." She feels, too, that sometimes women can get away with things that men cannot. (She once jumped up on a startled executive's desk to get the picture she wanted of him.) But this doesn't always hold. Covering a Yale-Harvard football game, she was chased by a guard and carried bodily from the Yale Bowl because she refused to obey a "no women" edict when shooting pictures on the sidelines. And where were her gallant brother photographers-in-arms? "They didn't lift a finger," Susan says indignantly. "In fact, they seemed kind of glad about the whole thing!"

The Editors

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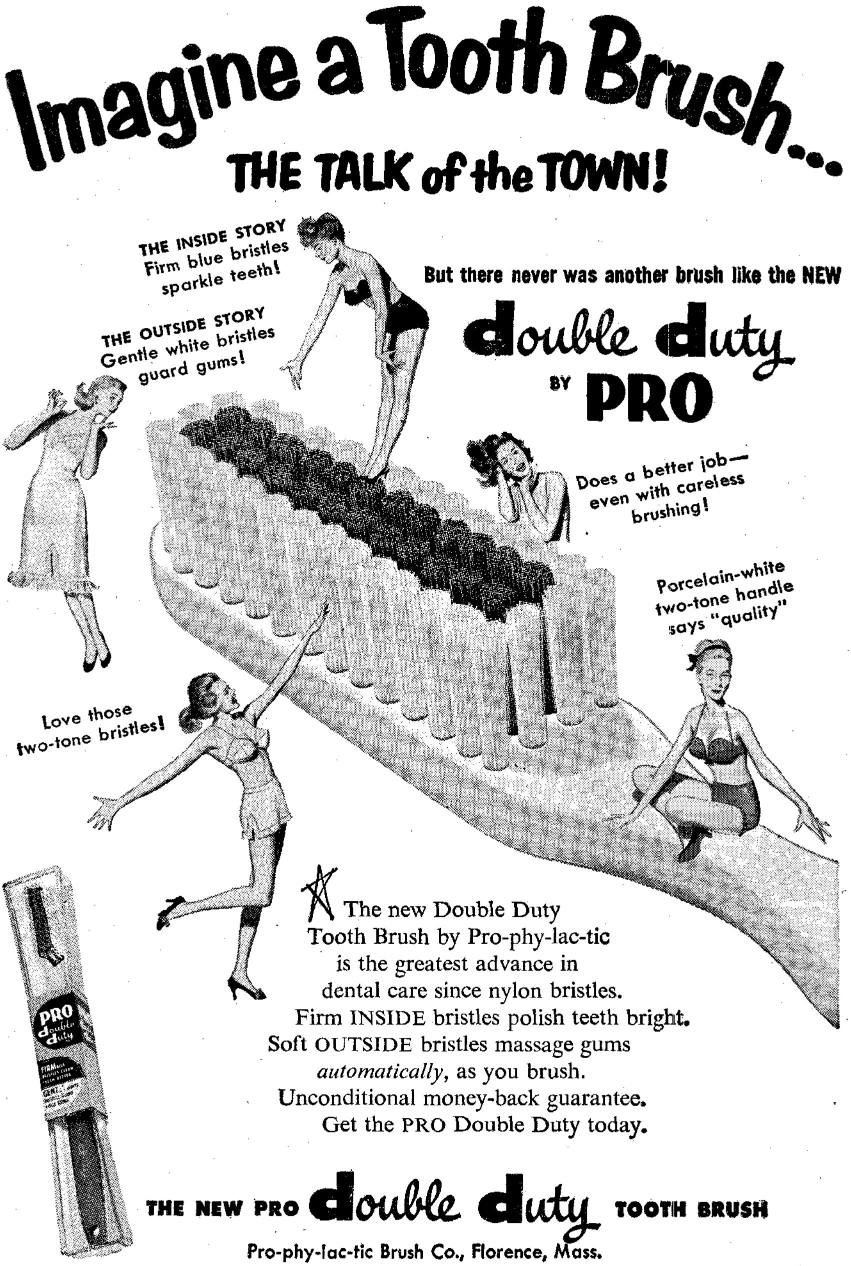
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THE OUTSIDE STORY
Gentle white bristles guard gums!
Does a better job—even with careless brushing!
Porcelain-white two-tone handle says "quality"
Love those two-tone bristles!
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Imagine a Tooth Brush...

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But there never was another brush like the NEW

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Tooth Brush by Pro-phy-lac-tic
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dental care since nylon bristles.
Firm INSIDE bristles polish teeth bright.
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Cover

Photograph .... KATHERINE ABBE

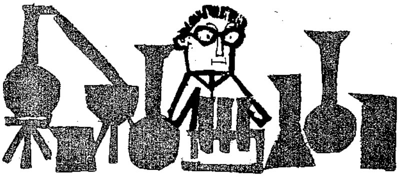
ALL ABOUT YOU

Tinting your emotional patterns; dreams of martyrdom and money; portrait of Mr. Typical Scientist

MEET A SCIENTIST

In this day, when science commands the news, it's intriguing to discover what sort of person a typical scientist is. A group of Columbia University psychologists, after analyzing several hundred studies dealing with physicists, chemists, engineers, mathematicians and the like, have come up with the following broadly drawn profile:

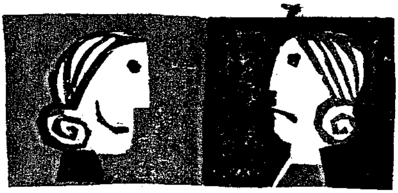
Your typical scientist is usually an only child or an eldest son. Most often, he hails from the North Central or Western states. He's usually born to an upper middle class or professional family. His first interest in science manifests itself when he's ten or 11. Generally a "key figure"—his father or his teacher—influences his choice of a career. Intellectually he scores high; academically, he does well; and physically he's likely to be taller and heavier than his friends. However, it's another story in the field of personality traits. Here, the psychologists discovered, their scientist was often introverted, antisocial, somewhat unaware of the forces that drove him. If he was a mathematician, he was inclined to be cold and competitive in personal relationships.

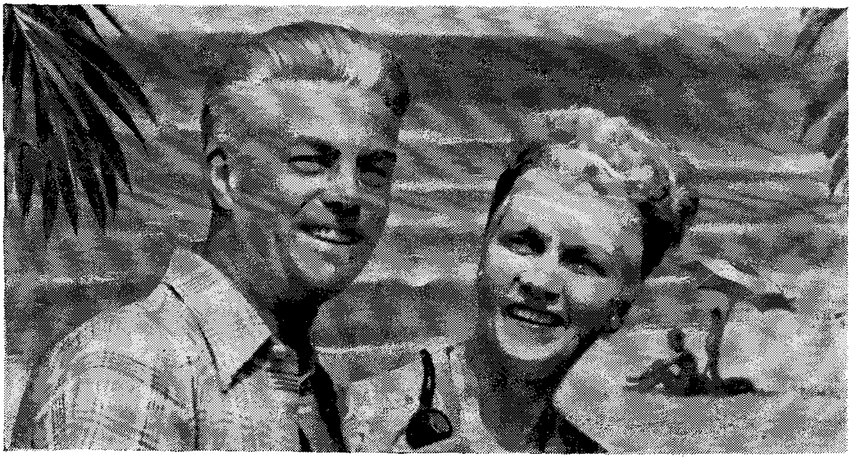


All other things being equal, the psychologists learned, the typical scientist does his most productive work at a fairly early age—between 30 and 35.

COLORS VS. EMOTION

Do certain colors have emotional meanings for you? If they do, you might compare your reactions with those of persons studied at Purdue and Louisiana State universities. For most of them, blue and green suggested security, tenderness, and calmness. Red was associated with cheerfulness, defiance, and power. Black suggested distress, despondency, and also defiance. Brown meant protection; purple indicated dignity; yellow meant cheerfulness. Orange, oddly enough, seemed to be one color that had little emotional context for any of the persons participating in the study.





How we retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"Here we are, living in Southern California. We've a little house just a few minutes' walk from the beach, with flowers and sunshine all year. For, you see, I've retired. We're getting a check for $300 a month that will keep us financially independent as long as we live.

"But if it *weren't* for that $300, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance, in 1941. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

"To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she dressed, I was leafing through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire.'

"Well, we'd certainly never been rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

"This ad told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of $300 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. No harm in looking into it, I thought. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I had ever clipped. I mailed it that night.

"Fifteen years slide by mighty fast. Times changed a lot when the war came. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one *thing I never had to worry about! 1956* came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired!* We sold the house and drove west. It's a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our $300 a month will keep coming as long as we live!"

Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $20 a month to $3,600 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

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Retirement Income Plan

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OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION
FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

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Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page booklet showing new retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

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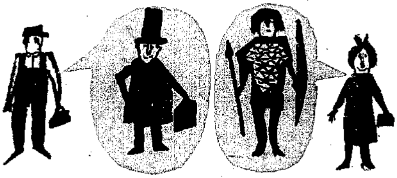
Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

Home Address____________________

ALL ABOUT YOU

Talking to yourself? Now hear this. . . .



ASSEMBLY-LINE DREAMS

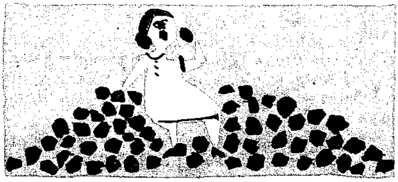
It may surprise you to learn that your daydreams probably aren't too different from those of other people. Doctors Laurence F. Shaffer and Edward J. Shoben, Jr., checked two groups—average age of the first, 21; of the second, 28—and found that both generally daydreamed about the same subjects. There were two frequent themes: performing astonishing mental feats; and achieving great success. Other subjects: sex, money, possessions, worry. As between men and women, there was one fascinating sidelight: twice as many men as women daydreamed about saving money or accumulating possessions; but more women than men daydreamed about being martyrs!

LISTEN TO ME!

If you talk to yourself, don't worry about it. The measure of human intelligence may be how broadly we can converse with ourselves, suggests Dr. Albert Goss, former visiting professor of psychology at the University of California. Most of our activities are the result of carrying out instructions we give ourselves. For example, even in so small a task as picking out an apple at the store, we follow our own orders: choose one of such a color, firmness, size. In time these instructions become so automatic that we don't actually formulate the words. In short, don't mind any intensive colloquy that takes place between you and yourself. But take our advice; don't talk out loud.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Mothers-to-be, as we all know, confess to sometimes bizarre appetites. Nutrition experts of the British Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food have collected some of the oddest cravings in a study of 1,000 pregnant women. They found that 187 of the group had an irresistible desire to nibble at coal; hard or soft didn't matter. In some, the need was so overwhelming they'd sneak out in the middle of the night to satisfy it. Among others, one struggled with herself not to eat the plaster off the wall; 17 couldn't get enough mustard; 72 insisted on raw vegetables; and the most popular craving was for fruit—any kind of fruit. The experts suggest that these strange cravings stem from a vitamin or mineral deficiency that is brought about by the extra demands of child-bearing.



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says MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

"If people only knew what a revelation and a joy The Listener is, they would not for a moment hesitate to wear one. I just didn't realize a hearing aid could be as good as this. It heralds a new day for the hard of hearing!"

Eleanor Roosevelt

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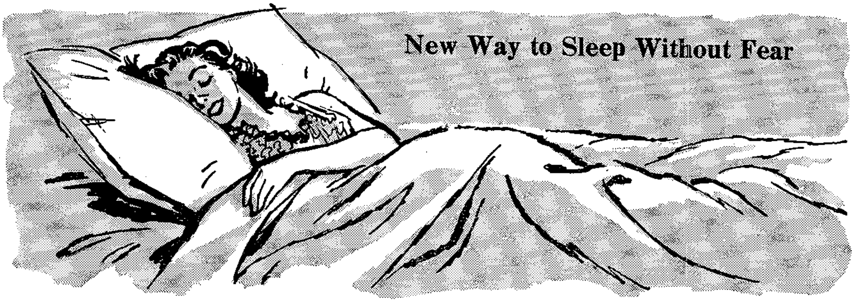
New Way to Sleep Without Fear

Exclusive Medical Report: How to get

8 Hours Sleep Tonight

New medical development found to bring longer, more refreshing sleep—without harmful effects

NOW COMES NEW EVIDENCE that safe, sound, restful sleep can be a happy reality for almost everyone. Recent tests made in one of the world's largest hospitals showed that even most severe cases of insomnia responded amazingly to a newly developed sleep-inducing formula entirely free of barbiturates, narcotics or habit-forming drugs.

Results of these clinical tests have just been made public in a special medical report. In test case after case, the hours of sleep increased from 3 or 4 hours—to 8 hours of sound, unbroken sleep. And most gratifying, the patients disclosed that there was no groggy dullness, no harmful after-effects.

Further, these doctors' tests revealed that this new medication with its unique formula is fully as effective as barbiturates. In fact, the medication successfully brought sleep in 88% of all cases tested—without danger of habit formation.

Since this new formulation is entirely free of habit-forming drugs, it can be made available to the public without prescription. Your druggist now has it under the name of Sleep-Eze® Tablets. The remarkable help that Sleep-Eze brings is due to the exclusive Formula SP-8, which combines pharmaceutically proven sleep-inducing ingredients in a unique way for maximum effectiveness.

For longer, more restful sleep get Sleep-Eze Tablets at any drug counter. Just two before retiring and you'll drift off into safe, sound sleep ... to awake bright, clearheaded and refreshed. Sleep-Eze Tablets guarantee satisfaction or your money refunded.

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that tastes
best of all!

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on the rocks

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Creme de Menthe

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THEATER

Klieg lights to footlights

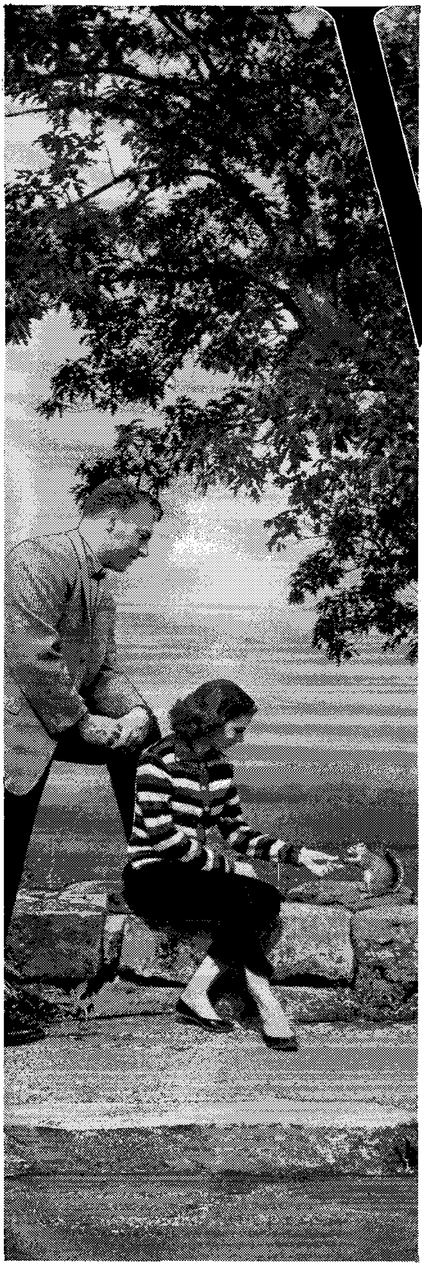
AMONG THE HOLLYWOOD EXPATRIATES who traded klieg lights for Broadway footlights this season are Ricardo Montalban, Gwen Verdon, Richard Burton and Joan Blondell. Now, two more California casualties light up theater marquees: Teresa Wright (*below, left*) as a lonely harassed mother in **The Dark at the Top of the Stairs,** and Robert Preston (*right*) as **The Music Man,** singing and dancing for the first time.

Lured to Hollywood after her Broadway debut in 1939, Teresa Wright won an Oscar for *Mrs. Miniver,* but gradually slipped into "B" movies. With this fine performance she shows Hollywood that it has overlooked a sensitive, moving actress who only lacked the right role.

In *Dark,* Playwright William (*Picnic*) Inge compassionately pinpoints "the fears in us all, even the most seemingly brave, and the bravery in the most seemingly frightened," in an Oklahoma traveling salesman's family in the 1920s. Behind the tough talk of Inge's lonely people, there is a love for each other which permeates his poignant play. It is directed by Elia Kazan and brilliantly acted by Pat Hingle and Eileen Heckart.

The "hero" of *The Music Man* is a tone-deaf con man who sweet-talks small-towners into starting a brass band, promising to teach their youngsters to play. Once he collects money for instruments and uniforms, he vanishes. But love and a pretty librarian (Barbara Cook, *below* with Preston) call his bluff. In Bob Preston, Meredith Willson, who welded book, music and lyrics into this happy musical, has an ingratiating rogue.

And for Preston, this role accelerates a movie career bogged down in stiff parts. Deserting Hollywood eight years ago, he showed fine skill in six plays, but as a song-and-dance man he is a revelation. He goes zestfully and exuberantly through his numbers, talk-singing in a cunning and conning manner. In the duets, Barbara Cook gives him expert support.



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ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH

MOVIES

POSSIBLY NO MOVIE version could recapture the glowing memory playgoers treasure of the Mary Martin-Ezio Pinza **South Pacific,** but this comes mighty close. It is as high, wide and handsome as Todd-AO, Technicolor and Director Josh Logan could make it. All the melodic Rodgers and Hammerstein score is here, plus two tunes cut from the original Broadway musical.

Rossano Brazzi proves a good choice for the role of the French planter who falls for the nurse from Little Rock and almost loses her to prejudice. And as Nurse Nellie, Mitzi Gaynor (*below*) works hard to make Nellie a real and warm woman.

Ray Walston and Juanita Hall, veterans of the stage musical, add fun as Luther Billis and Bloody Mary, while John Kerr and France Nuyen enact a romantic idyll in a subplot set against the lush scenic island of Bali Ha'i.

FROM PARAPLEGIC TO OKINAWAN interpreter, Marlon Brando has valiantly tried to present different faces to movie audiences. Whether successful or not, his approach to a character is always compelling. For his role in **The Young Lions**—an Austrian ski instructor who becomes a Nazi lieutenant in World War II—Brando turns blond (*above*) and makes the most of a new masquerade.

Unlike Brando, Montgomery Clift—who plays a Jewish soldier in this movie based on Irwin Shaw's best seller—waits for just "the right part," works seldom and thereby loses flexibility. Dean Martin is in *Young Lions,* too, as a singer-turned-soldier, but his sleepy-lidded performance is routine. Three beauties—Hope Lange, May Britt, Barbara Rush—serve mainly as romantic relief.

This story of three young men of different worlds whose paths cross in war offers little that is startling, but it gains momentum from Brando's thoughtful characterization of a disenchanted Nazi.

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TELEVISION

Return of a talented trio

VIEWERS WHO MISSED a solid helping of comedy in the back-to-back Western diet on TV this season have reason to rejoice: Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca are back. Together with Carl Reiner, these three highly polished comedy talents—primarily developed by television—recently returned to the video scene on ABC-TV in a choice time spot, Sunday nights, 9-9:30 P.M., EST.

It is a joyous reunion for all concerned. For Imogene Coca, the program—**Sid Caesar Invites You**—means a return to familiar surroundings and friends. One year after leaving Caesar in 1954, she lost her mother and husband of 20 years within a month. Soon afterward, Miss Coca asked for a release from her million-dollar NBC contract which guaranteed her $100,000 annually and had nine years to go, in order to enjoy more artistic freedom. But the various formats she tried since that time have not satisfied her or her audiences. Miss Coca refuses to discuss her age: "No woman in her right mind would," she says firmly. But estimates place her in her mid-40s.

Carl Reiner, 36, rejected other offers, including a movie bid, to play "second banana" to Sid Caesar once more. He spent his leisure time, after *Caesar's Hour* folded, writing a novel, "Enter Laughing," published last February.

As for Sid Caesar, slimmed down by 15 pounds since his closing TV show last May, he is delighted to be active again: "At 36, no matter how much money you've got, it's hard to say, 'I'll just lounge around today.' I've got too many ideas buzzing about in my head all the time."

In Imogene Coca, Caesar has the ideal TV mate. Her diminutive 5′3″, 110 pounds tend to overemphasize his 6′1″, 191-pound frame, and her retaliative attacks in their domestic squabbles make him a sympathetic, henpecked underdog to audiences. And in their pantomime skits, each complements the other in timing and Chaplinesque inspiration.

"One thing we want to avoid," says Sid, "is a firm format. We will do a lot of different things, so audiences can't predict what's coming next."

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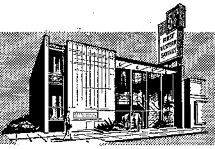

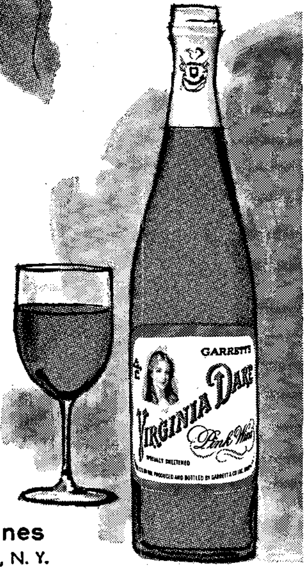
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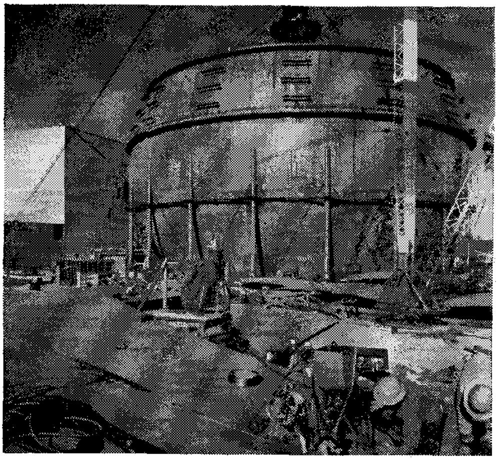
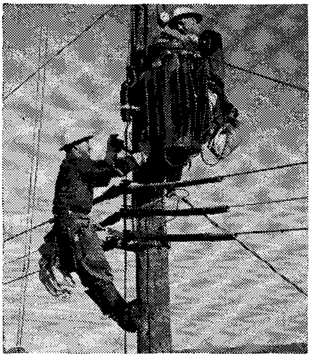
Where does atomic-electric power come from?

1 It grows out of new tools and equipment like this reactor assembly built by Westinghouse for testing atomic fuel element designs. These are developed and tested by engineers and scientists of electric companies and manufacturers, with the cooperation of the Atomic Energy Commission.

2 Finally, atomic-electric power comes from new kinds of electric power plants that use atomic fuel made from the uranium. Such a plant is the one photographed at right now being developed near Chicago, Illinois, by a number of electric companies. More are being planned or built by power and light companies in other parts of the country.



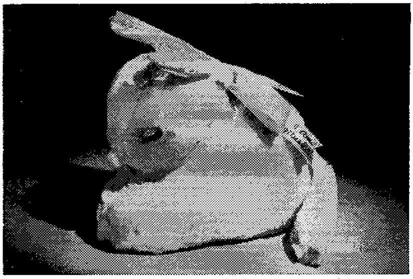
3 The electricity from an atom-powered plant is just like the electricity you use. The difference is in *producing* it. For each plant has to be designed, developed and built as a "first of its kind"—a very expensive way that makes the electricity costly to produce. That's why hundreds of electric company people are working to find the best ways to make atomic electricity more economical in the future.



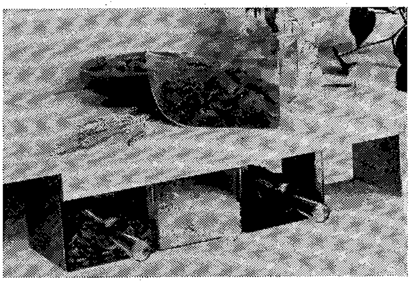
America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

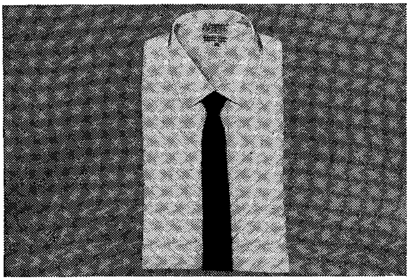
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



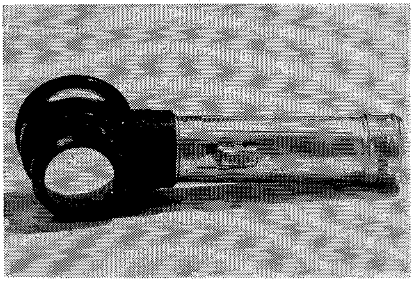
Wind the tail of the Easter bunny and Swiss music box concealed inside him will play while he does somersaults. Made of yellow plush, he wears a pink ribbon around his neck. Measures 7¾″ x 5¾″. $4.95 pp. Brown & Kane Co., Dept. C-4, 800 Broad St., Newark, N.J.



Scoop and bin canister set is a space saver. May be mounted to wood or metal kitchen cabinets. Plastic pour scoops allow you to see what and how much is on hand. White metal bin; measures 18″ x 10″ x 4″. $5.98 pp. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.



He'll be right in step with fashion in this imported white broadcloth shirt with diagonal pleats that will not iron out. French cuffs. Can be worn for dress or business. 14 to 19 neck. 29 to 37 sleeve. $8.95 pp. Lew Magram, Dept. X-7, 830 7th Ave., N.Y. 19, N.Y.



Exceptional buy is battery operated power magnifier which throws light on subject and magnifies it 7 times. Built-in gauge measures in inches and centimeters. Uses 2 flashlight batteries. $2.98 pp. 10-power model, $3.98 pp. Novel Mfg., COR., 33 Second Ave., N.Y. 3, N.Y.

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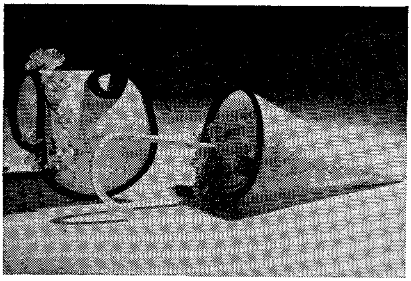
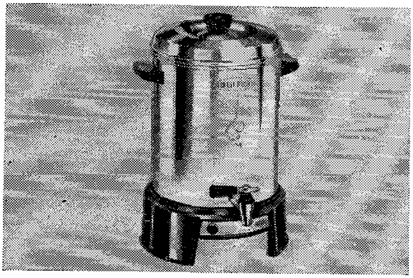
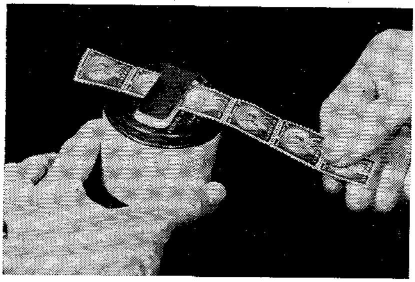


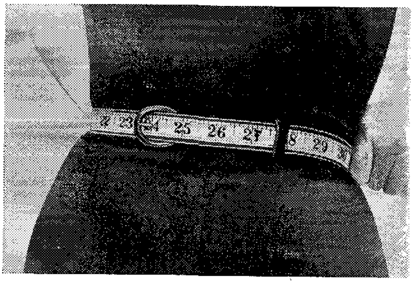
Hat and bag set for Miss Moppet to wear in the Easter Parade. White strawcloth bound in navy, red or pink velvet with flower trim. Hat will fit child up to 10 years old. Umbrella bag will hold her possessions. $3.25 pp. Babbits, CO-2, 285 So. Van Brunt St., Englewood, N.J.



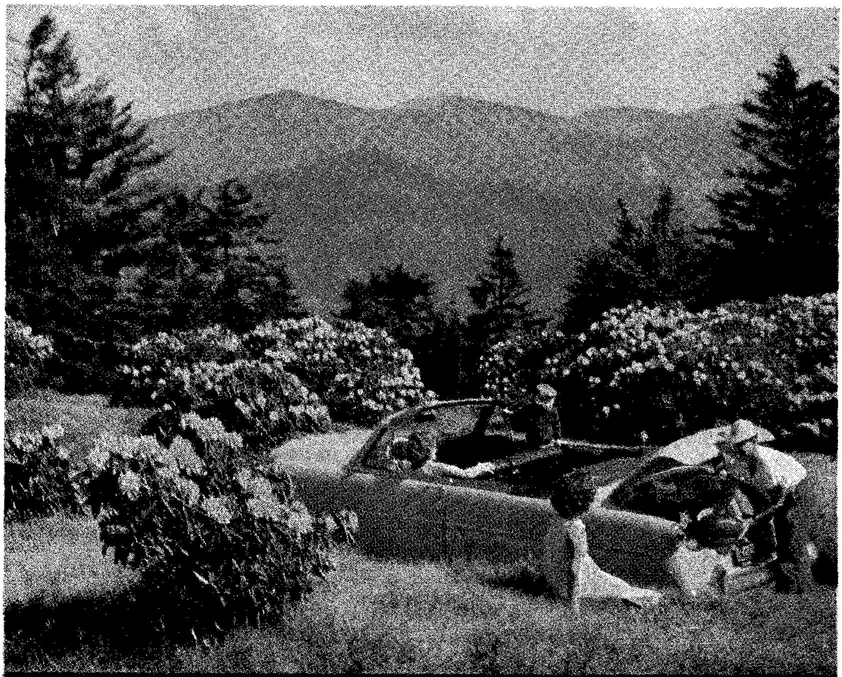
West Bend party percolator will make from 12 to 24 cups of coffee. Completely automatic; two heating elements, one for perking and other to keep coffee hot. Polished aluminum, $29.95 pp. Copper colored, $32.95 pp. Marshall Field & Co., 111 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.



Compact moistener is a handy gadget to have around. Moistens stamps, envelopes, address labels and gum tape for fast and efficient sealing. Cream-colored plastic; has large water reservoir. Will take any size envelope. $1.25 pp. Nifty Sealer, Box 591-K, Lynn, Mass.



Show off your slim waistline with this novel tape-measure belt. Notched from 22″ to 30″. Reversible; has yellow tape measure front backed with black strawcloth. Gold-plated buckle. $1.00 pp. Hobbies Unlimited, Box 97, C-9, Oakland Gardens Stat., Flushing, N.Y.



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NORTH CAROLINA

COMING EVENTS: Outdoor dramas "The Lost Colony" opening June 28 Manteo; "Unto These Hills" opening June 24 Cherokee; "Horn In the West" opening June 28 Boone; Singing on the Mountain June 22 Grandfather; Flat Rock Playhouse late June through August.

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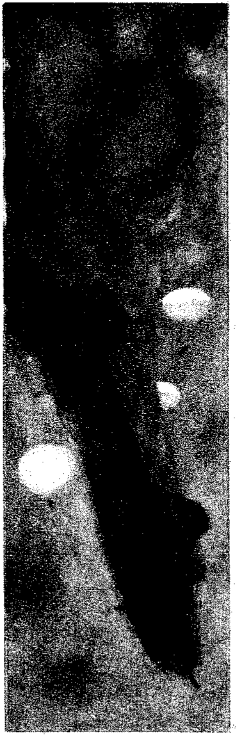
CORONET
APRIL 1958

"Men don't cry!"

Tears betray weakness. That's what the Captain believed, until one day . . .

by BOB PRICHARD



THE SOUND OF A MAN crying has chilled me since the time I was a lad of 14 in military school. Whenever I hear it, I also expect to hear the gruff voice of my old headmaster say, "Men don't cry!"

By the time World War II came along and I went into the Air Corps I was firmly convinced there was a definite link between tears and fear.

There were 18 in my contingent being trained for combat flying overseas. I began watching them closely, and labeled two of them "unreliable" within a week. One was a boy from the Kentucky hills who couldn't take it when his combat instructor dressed him down. The other was a boy from Ohio who had a tendency to reminisce over every bar he encountered. He encountered quite a few, and inevitably ended up crying.

These two I did not want.

But there was another boy I did want. A tall, broad blond from Michigan, a veritable whiz at the wheel of a B-24. Dick and I were to be a team, two men who would face it together because we fitted together.

I never had the slightest doubt about Dick, until that afternoon at Mitchel Field, Long Island, when the alert came through: We had 24 hours to get all our affairs in order. After that. . . .

Dick had a wife in Michigan named Martha. She apparently meant everything in the world to him. At the thought of a last telephone call to her, his hand trembled so he had difficulty lighting a cigarette.

"You've got to come with me, Cap," he said. "I need your moral support."

I wanted no part of it. But he insisted, so I went with him to the officers' club. It would do no harm to humor him once.

He got Martha on the wire—then handed the receiver to me. I didn't know what I was supposed to say, so I said I was glad to meet her and went through the regular rigmarole and turned the receiver back to Dick.

It was then that I got the true line on him. When he spoke to her I could hear audible sobs from outside the booth. I couldn't believe it, and yet Dick was crying!

I KNEW THEN that we were through flying together. Since I was the only captain in the group, I had the power of selection. So I bypassed Dick. I could see the hurt in his eyes. But he never said anything, or reminded me that we had planned to fly as a team.

We arrived at Foggia, Italy, our base of combat, and on our first mission I was flying alongside the Kentucky boy when the outboard right engine of his B-24 was blown off by ack-ack. The plane wobbled uncertainly, then settled into a long, shallow dive. I waited for the Kentuckian to pull her up, but he didn't.

It was no more than I had expected, but I made no comment when we returned to the base. It was done, and there was no undoing it.

The other boys of the contingent, however, took it pretty hard. They assembled in the officers' club that night to discuss it, and in the process became so rowdy that I was called out of bed.

When I arrived, the Ohioan had taken charge. With a glass in one hand he was tearfully bemoaning the death. All were pretty well in the bag.

I took the Ohioan's drink away from him.

"Are you all babies?" I demanded. "Don't you know men don't cry? Cut out this damn foolishness and get to bed. We've a mission to fly tomorrow."

They submitted without a word of protest, and filed out of the club. But the looks they gave me. . . .

One Saturday afternoon I was in operations, checking on my boys as they came in, when Dick's radio operator crackled through with the request for an emergency landing. That was all, nothing more.

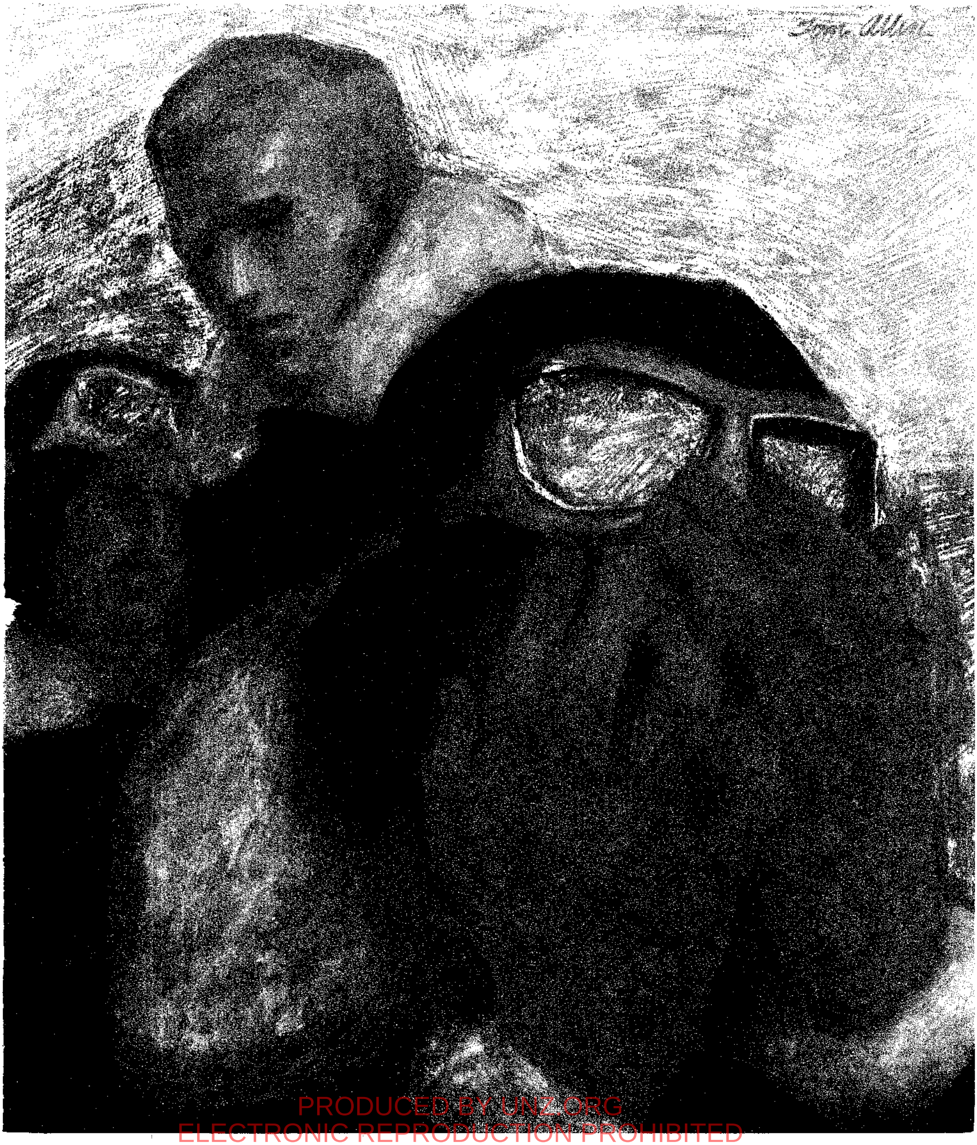
I reached the control tower in time to see Dick bring his B-24 down to about a thousand feet and roar past. Two engines were feathered and the fuselage had holes in it big enough to throw a pig through. You could see he had been hit all right, hit bad.

He pulled her up at the end of the field, gaining altitude, then started to circle. The crew came out, one by one, and their white parachutes billowed down to earth—all except

Dick. Then I realized to my horror why. He was going to try to bring her in.

He almost had it made when the plane ground-looped crazily, went out of control, then burst into flames. It exploded before it stopped sliding, and I leaned over the wooden railing of the control tower and vomited.

That night, I listened numbly to the co-pilot's account of what had



"Are you all babies?" I demanded. "Don't you know that men don't cry?"

happened. They had completed their mission and were heading home when a German ack-ack battery that wasn't supposed to be there caught them by surprise.

The first burst entered the cockpit at Dick's feet, traveled up the back of his seat and went out the top. The concussion knocked Dick unconscious. The co-pilot took over, and they stuffed a trench coat behind Dick's back to stanch the bleeding. When Dick regained consciousness he insisted on taking over the controls again.

"I didn't want to let him," the co-pilot told me earnestly, "but he seemed to be all right, except for the bleeding. He ordered us to jump, and I thought surely he was coming out behind us.

"It never occurred to me that he might not be able to move from the seat without help."

I asked to be assigned as personal effects officer for Dick. Somehow I couldn't bear the thought of a stranger rummaging through his personal belongings. In his letter file, I came across a sealed envelope addressed to me, to be opened only in the event of his death.

"Dear Cap," it began, "I hope you never have occasion to read this letter, because if you do, it will mean that I am on my way. But in case it does happen, there are a few things I want to say to you.

"Something happened between us, Cap, something that hurt me badly. I thought we were a team, and that we would fly together. When it didn't come about, I was badly disappointed.

"It wasn't until that night, right after we lost the boy from Kentucky, that I finally figured it out. It was tears, Cap. *And you are afraid of tears.*

"I started checking back on myself. I remembered that afternoon when I talked to Martha on the phone for the last time. I cried that day, didn't I, Cap? And you took it as a sign of weakness.

"Is it weakness, Cap, to release your emotions? If so, then why did God give them to us? Have you ever asked yourself that, Cap?

"You say that men don't cry, yet 'Jesus wept.' If it were weakness on His part, then how could He have faced crucifixion?

"I admired your inner discipline for a long time, Cap. But I ceased to admire it when I found it had shut out other more important things. When a man reaches the point that he can feel only one thing, then he has become a robot. And you have become a robot, Cap, without knowing it.

"But remember—I'm pulling for you, Cap, and will always be pulling for you. You have so much to give, if you would only let yourself. Surrender yourself a little, Cap, and don't be ashamed. People around you will understand, because they are human, too."

I put down the letter and I buried my head in my hands—and I cried, for the first time since I was 14 years old. . . .

Now, when the sledding gets rough, I remember Dick's words: "Surrender yourself a little, Cap, and don't be ashamed." Invariably I find, just as he predicted, that people understand. ♛ ♛ ♛

Human Comedy

While living in Japan as an Army wife, I was on a shopping tour with my friend Helen. Just as she was telling me about a fight with her husband, we passed a store with a miniature dog house in the window. Helen went in and asked to buy it.

The shopkeeper said politely, "For what kind of dog?"

She replied, "No dog. For husband."

Plainly not comprehending, the shopkeeper insisted, "But what kind of dog? I make to fit dog."

Helen exclaimed in exasperation, "Just husband. No dog."

With a sweeping gesture she opened her wallet, withdrew her husband's picture and placed it in the dog house. She then handed the shopkeeper a thousand-yen note, picked up her purchase, and walked out. I looked back to see the face of a very bewildered Japanese.

—CHARLOTTE E. DILLON

Three Baptist deacons who struck up an acquaintance with a Methodist minister on a golf course decided to surprise the latter by attending his services. They arrived late and all the seats were taken.

When the minister saw them enter, he was pleased and excitedly whispered to an usher, "Get three chairs for my Baptist friends."

The usher didn't quite understand and asked the pastor to please repeat his request. "Give three chairs to the Baptists!" he whispered again.

The usher, still puzzled but determined to carry out the request, as he understood it, stepped to the front, assumed a pep-squad-leader stance and left the audience wide-eyed with amazement when he yelled, "All right, everybody! All together! Three cheers for the Baptists."

—H. BRADFORD RAMSEY

A man was explaining to a friend his persistent but vain attempts to win a prize in a crossword-puzzle contest.

"Remember that puzzle that called for a seven-letter word meaning ing 'windpipe'?" he asked. "Well, I finally had to telephone my doctor for the information."

"Did you get it?" his listener inquired.

"I certainly did," the puzzle enthusiast confessed. "The word 'trachea'—and a bill for $5 for professional services."

—*Wall Street Journal*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Keeper of the cobras

by Ben Funk

Death is just a fang's length away, as with his bare hands he performs one of the most perilous jobs in the world

It is unlikely that any life insurance company in America would write a $2 policy on William E. Haast, who has created for himself probably the toughest and most dangerous occupation in the world.

In his Miami Serpentarium in Florida, this wiry, muscular, completely dedicated man seizes vicious, swift-striking cobras with his bare hands and takes from them deadly venoms which are becoming more and more important in medical research. He is the only such producer in the Western Hemisphere.

The venom that enables the cobra to kill is used by doctors to ease the pain of the sick when other drugs fail, and it may prove valuable in the treatment of neuroses.

Bill Haast has survived—at the cost of indescribable agony—32 bites by cobras and 30 by such killers as the rattler, the coral, the cottonmouth moccasin and the terrible blue krait.

Death came closest to claiming him on a January day in 1956. As he had done so many times before, he propped up the glass door of a snake

compartment and prepared to take a big Siamese cobra out for a venom extraction. To the small group of visitors watching him, it was a moment filled with dreadful suspense as the yellowish-brown reptile reared into striking position, his hood spread.

Haast, relaxed but grim-eyed as the cobra itself, started the shadow-boxing routine in which he has proven himself more than a match for most of the world's fastest snakes. His right hand darted back and forth inches from the cobra's head—inches from death. The hissing reptile swayed with the hand, watching with cold, glassy eyes for its chance to strike.

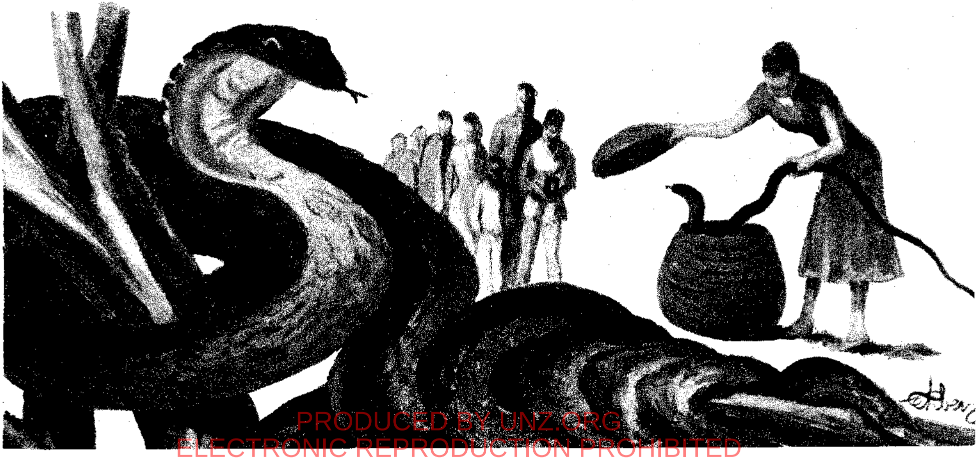
Bill's strategy was to keep the cobra off balance by feinting with the right hand, then seizing it at the back of the head with his left. He had succeeded thousands of times. But this snake had him figured.

In the same split second that Haast's left hand shot in for the capture, the cobra slashed downward at the right arm, scoring a perfect hit with both fangs. Before Haast could tear it loose, the cobra had made several punctures in his arm and opened a vein into which poured enough venom to bring paralyzing death to 20 ordinary humans.

Haast calmly pulled the cobra's head away from his arm and went on with the venom extraction. With the head gripped firmly in his left hand, he thrust the writhing reptile's mouth toward a glass vial over which a rubbery material had been stretched. The cobra's long, needle-sharp fangs pierced the rubber and drops of clear venom trickled into the glass.

Carefully, Haast disinfected the rubber diaphragm covering the glass vial so that snakes used in later extractions would not pick up germs from the cobra. Only then did he look to his own wound. But he did nothing except wash away the blood. He wasn't afraid, because in the preceding month he had lived through two other cobra bites.

Within minutes after this one, however, his throat was sore, and soon his eyes were heavy-lidded. An hour later, breathing became diffi-



cult. A growing weakness crept into his legs.

Haast went on about his business. But after he had completed the next extraction, he admitted to his pretty wife, "I don't know if I can continue, Clarita." He was seeing double now and only by a great effort could he hold his eyelids open. His wife got him to bed and he began chilling violently. In the next few minutes, his legs became paralyzed and he could barely speak.

Rarely does Haast call for medical aid when he has been bitten. He has faith in his amazing immunity to pull him through. But he needed help now, because paralysis was slowly enveloping his throat and lungs, and breathing was becoming almost impossible.

His son, Bill Jr., rushed him to a hospital. He was immediately injected with nearly half a pint of antitoxin serum. By the time they had him in an iron lung, breathing had stopped and his face was black from the struggle for air. His windpipe had collapsed. A pipe was inserted to free the passageway.

During the next few moments when he appeared to be dead, Haast says he felt "as though my mind had separated from my body. A great wave of relief swept over me, like a man gets when he relaxes after a hard day. I think that must be the feeling of death."

In the iron lung, he began to breathe again; and for the next 24 hours he lay seemingly unconscious, but he was fully aware of the burning pain as the venom ravaged his nervous system.

Then very slowly the antibodies in him overcame the effects of the venom. On the third day he could breathe without help. When they took him out of the iron lung, he demanded to go home. Two days after his return to the Serpentarium, he extracted venom from five big king cobras.

A doctor told him that he had not only lost his built-in immunity but had developed such a sensitivity to venom that another bite would kill him faster than it would an ordinary man.

"If you don't give up this work," the doctor warned, "I've a mind to go into court and try to get an injunction to stop you from committing suicide."

A few days later, another cobra bit Haast.

"Well," he commented after his recovery, "I guess this knocks the doctor's theory into a cocked hat."

BILL HAAST, who grew up in Paterson, New Jersey, is one of those rarest of individuals with no fear of snakes. His liking for them wasn't affected even when a rattler bit him when he was a boy.

After high school, he worked at various jobs, meanwhile reading everything he could find about snakes. Finally, he wound up in Miami as a flight engineer for Pan American World Airways. When his flights took him to such countries as India, he talked with experts and collected a few snakes, bringing them back into the U.S. in his suitcases.

By 1947, Haast had perhaps the finest collection of exotic reptiles in the country. He also had, he thought, enough money to throw up his career with PAA and start construction of the Serpentarium on U.S. Highway #1 just south of Miami.

"The only cobra venoms available in America were imported and cost $1,500 an ounce," he explains. "I wanted to produce a standard, dependable, lower-priced venom and open the way to unlimited research with it."

Soon after he started building his laboratory, Haast married Clarita Matthews, a pretty photographer's assistant. But before the Serpentarium was half done, the couple was stone broke. Bitterly disappointed, Haast was about to shelve their plans until they could raise more money when it occurred to him that the place could be opened to the tourists who streamed past on U.S. Highway #1 to Key West. On the first day he hung up a sign, 200 people paid to watch him milk his cobras of their venom.

The Haasts finished their Serpentarium. A white statue of a cobra, 30 feet high, guards the entrance. Inside are the laboratory and a tropical garden with five enclosures for snakes. Along their outer walls the cobras, Haast's most prized possessions, are housed in air-conditioned compartments. During the past year, 25,000 people paid $32,500 for the thrill of watching him take venom from the cobras.

Why must he handle them with his bare hands? Because, he explains, the thrashing reptiles could injure themselves fatally if instruments were used. It is something he has got to do, if he wants to keep them alive.

"In India, they can use instruments because cobras are plentiful and cheap," he says. "Over here, they cost a lot of money. If I let them die, I would go broke."

Since most snakes will not eat in captivity, Haast has developed a unique forced-feeding method. After extracting venom, he pushes a rubber tube down into the snake's stomach and a formula he worked out himself is pumped in with an instrument that looks like a calking gun.

His method is so successful he has kept snakes alive for years, when ordinarily they might die in weeks. One king cobra is still thriving after 200 venom extractions.

When he started his strange career, the 47-year-old Haast knew he was bound to be bitten sooner or later; and to enjoy any kind of a life expectancy, he had to have some sort of immunity. He began injecting cobra venom into his system. First he diluted the venom 1,000 times in a saline solution. Gradually he increased the dose.

The curator of a large zoo heard of the experiment and wrote urging Haast to stop. He pointed out that horses which are injected with venom to produce snakebite serum usually die within two years. But Haast went ahead.

Eleven months after he began needling the venom into his arms, he was bitten by a cobra. His wife implored him to seek medical aid but he refused. Either he had immunity or he did not. He had to know. For several hours, he suffered from a terrible headache and burning pain, but he survived and fully recovered.

In 1949, he was struck by a cantil, a Mexican moccasin whose bite is particularly dangerous because its venom is both hematoxic and neurotoxic, attacking both the bloodstream and the nervous system. The injections of cobra venom had made Haast at least partially immune to the neurotoxic poison but he was theoretically as sensitive to the hematoxic element as anyone. Nevertheless, he survived this also.

Haast has kept a careful, detailed account of his reactions to all bites, hoping the records will prove valuable to scientists working with venom. Furthermore, his body has become so full of venom antibodies that his blood is a perfect serum for snake-bite victims. He has given it freely to save several lives.

Haast pays his own expenses on all mercy trips and charges nothing for his blood.

Two years ago a boy was bitten by a cobra in a snake show in New Orleans and rushed to a hospital. Doctors phoned Haast for cobra serum. An hour and 15 minutes later, a jet fighter from the Marine Corps Air Station at Miami put him down at the New Orleans airport. The victim, after receiving the serum, made a quick recovery.

Cobra venom attacks the motor cells of the central nervous system in much the same way polio virus does, and Haast saw the possibility of using cobra venom in polio treatment. A research project to that end at the University of Miami research laboratories was showing great promise when Salk vaccine came on the scene.

At present, Haast is the sole supplier of cobra venom to Hynson, Westcott & Dunning, Inc., of Baltimore, a drug firm that uses it to produce a pain killer known commercially as Cobroxin. It has proven immensely valuable because it is not habit forming and the patient does not become immune to it after repeated injections. It will relieve pain in persons suffering from such diseases as cancer when other drugs can no longer help.

For his courageous efforts, Sertoma International gave Haast its 1957 Service to Mankind Award, selecting him from among 30 nominees for the club's highest honor. The citation praised him "for unusual service to humanity by experimenting with medical use of snake venom" and for "heroic contributions to the saving of lives by offering himself as a human guinea pig."

"It's a good feeling to know that I've saved some lives and prevented a lot of suffering," he says. "It's worth all the days of torture."

What Next!

A BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, used-car dealer sold five cars in one day after he advertised: "We guarantee to break 50 Elvis Presley records in your presence if you buy one of these cars today." —*United Mine Workers Journal*

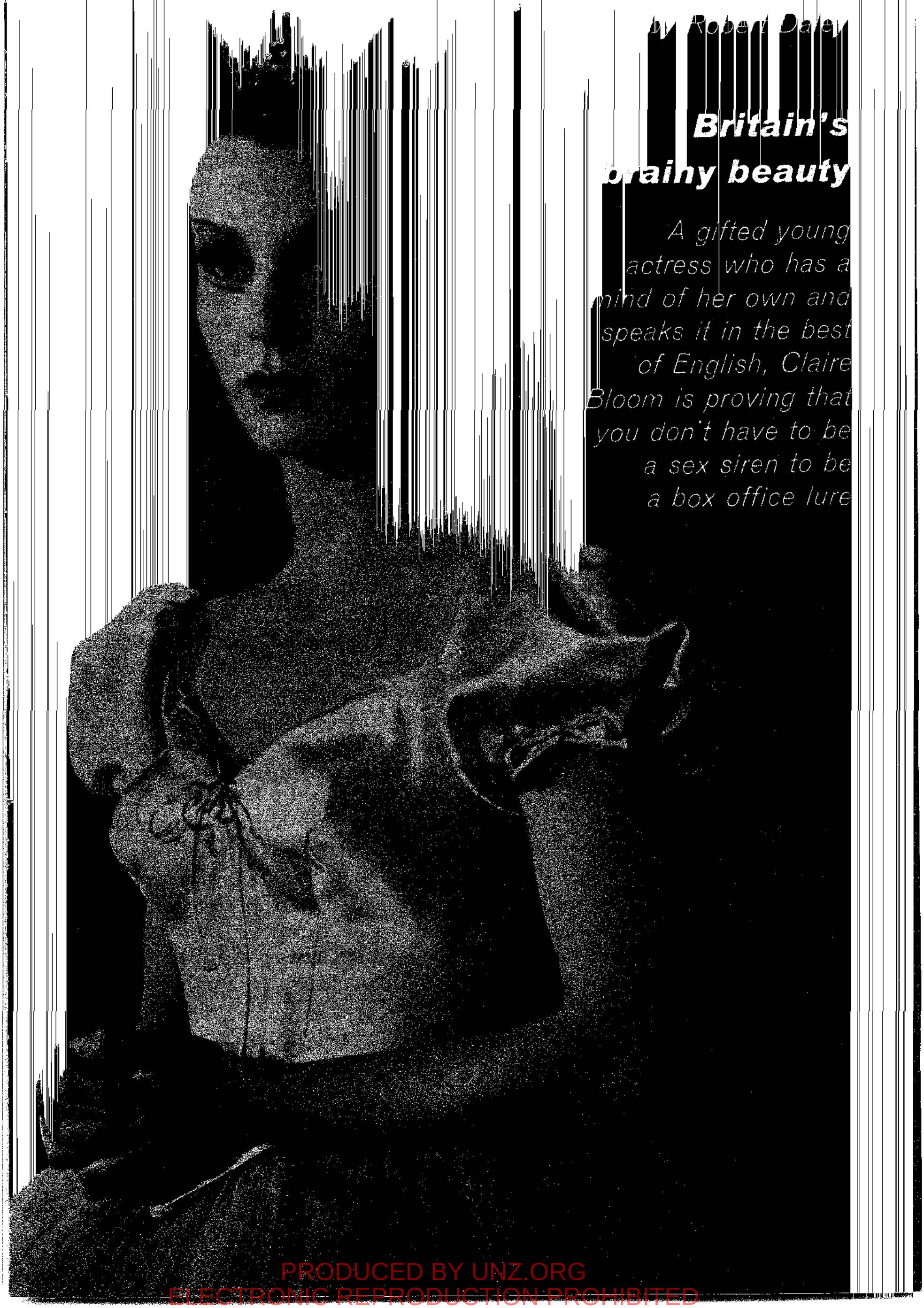
A SUMMER RESORT lodge in New England scheduled a Dionysian Revel one night and requested that guests wear either Greek or Roman attire. It had to happen, and did. A fellow from Madison Avenue, otherwise unidentified, came in a grey flannel tunic.

—*Television Age*

by Robert Daley

Britain's brainy beauty

A gifted young actress who has a mind of her own and speaks it in the best of English, Claire Bloom is proving that you don't have to be a sex siren to be a box office lure



IN 1952, ENGLAND'S VENERABLE repertory company, the Old Vic, then in a bad way financially, staked its future on a new production of *Romeo and Juliet.* No established star could be coaxed into playing Juliet, but a determined young actress named Claire Bloom eagerly sought the part. She got it; and not only put the Old Vic in the black, but shattered Shakespearean tradition with her highly original interpretation of the Juliet role.

That she should have had the boldness to transform the accepted version of Juliet into a proud, defiant, impatient, aristocratic personality was entirely typical of Claire Bloom. For she is a strong-willed and talented girl who, since the age of 12, has known exactly what she wanted—to become the world's best actress—and has pursued her goal with drive and dedication.

Highly intelligent, she has little patience with such traditional Hollywood trappings as cheese-cake photos, glamor and phony publicity. Today, at 27, she can look back on a list of co-stars that reads like Who's Who In The Theater: Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, James Mason, Fredric March, José Ferrer, Yul Brynner. She captivates audiences with her frail and innocent sweetness; and critics generally consider her the foremost Shakespearean actress of this decade.

"Claire proved herself a gifted actress in *Limelight,*" says Richard Brooks who directed one of her current films, *The Brothers Karamazov* (the other, *The Buccaneer*). "But because she seems so refined and because she speaks English as it was meant to be spoken, she did not immediately become the star she deserved to become. Producers were afraid to use her."

According to Brooks, the success of Grace Kelly and Audrey Hepburn altered this concept considerably. Producers now have decided that well-bred young ladies pay off more handsomely at the box office than actresses relying heavily on sex appeal—and they last longer.

Claire is a neat five-feet-three and a well distributed 112 pounds. Sometimes she gets edgy when asked about her dimensions, demanding belligerently, "What's that got to do with acting?" Once, arriving in New York, she skirmished with photographers. "They asked me," she recalls, "to perch on a rail. I thought it was some kind of joke. I wouldn't do it. I'm afraid we parted enemies."

In person, Claire seems even more beautiful than she does on the screen. But she is matter-of-fact about her looks and her clothes. "Clothes?" she says. "I just wear them. Black and white in the evening. Nothing sexy. My bottom, for instance, is not an American bottom—that sleek, greyhound type. It's kind of roomy and English. My bosom is well proportioned, but I prefer my shoulders to be exposed. They are very beautiful. I always think I am very short, sort of a dwarf among people."

She speaks in a small hushed voice, while gazing raptly, with a sort of delighted wonder, into the eyes of her listener. The words themselves are frequently shocking. For her honesty is in some ways admirable, in others terrifying.

She has definite ideas on a wide

variety of subjects, including what kind of roles are good for her. She hates to portray the "girl next door," for instance, or "the wife waiting at home." She says, "They're not good enough for what I can do. I liked the *Karamazov* part because I was dark, passionate, self-centered. In *The Buccaneer,* I'm a tomboy, wild, very extravagant, shooting people and things like that. I always play the role the way I think it should be done."

CLAIRE BLOOM started playing roles her own way at an early date. Born in London in February, 1931, she was stage-struck at five, after seeing Norma Shearer's movie version of *Romeo and Juliet.* Her enthusiasm caused her to wrap a veil around her head, climb into her mother's high-heeled shoes, and stumble about the house pretending to be a *grande dame.*

These performances reawakened the dream her Welsh nurse Kathleen had once had of being a great actress some day herself. Now Kathleen led the child into a make-believe world of nursery theater. Kathleen was costume designer and audience. Little Claire made up the mostly nonsense dialogue as she went along.

A year or two later, Claire was offered her first starring part, as the Virgin Mary in a school Christmas play. Though Jewish, Claire had "no interest in religion, not then, not now." She was the only child in school with long enough hair for the role. She could not get enough of dreaming about the part.

Bedded by measles scant hours before the performance, Claire cried and cried, while the play went on without her. This was her first disappointment.

"Claire was extraordinarily shy," recalls a cousin. "She would ask for the butter in almost a whisper." Another friend remembers that "Claire wanted everything to be beautiful. She couldn't stand things dirty or noisy."

Her timidity is noticeable even today. Claire herself says, "I live in Beverly Hills, period. I rarely see my neighbors, but we are certainly friendly."

She does not mix well at parties and it is not easy for her to meet new people. When talking to strangers, she is likely to be nervous, her hands escaping continually to her hair, the bow at her throat, her dark eyes darting this way and that. She is truly comfortable only with close friends and on-stage, where she can concentrate totally on a part and take refuge in it.

Rootlessness as a child is probably to blame—both for her timidity and her overriding ambition to rise to a place where unhappiness can not touch her. Claire's parents were divorced in 1950, but things were difficult long before that. Her mother, Elizabeth, came from a well-to-do family. Her father was first a factory worker, later a plant manager, but he was continually moving about in search of a better job—from London to Bristol to Milford to Wales. Little Claire was never in a school long enough to be accepted by the other children.

The blitz destroyed what little security the child might have found in such a life. She was evacuated to the south of England. Then Elizabeth Bloom fled to America with Claire and baby brother John. The trio lived with relatives in Florida for a while, virtually on handouts because there was an embargo on the British pound and Edward Bloom could not send them money.

They moved north to New York City, where they lived for two impoverished years in a one-room apartment. At the public school Claire attended she was treated as a foreigner and not invited by other children to play. She retreated home where the radio blared, her mother listening for fateful news from abroad, Claire switching to whatever children's programs she could find. In her imagination, she was a princess; there was no war, no poverty, no lack of love.

One radio program, WOR's Saturday morning *Rainbow House,* promised auditions to any child who would write a letter requesting one. Claire wrote the letter, auditioned and was accepted. She played one performance, a small part in a now forgotten children's drama.

In 1943, her mother sailed with her two children for England. Once home again, Claire, with the help of her aunt, a former actress named Mary Grew, won a scholarship to London's Guildhall School of Drama. She was 12 and should have been satisfied. But she sought extra instruction from the renowned Eileen Thorndike. She wanted to learn faster.

At 14, Claire left school without her School Certificate, the British equivalent of a high school diploma, and moved on to the Central School for Speech Training. She also managed to study ballet to improve her carriage, singing to improve her voice, while voraciously reading Dostoyevsky, Proust, Chekhov and others to improve her understanding of complex characters.

Apparently she never passed through adolescence. Boys her own age never interested her—what could they teach her? Her few dates were with men a dozen or more years older than she. Her heart was never broken by love, only by parts she failed to land.

"It is very rarely that you see a born actress," said her mentor, Miss Thorndike, impressed by the child's devotion. "But I think here was a born actress."

Producers were less enthusiastic. Among her unimpressive auditions was one Laurence Olivier watched at the Old Vic. The next year Claire auditioned for Olivier's *Oedipus Rex,* as one of the children of the king, but proved too tall for the part.

About this time Robert Helpmann and Michael Benthall were auditioning hopefuls for their London production of *The White Devil.* Said Helpmann: "Suddenly there was this little girl all alone on a darkened stage, doing the poison speech from *Romeo and Juliet.*"

The play was already cast, but Helpmann was so impressed that he created walk-ons for Claire, both in that play, and in *He Who Gets Slapped,* which followed it. And when Olivier announced his search for an Ophelia for his movie *Hamlet,* Helpmann recommended Claire.

Now 16, Claire worked intensely with Olivier during the tryouts. He thought she was wonderful, and told her the job was hers. But just as Claire was about to sign the contract, Jean Simmons—who had not been available when Olivier first sought her—now finished the film she had been working on. Olivier signed her and told Claire, "I'm sorry. If you were just a bit older—I'm terribly sorry."

"I didn't get over that for six months," Claire says wryly. She got to play in *Hamlet* though, when Benthall and Helpmann took over the season at Stratford-on-Avon a year later. She played other Shakespearean roles, even succeeding with Olivier eventually when their *Richard III* was shown on American television two years ago.

Next came three London plays, including *The Lady's Not For Burning*. But still no hit until *Ring Round the Moon* in January, 1950. The play was a great hit. Claire, as a ballerina, played the part 18 months. She was young, a star and, for perhaps the first time in her life, truly happy. "That was a lively, lovely play, a lovely, lovely time," she says.

It was during the run of *Ring Round the Moon* that Claire flew to New York and tested for the role of Terry in Charlie Chaplin's *Limelight*, which brought her international fame. Said Chaplin: "She has distinction, enormous range, and underneath her sadness, there is this bubbling humor, so unexpected, so wistful."

Of this relationship, Richard Brooks said: "Claire was a child, and Chaplin was her father."

On the set Claire works terrifically hard to get a scene right. "She is often inventive," Richard Brooks says. "For instance, in *Karamazov* there is a scene in which Katya (Claire) offers herself to Dmitri (Yul Brynner) for 5,000 rubles. Her father has stolen that sum from his regiment and she must return it to save his honor.

"The way Claire moves around the bed, the way she begins to unbutton her gown, her face, the movement of her hands—it's all Claire's, that scene. I didn't have to tell her a thing."

AFTER her 1952 success as *Juliet* in London the theatrical world was hers on both sides of the sea. Claire chose to relax very little.

"I have nothing to regret," she says when someone implies that she may have missed a lot through her intense concentration on the theater. "I chose to do this, and I chose to do it well."

A friend puts it another way, "She has taste. This puts a monkey on any artist's back. It drives Claire to fulfill what she knows to be good."

Maturity and success have brought Claire Bloom a certain amount of tranquility. "When I'm not working I just deliciously waste my whole day," she says. "If I am making a picture, I get up at six, work until six, see rushes, leave about seven. It's such a pleasant life in California, but very devitalizing. My favorite recreation out here is putting on a one-piece black bathing suit—they're so dramatic, aren't they?—and just lying on the beach, or swimming, and not thinking or talking.

"I like to do water colors and

write short stories. I like to read, too. It is a tool of life as well as art." Her favorite authors include Thomas Wolfe, Virginia Woolf, Dostoyevsky and Willa Cather.

Now making between $60,000 and $80,000 a picture, and from $15,000 to $20,000 per TV appearance, Claire, compared with other stars, still lives with English frugality. She has an apartment in Hollywood—"completely undistinguished, beige-ish, not like me at all, impersonal, furnished in a kind of Japanese Hollywood style."

She also sublets an apartment in New York, which she describes as having "lilac walls with a dark wood floor, lots of books, big crystal candlesticks, coral couches and American colonial furniture (the cheapest)." Home to her is a small gray cottage in the Chelsea section of London. She has a housekeeper in Hollywood and one in London, but no other help.

She often does her own cooking. "I can cook anything, but I like best to cook Swiss steak in casserole—I love casseroles—but my favorite dish is lamb and rosemary for remembrance."

For many years Claire lived with her mother. But Elizabeth Bloom now lives in London with her son John, who is 20. Of her mother, Claire says, "My mother and I are very close." She remembers her late father, as "a wild, very charming man, always off on things that never came true—very romantic and idealistic."

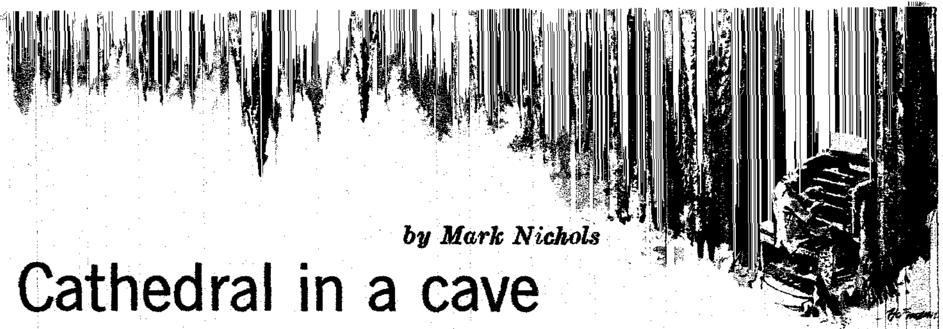
Claire says she goes out as often as work permits, usually with writers such as Gore Vidal and Clifford Odets, and sometimes with press agents. "I like men better," she says, "when they are slightly older. They are more fun, they talk about ideas more. I want a man to be older and wiser than myself." On dates she talks about writing mostly, and likes deep discussions of acting and theatrical methods. She is a light drinker, preferring wines.

On the subject of marriage, Claire confesses to longing for a home of her own, a husband, many children, "although at present I have no prospects." She says a woman must be ready to sacrifice everything, if necessary, for her marriage, and that she is willing to do so when the time comes. Perhaps this is true—she has never flinched from big sacrifices in the past.

On The Newsfront

THE FOLLOWING SOCIAL NOTE appeared in a Midwest weekly: The Book-Lovers Club had its first summer get-together with the husbands of the members at dinner Thursday evening. Following the dinner the group went to the home of a member to watch television. *—Nuggets*

PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT in a Vancouver, Canada, newspaper: "Gentleman, 72, old-age pensioner, would meet lady of suitable age, object matrimony. Some means. Can finance honeymoon and funeral expenses." *—Maclean's*



by *Mark Nichols*

Cathedral in a cave

On a sight-seeing excursion with his father through Virginia's famed Luray Caverns, four-year-old Bobby Sprinkle's head inadvertently collided with a low hanging stalactite which reverberated with a rich, resonant tone.

Bobby's eyes grew wide. "Hey, did you hear that, Daddy?"

Bobby's father, Leland W. Sprinkle Sr., nodded. Musical sounds held a fascination for him, for music helped relax the head-splitting tensions of his job as electronic scientist at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C.

"Can you get a sound like that from the organ you're building at home now, Daddy?" Bobby asked.

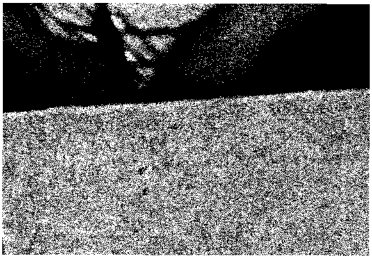
Leland Sprinkle smiled. "Guess not, son."

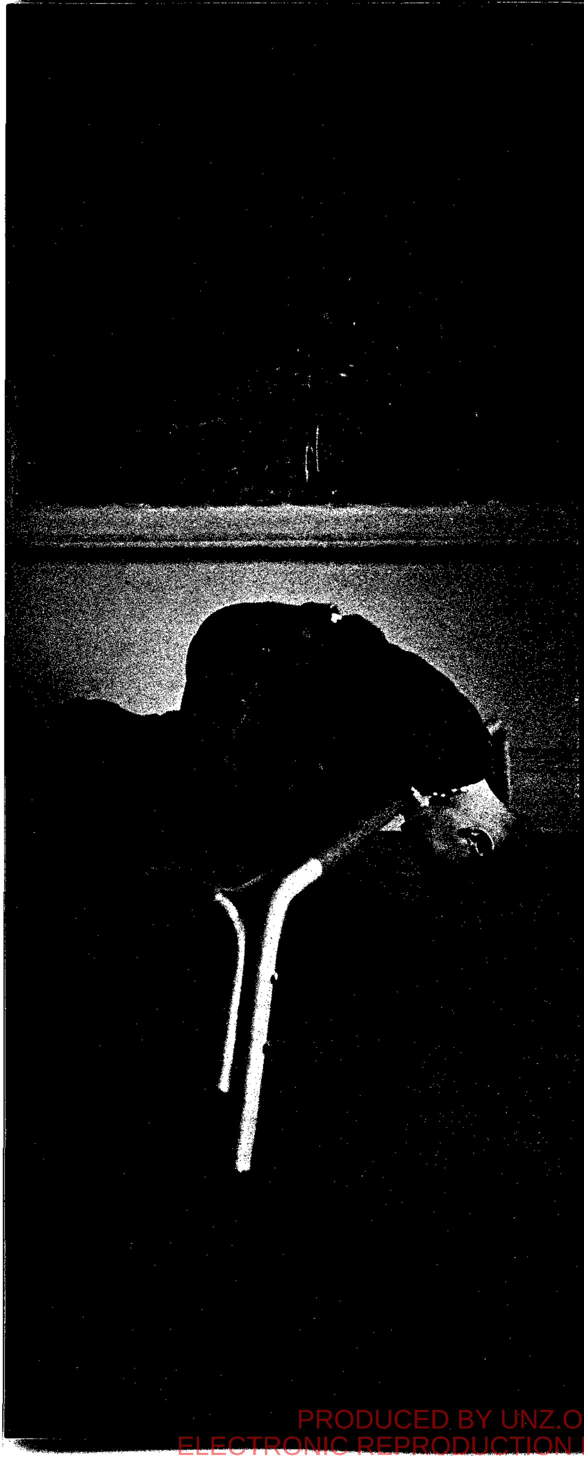
But the boy's question started him wondering. And that June day in 1954, an idea was born—an idea which patient, persistent Leland Sprinkle carried to completion three years later. He abandoned the console organ he had been assembling in his leisure hours at home to experiment nearly 300 feet underground with tuning forks, electric sandpaper drills and plungers on the centuries-old stalactites. And his trial-and-grind methods finally unlocked another of nature's secrets: music in stone.

The Luray Caverns draw 300,000 visitors annually to marvel at its subterranean fairyland of subtle color hues and spectacular rock formations. Now Leland Sprinkle has added another wonder to this 64-acre treasure chest—the Great Stalacpipe Organ. This unique musical instrument, covering over three acres and still growing, has transformed the so-called Ball Room of the Caverns into an underground cathedral.

Its tone and sound come directly from the stalactite rocks, sanded and ground to perfect pitch and tapped by rubber-tipped electric hammers in a system ingeniously devised by Leland Sprinkle and a professional organ company. Air-conditioned by nature, the stalactites remain at a constant 54 degrees, requiring virtually no maintenance.

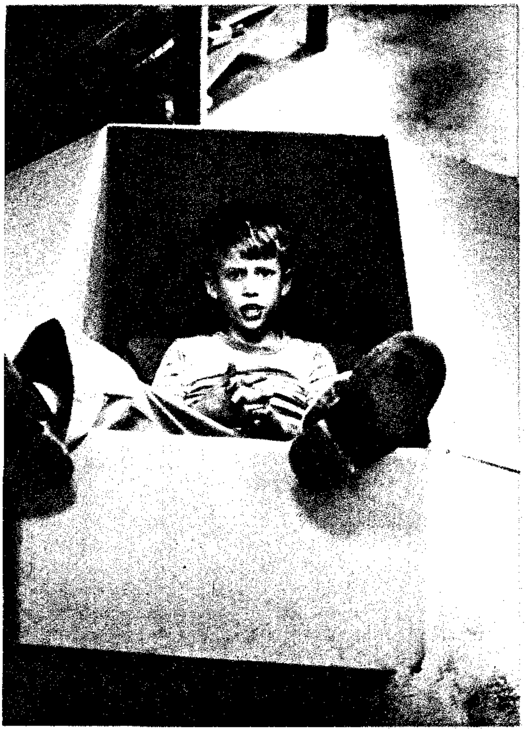
Recordings, made on perforated plastic rolls similar to the ones used on the old player pianos, allow automatic organ playing timed to coincide with the guide's description of the caves. And so, because a youngster bumped his head, Luray visitors enjoy hymns which come from the earth itself, hammered out from rocks formed while Jesus still walked with His Disciples in the Land of Galilee.





MIRA'S GREAT challenge is to help find these "lost" children and liberate them from the make-believe worlds in which they have imprisoned themselves. This takes unusual insight, patience and stamina. For when these children come to the school they are withdrawn and elusive, as illustrated by the actions of the youngster at the left. Some refuse to talk; one thinks he is a cat; one has a death wish; another is violent. They rock ceaselessly on their feet or in chairs; they scream, panic, hide or sulk. Whatever their particular problem, the children must somehow be reached in their wilderness and then led out gently, slowly.

DURING THIS phase of therapy the teacher slowly becomes the center of the child's new world. If she is absent for a day, he becomes depressed and discouraged. Yet he may suddenly turn on her screaming, "I hate you! I hate you! I am not supposed to love you!" Or he may threaten her with harm as the boy at the right is doing. But she must remember and respect his fantasy world — in this youngster's case, his belief that he is strong and dangerous enough to destroy the world before it destroys him. Understanding this, Mira seeks to quiet the boy's fears rather than punish him for his threats.



WHEN THE eight-year-old at the left (the same boy who is embracing Mira on the opening page) first came to the school, his body would go suddenly rigid. He would clench his teeth and cross his eyes. Though he was so intelligent he could recite long lists of complex medical terms, he often had trouble just speaking. He also had a record of violence. Gradually winning his trust, Mira found that he climbed into boxes so that he could be a "baby again." She went along with the game, calling him her "beautiful and wonderful child," in effect starting his life over again, giving him the sense of being wanted he apparently had not felt as an infant. Reassured, he gains new confidence.

"They need love—but with understanding"

ALTHOUGH LITTLE IS definitely known about the nature and causes of childhood schizophrenia, it is a usual characteristic that the child has been unable to establish satisfactory emotional relationships with others around him. Often he shows no reaction. Or he may react with uncontrolled love or anger. To get the children to "use" and control their emotions, Mira not only gives them affection, physically and psychologically, but also encourages harmless aggressiveness (right).

EVEN FOR MIRA, who has worked with the children of displaced persons and with normal nursery-school children, her job at the League School is a great challenge—mentally, emotionally and physically. Being continually loved, hated, pummeled, hugged, questioned and tested; and searching, reaching, loving in return is a terribly fatiguing process. Yet when the children gain their small but significant triumphs, Mira is revitalized. From her experience and her studies at Columbia University, she knows childhood schizophrenia cannot yet be cured. But she finds encouragement in the fact that some of the youngsters do go back as functioning members of society. And, above all, she gains in her intimate relationships with the children what she considers one of life's greatest experiences — "that of being really close to other human beings."

by Parke Cummings

QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS!

What happens when a query-weary humorist tries to outwit his family? . . . He fractures his funny bone!

OCCASIONALLY, someone in my family asks me a question I can answer, such as: "What time is it?" I can if I've remembered to wind my watch, at any rate.

But all too often the questions fall into one of several categories that leave me baffled and bewildered. One category, favored by my wife, is what I call the out-of-the-blue. In fact the out-of-the-blue seems to be the favorite of the fair sex in general. Women claim to have intuition, and my theory is that in posing these questions they subconsciously seek to show up the male's contrasting lack of it.

My wife, for instance, cannot bring herself to state, "I saw Sally Higgins on the street this morning." Instead of making an affirmative and enlightening statement like that she has to pose it as a question: "Who do you suppose I saw on the street this morning?"

I, of course, am supposed to reach up into the blue and miraculously grab something out of it. If I say, "I haven't the faintest idea," it irritates her.

"Guess," she insists.

So I wrongly guess Bill Thatcher, Grace Elder and a few other people, and then give up.

A few years ago, I attempted to cure her of this habit. One evening when I came home she said, "I had a letter from Sarah Griffin today. What do you suppose she's doing?"

I was about to give my customary shrug when I had an inspiration. "Playing left halfback for the Chicago Bears," I retorted.

My consort looked at me appraisingly for a moment, and then informed me, "She's taking a course twice a week in portrait painting."

"Good for her," I said, refraining from demanding, "Why couldn't you have just told me that in the first place?"

I figured my gambit might have sunk in without being that blunt about it, but I turned out to be mistaken. A few hours passed, and Virginia (that's my questioner) put down the book she was reading, and inquired, "What do you suppose the cat did today?"

I reacted instantly this time.

"Read the first two chapters of 'A Tale of Two Cities,'" I guessed.

"Very funny," said Virginia. "Very, *very* funny."

"You can't say I don't try," I reminded her.

She resumed reading. And then, a few moments later, she began, "Guess who—" and then hastily checked herself. "Peggy Saunders took me out to lunch today," she announced.

"Fine," I said, and inwardly congratulated myself. "It looks as though I've cured her of asking those impossible questions," I thought.

My optimism proved premature. "Guess what we had for lunch?" she demanded.

And so I went to my gambit once more. "Bear's-paw soup," I said.

Virginia put down her book. "I'm going to bed," she announced coolly, and stalked out of the room.

I tried a few more times with my ridiculous-answer device, but it didn't cure her of posing out-of-the-blue questions.

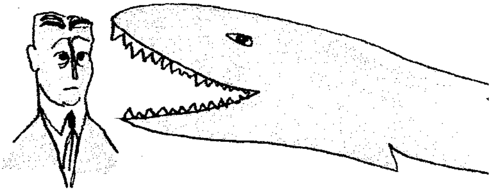
Just the other day she remarked, "Ed Carter had to have the doctor. What do you suppose happened to him?"

I was tempted to reply, "He cut his left middle finger trying to open a ten-ounce can containing 14 jumbo-size ripe olives."

But instead, I just mumbled, "What?"

The sad fact is, it cured me of trying to cure her.

I'm equally frustrated by the type of queries our kids put to me. They, too, go in for the out-of-the-blue occasionally, but seem to prefer other patterns. One of their favorites is the horns-of-the-dilemma. Our daughter Patsy, for example, will look at me reflectively and ask, "Which would you rather—fall off a 40-story building or be killed by a man-eating shark?"



I can't get away with ducking this by replying, "Rather than either of these I'd prefer to have someone give me a 1958 hardtop." And I can't merely state that both alternatives sound equally bad. I've got to commit myself by saying, "I guess I'd rather fall off the building. The end would come quicker."

To which she is liable to reply, "Not if the shark immediately bit off your head."

Patsy also poses the horns-of-the-dilemma question in what-would-you-do form: "What would you do if someone threatened to shoot you unless you drank a bottle of poison?"

"What would *you* do?" I counter.

"I asked you first," she points out, and so I have to make my choice and give my reason.

"I'd let him shoot," I finally decide. "He might miss."

"Not if he were standing right next to you," she says.

The only recourse I have left is to declare, "I think it's about time you got at your homework."

Both Patsy and her brother are

skilled at still another category of questions—the hypothetical-historical. Here I am called upon to combine different eras of history and predict what would have happened *if*.

Sample: "If George Washington were alive today, do you think he would like shish kebab?"

"How would I know?" will not do for an answer, of course. I have to give a reasoned answer to the effect that he probably liked lamb, potatoes, onions and peppers and would therefore probably have liked them combined on a skewer.

I may get away with this or I may not. Our son, John, is sports-minded, and of course favors the type of hypothetical question frequently posed by sports addicts, as: "How many home runs do you suppose Mickey Mantle would have hit off Walter Johnson in a season?"

I pull a number out of a hat. "Thirty, I'd say."

"You're crazy," I'm informed. "Johnson would have fanned him most of the time. He'd have been lucky to get ten."

I leave it at that because if I had demanded, "Why did you ask, then?" John would have told me, "I just wanted to find out how little you know."

The questions never cease, and all I can do is to try and give some sort of an answer, including the following attempts:

Q. What is the first thing you'd do if you were Premier of Russia?

A. Build an indoor court in the Kremlin so I could play tennis all year round.

Q. Which do you think get madder—wasps or hornets?

A. Wasps on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Hornets on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. On Sunday it's a tossup.

Q. If Mars and Jupiter were both inhabited, which inhabitants do you think would be the best-looking?

A. No question about it—Mars being nearer the sun, they'd have a better tan.

Q. How would you feel if you woke up and found you were a woman?

A. Pretty feminine, I guess.

That's the way it goes. They wouldn't think of asking me a factual question like: "What's the square root of 256?" They know darn well that I know it is 16, and they aren't going to let me off that easy.

And my wife isn't going to tell me, right off, what she found in the attic this morning. She's going to *ask* me what I *think* she found.

By the way, what do you suppose she found? A 1911 Model-T Ford with a missing front seat? Oh come on now, be serious, will you?

Who's on First?

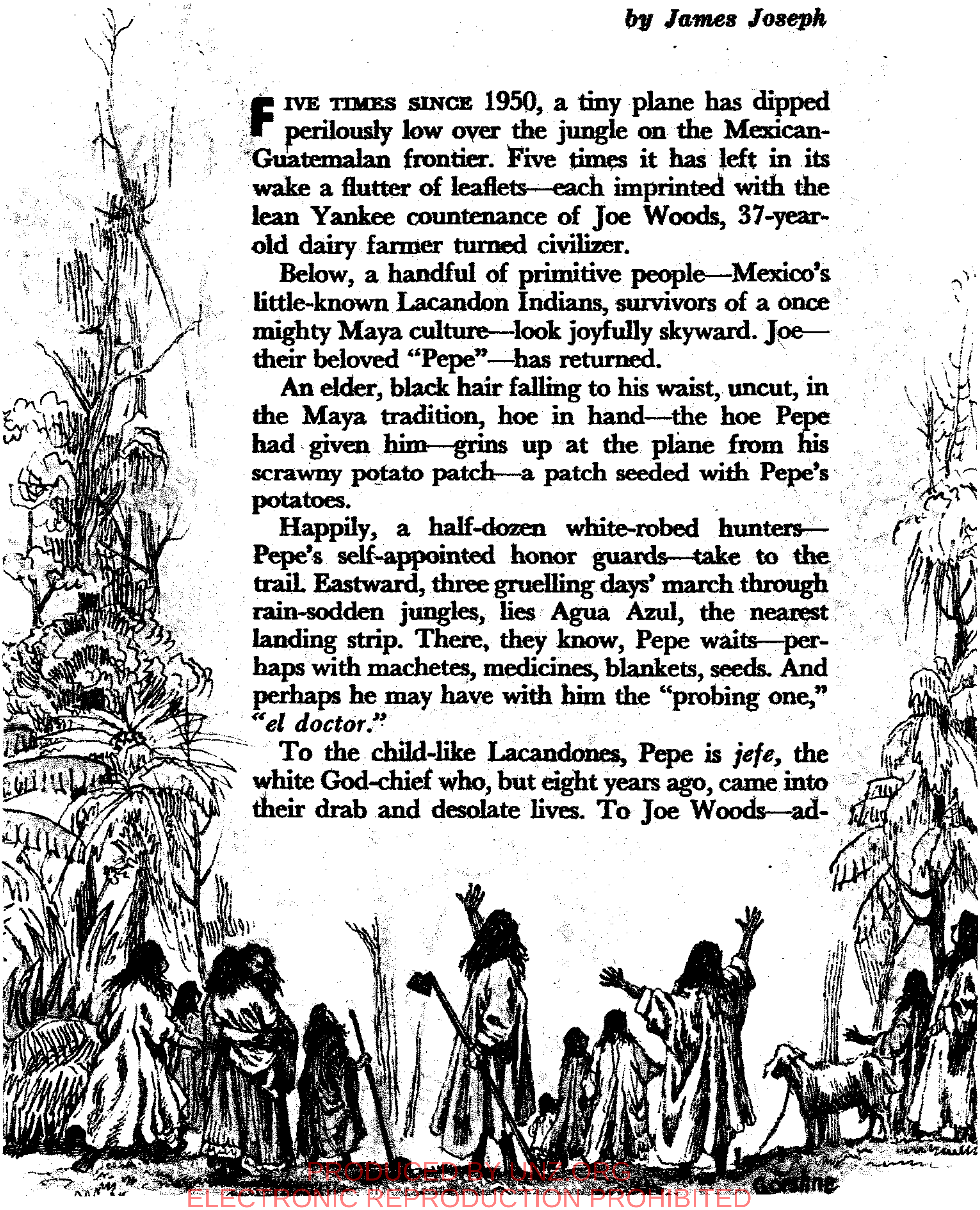
CATCHER ROY CAMPANELLA insists that when he was in the minor leagues he played one game in fog so bad that each of the three outfielders on his team secreted a ball in his glove.

An opposing batter hit a long fly which disappeared from view and three baseballs came bouncing into the infield.

—A. P. Radio-Sports

A WHITE GOD NAMED JOE

by James Joseph



FIVE TIMES SINCE 1950, a tiny plane has dipped perilously low over the jungle on the Mexican-Guatemalan frontier. Five times it has left in its wake a flutter of leaflets—each imprinted with the lean Yankee countenance of Joe Woods, 37-year-old dairy farmer turned civilizer.

Below, a handful of primitive people—Mexico's little-known Lacandon Indians, survivors of a once mighty Maya culture—look joyfully skyward. Joe—their beloved "Pepe"—has returned.

An elder, black hair falling to his waist, uncut, in the Maya tradition, hoe in hand—the hoe Pepe had given him—grins up at the plane from his scrawny potato patch—a patch seeded with Pepe's potatoes.

Happily, a half-dozen white-robed hunters—Pepe's self-appointed honor guards—take to the trail. Eastward, three gruelling days' march through rain-sodden jungles, lies Agua Azul, the nearest landing strip. There, they know, Pepe waits—perhaps with machetes, medicines, blankets, seeds. And perhaps he may have with him the "probing one," *"el doctor."*

To the child-like Lacandones, Pepe is *jefe,* the white God-chief who, but eight years ago, came into their drab and desolate lives. To Joe Woods—adventurer, amateur sociologist and dealer in canvas goods—the Lacandones are living antiquity, primitives he has vowed to preserve.

Singlehandedly, and preaching no gospel save that of civilization, Woods has taught his adopted brothers the rudiments of sanitation, has introduced chickens and white potatoes to their diet.

All this and more Joe Woods has accomplished, backed only by his own meager earnings and a compelling urge to help save from extinction a race as rare as it once was regal.

BORN IN HOLLAND and reared in California, Woods is an amiable, slow-spoken, near-six-footer with an insatiable curiosity about creatures—both two-legged and four.

As a kid, he "cow-poked some," and quit school in the 7th grade to tend his father's dairy herd near Norwalk, California. One summer he rode horseback coast-to-coast (he spent five horses and 150 days doing it). "Just wanted to," he shrugs.

For the same reason he climbed on a motorcycle one day in 1946, determined to "mosey down the Pan-American highway until I run out of road." In Colombia, he swapped the cycle for a mule, chummed up with a trader, and a month later found himself on the Amazon. When he returned to California he set up a modest canvas-goods shop, specializing in hay covers, tents and tarpaulins.

Around that time, photographer Giles Greville Healey, working on a documentary film in Mexico's far-southern jungles, discovered the ruins of Bonampak, a 7th-century center of Maya culture. Nearby, in isolated clearings, lived a group of Lacandones, part of the 160 descendants of Bonampak's great and gifted builders who still practice their ancient culture.

The existence of the Lacandones (though not Bonampak) had been known. But, unlike the 2,000,000 living Indians who trace lineage to the Mayas, these strange "white-robed" primitives were virtually untouched by civilization. They knew neither the simple principle of the wheel nor the intricacy of money. What little Spanish they spoke had been picked up from an occasional jungle itinerant—chicle gatherer or mahogany cutter.

"I read everything I could find about the Lacandones," Woods recalls. "I was fascinated. Here were a primitive people living in a continuing Stone Age. I realized how important it was to preserve not only these few acres of masonry—the ruins of Bonampak—but also the ruins of the people who'd built it."

In February, 1950, Joe Woods locked up his canvas shop, pocketed his last few dollars—and headed for Mexico. Days later, he flew low over the Lacandones' clearings, dropping his pictorial calling cards. Joe was gambling that curiosity—about the leaflets and plane—would lure the Mayas to the only landing strip within 200 miles.

It did, finally, when from the jungles stepped a diminutive human. He stood not five feet tall. A soiled robe hung to his ankles. His face was a living replica of Bonampak's centuries-old frescoes—the broad forehead, the strong features, the golden-brown skin.

"I smiled," Joe recalls. "I didn't know a word of Maya. Slowly, the little man rummaged his robes, withdrew one of my leaflets. Unfolding it, he glanced first at me, then at my picture, as though reassuring himself.

" 'Nabor,' he grunted, tapping his chest.

" 'Joe,' I responded, tapping mine and grinning.

"He seemed confused at the name. Then, brightening, he said, 'Ah, Pepe.' And Pepe it's been—ever since."

During the five missions of mercy he has since made to the Bonampak area, Joe has developed a guttural mixture of pidgin-Spanish, Maya and sign language which the Lacandones laughingly call "Pepe's talk."

Though only a handful of them have survived, a Lacandon Indian may live to be 50, at least 15 years longer than the average "civilized" Indian of Mexico.

Family groups dwell communally, each in a frond-thatched hut in a clearing of their own. Between clearings has grown up primitive trade. One family may raise sweet potatoes (native to the jungles) and trade their surplus for corn raised by another.

"Theirs is a starkly primitive life," reflects Joe, remembering his first night squatting before a smoky cook fire munching monkey meat, crocodile tails, boiled pork and tortillas.

"I do nothing to disturb their pattern of life . . . or their pagan beliefs, the dozen gods they still worship," he says. "My only intent . . . well, it's to make life a little easier for them—and, in the process, to assure as best I can their survival."

Within even these modest objectives, Woods concedes that he has made his share of mistakes. One was bringing in goats—he hadn't reckoned with the jaguars.

Trying to improve the Lacandones' eating habits by playing the good example, Woods bolted down a nauseating number of raw, fresh-laid eggs. (The Lacandones were superstitious about anything fresh from an animal, like eggs. They would eat them a week-old, but not fresh-laid.) Before each "do as I do" demonstration, he would explain, "*Huevos . . . medicina . . .*" (eggs are medicine). Then, forcing a smile, he'd take his own medicine.

One day in the jungle, Chief Obregon suddenly plucked a handful of vile-smelling fruit, gulped it greedily—then, gesturing toward Joe, said "*Medicina!*"

"What could I do," winces Joe, "but take *his* medicine . . . and smile."

Failures though there have been, Woods' singlehanded achievements are nonetheless outstanding. Thanks to the dozen saws he lugged into the jungles, the Lacandones can, for the first time, choose logs for their huts. With his hoes they till their meager gardens, cultivating such new dietary staples as beans and white potatoes. Their hunters stalk crocodiles—whose skins are one of the jungle's tradable commodities—armed with rifles. Lacandon women have learned to use needle and thread. They have shucked their stone mortars for mechanized corn grinders, which lighten the burden of tortilla-making.

And, where tick-ridden domesticated dogs and other animals once threatened the community's health, now every animal is regularly deloused in sheep dip. Daily, too, every little Lacandon gulps down his vitamin pills—supplied by a kindly California druggist.

But perhaps Woods' most noteworthy effort came in 1955—the year he brought to Bonampak its first doctor. Joe underwrote both the cost of a medical kit and the medic's traveling expenses—some $800.

"I couldn't afford it," he says, "but . . . well, I afforded it anyway."

Before leaving Los Angeles, Woods insisted that the doctor visit a dentist to learn the rudiments of extraction. "In the jungles," he explains, "you either yank 'em or leave 'em alone. There's no equipment for fooling around with fillings."

Moving from clearing to clearing, Joe managed to talk his modest brethren into submitting to examination. While the doctor probed, Joe sat nearby, compiling the Lacandones' medical history—perhaps one of the few reports ever taken of a completely primitive people.

Lacandon hearts, eyes, ears and lungs were found generally excellent. Malaria, remarkably rare among them, probably kills but few. Death, when it comes, is more likely the result of several diseases—pneumonia among them—striking simultaneously.

"But their teeth," Joe says concernedly, "are something else again. Several decades ago a trader introduced sugar cane. Now everybody chews the stuff. It's ruining their teeth."

Lacking a competent dentist, Joe gave each Maya a toothbrush, demonstrated its use, advised using ashes —from each hut's cook fire—as tooth powder.

"It was," he shrugs, "the best I could do. Ashes, at least, are sanitary."

Next year, the man who has adopted the last of the Mayas will again turn toward the jungles. Almost wistfully, he says, "When I was a bachelor, I could run off at any time, but now. . . ."

Now he lives with his pretty wife, Mary, and their 11-month-old son in a trailer beside his canvas shop.

"Someday soon," he says thoughtfully, "others must take up where I leave off—if the ruins of the people who built Bonampak are to be preserved."

Grammatical Gain

A YOUNG WOMAN engaged in teaching Indians grammar on a western reservation was asked if her work was meeting with success. "It's beginning to," she replied. "Yesterday, two of my pupils, Mr. and Mrs. Bear Don't Walk, went to the Indian Agent and applied for the right to change their names to Mr. and Mrs. Bear *Doesn't* Walk."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Scarred thousands are whole again—because she cannot say "no" to misery. Her passion to heal makes her . . .

Surgeon to the world

by Hy Steirman

"Doctor, it's Queen Frederika's secretary," said the nurse, cupping one hand over the phone. "The Queen would like you to come to the palace for tea."

Dr. Genia Sakin, her white operating gown rumpled and stained, her cameo face sagging with weariness, looked out into the room where dozens of Greek war veterans sat patiently awaiting the miracles of plastic surgery this slender, Lithuanian-born American could perform for them.

In her broken Greek she turned to the nurse and said quietly, "I cannot go. They need my help."

It was the first respite in seven hours of painstaking operations for this pretty, petite blonde surgeon with the flawless skin, who seemed so out of place here in the Greek Army Hospital in Athens. Yet in eight months during 1950 this ex-U.S. Army Medical Corps major had been through 2,500 consultations and operated on 500 injured Greek war veterans and civilian men, women and children. All her work was done

free. She even paid her own living expenses.

Perhaps, consciously, Dr. Sakin did not know what was in store for her when, after arriving in Greece, she accepted an invitation from the late Field Marshal Alexandre Papagos to instruct Greek doctors on the latest American plastic-surgery techniques. An American general had remembered the work she had done on thousands of disfigured GIs and recommended her.

In Greece, the Doctor's scheduled working day was from seven A.M. until midnight. She worked at four hospitals, assisted by the top surgeons of the country. She accepted none of the invitations to society lunches, dinners and balls extended in her honor, for every minute away from her work might mean one person less she could help.

She made many friends in Greece, among them Queen Frederika. They first met after the Queen was deluged with mail from soldiers in army hospitals, both those who had been operated on by the Doctor and those pleading to be seen by her. In fact, Frederika asked the Doctor to "bob" her nose. But King Paul, hearing about the proposed surgery, said, "My wife's nose is beautiful as it is. I refuse to grant permission to the able blonde scientist from America to operate on my wife's nose."

People from all parts of Greece, rich and poor alike, came to plead with the American surgeon for operations on their loved ones. On one occasion, two nuns brought her a child whose face and hands were crippled by a grenade during the war. After a series of operations, the child was restored to near normal. The nuns wrote later: ". . . We pray to God every day to keep her (Dr. Sakin) healthy and strong for her good work. . . . She always refuses everybody's help; but she, herself, helps everybody and anybody."

The compassion Dr. Sakin feels for the disfigured people of the world, and the help she is able to give them, makes living worth while. She sums up her philosophy this way: "I have the tools to help these people—we don't live on this good earth for ourselves alone. If everybody helped a little, what a better world this would be."

Her beliefs have taken her, not

BERLIN, 1947
Humorously pinning on oversized insignia, commanding officer surprises Dr. Sakin with promotion to Medical Corps major.

MANILA, 1957
After receiving a citation at Manila Central University, Dr. Sakin, in national dress, goes on sight-seeing tour of the campus.

only to Greece, but to Turkey, Israel, Brazil, Japan, the Philippines and other parts of Europe to work for nothing among the unfortunates there. And to do this she leaves an established practice in New York City and a beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park.

An American citizen now for nearly 20 years, Genia Ida Sakin was born before World War I in Lithuania. A sensitive, creative child with long, agile fingers, she was drawn to her life's work early.

At the age of five, when her favorite goat's ear was almost torn off on a barbed-wire fence, she soothed the animal's bleating and sewed it up neatly with a needle and white thread. The wound healed. After that, she became unofficial veterinarian for the neighborhood children, though she now admits she had more enthusiasm than skill.

She was a beautiful youngster with natural, light-blonde hair and large, pale-blue eyes.

When she was 15, Professor Jacques Joseph, one of the early pioneers in plastic and reconstructive surgery, learned about the strange, charming teenager with the passion to heal. He interviewed her more out of curiosity than anything else and asked, "Why do you want to become a plastic surgeon?"

"I like beautiful things," she told him. "I can't bear to see anything broken or disfigured."

Genia was accepted as a medical student at the Friedrich Wilhelm University in Berlin, and after graduation practiced as a plastic surgeon in that city. It was the early 1930s and she became a vociferous, outspoken critic of the Nazis. By 1937 she had to flee the country. With the help of medical colleagues, she left, supposedly to attend a plastic surgeons' convention in New York. Her brother escaped to Shanghai, China. Soon afterward, he died in a Japanese bombing attack on Shanghai. The following year, her mother and sister, who had remained in Lithuania, were killed by the Nazis. All that was left to her now was her work, and she had it in her power to use it as a force for good.

But this road was closed to her, temporarily, when she learned that foreign doctors could not practice medicine in America without a state license. She had to pass a medical

RIO DE JANEIRO, 1954
Dr. Sakin checks the condition of a Brazilian girl whose face she had rebuilt. The smiling patient was born without a jaw.

ATHENS, 1949
Working daily from 7 a.m. to midnight, Dr. Sakin pauses for a moment in her dash from hospital to hospital. She operated on 500 veterans.

examination before she could apply for a license. On top of everything else she was broke, and she could barely speak English. But somehow she passed.

"If I for one moment thought my troubles were over," says Dr. Sakin, "I was soon brought back to reality. Women doctors were not numerous in the thirties. Women surgeons were rarer still. I was afraid I might not make a go of it."

But hard work was her best friend. By the time World War II broke out she was an established plastic surgeon. She could have ridden out the war doing her valuable work and enjoying the accolades of her profession. But GIs were returning home maimed from the European and Pacific fronts.

She gave up her practice in 1943 to enlist in the Army Medical Corps, thus becoming the only woman plastic surgeon in the Allied Armies. She rose to the rank of major, and was Chief of Surgery and Chief of Plastic Surgery, 279th Station Hospital, in Berlin when in 1948 a law was enacted to discharge all female medical officers.

Her commanding officer in Berlin wrote of her work: ". . . The writer has seldom seen a doctor so beloved by the people she attended and has never seen better plastic surgery performed than that done by Major Sakin during the period she was on duty at this hospital. She left the institution with the deepest regrets of the staff, the enlisted personnel, and the indigenous employees of the above hospital."

It was after her Army career and her one-year stay at civilian work that she departed for Greece, where the "Sakin Plan was hailed as the next best thing to the Marshall Plan."

She returned home only after she was broke. She had to earn more money if she wanted to continue her new-found vocation—rehabilitating the disfigured of the world.

Dr. Sakin's work-visits were repeated in Turkey and Israel. It was a weary surgeon who returned to her New York apartment 15 pounds lighter. But rest was not one of the things on her schedule. For one thing, there was a young teenage girl from Greece whose face had been badly disfigured. Unable to spend the required time for her two-dozen operations in Greece, Dr. Sakin brought the girl to New York.

It was a grateful, whole and healthy young girl who returned home a year later to a new life—her shattered face completely rebuilt.

DR. SAKIN'S visits to Greece-Turkey-Israel were the beginnings of many trips around the world bringing credit to the U.S. at a time when it was in dire need of such unselfish public relations and good will.

When the doctor had saved enough money for another trip she was off to Brazil. In her six months there she performed 300 operations. One South American magazine, with typical Latin enthusiasm, filled up half the publication with stories about her entitled, "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. Sakin."

Asked why she accepts no money for work she performs outside of America, the Doctor says, "Every person who travels outside our country is an unofficial ambassador for America. Besides wanting to do something for my fellow man, I am happy to be able to help my chosen country—to hear people say Americans are helping with their hearts. They would rather have this than all the money we can send them."

But she does not ignore the poor who come to her in New York. "If a patient cannot afford to pay, I will not turn him away. This is standard practice with nearly all American doctors."

Her friends badger her to get married. She would like to, but hasn't found the right man. "People think I am too particular, but I am trying to change now," Dr. Sakin says, jokingly.

By 1956, Genia Sakin, M.D., was one of the most famous women in the world, a credit to the American medical profession—and practically a stranger in the U.S.

One icy Sunday in February, 1956, she returned home from the hospital and was greeted by an unexpected phone call. "Dr. Sakin," said the voice, "we've been trying to get you all day. Could you be at the Gimbels department-store auditorium tomorrow at nine?"

"I doubt it," she replied. "I have to operate at that time."

When the voice insisted, she hung up the receiver, quite annoyed. Curiosity, however, brought her to the store at 10:30, after her operation. A worried executive pushed her through a crowded hall and placed her on a platform with nine other women.

For months, it seemed, Gimbels had been searching for the most unselfish woman in the New York-New Jersey-Connecticut area. Participants did not enter the contest themselves, but letters of their activities were submitted by others. However, instead of the area described in the contest, 20,000 letters from 48 states poured in. It turned out to be "The Most Unselfish Woman in America" contest and the title "Miss Valentine" and $5,000 was to go to the winner. The ten women on the stage were the finalists.

Each one was called upon to take a bow while a brief review of her activities was read to the audience. The nine women, dressed beautifully, highlighted Dr. Sakin's simple tweed suit, no make-up, and natural blonde, wavy hair piled on top of her head. Even in this she stood out.

When Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz acclaimed Dr. Sakin the winner, the surgeon was more peeved than pleased. In her usual frank fashion she exclaimed, "How could you give me this award? You don't even know me."

The woman who had given so much of herself to the world could not cope with the simple fact that others wanted to give her something. She did not know how much judges Fannie Hurst, Grover Whalen and Paula Stone knew about her life until Joseph Eckhouse, Executive Head of Gimbels, told her story to the audience.

It was the story of a refugee woman who not only served her country in time of war, but who also served the troubled people of the world as one of the best unofficial ambassadors the United States has ever had. The audience stood up and cheered.

The money award helped her take a trip to Japan, where she worked on the scarred, burnt bodies of unfortunate victims of war. She ignored the fact that it was the Japanese who had killed her brother.

To seek a change and five days of rest, Dr. Sakin put two cotton dresses in an overnight bag and flew to the Philippines. News of her arrival appeared in the next morning's papers. Many came begging her aid, including the head of the Manila Central University Hospital who pleaded with her to stay and help teach the advanced techniques used in America.

"I can't say no to misery," says the surgeon. "I bought some dresses and my five-day visit lasted two months."

Dr. Cesar Villafuerte, Chief of Plastic Surgery at the Hospital, gave up his practice to work as her assistant. By the time she left, she had been through 500 consultations and performed over 150 operations.

She returned home in September, 1957, to find history repeating itself. Again she had discovered a young girl in Manila who required an extended series of operations. Dr. Sakin arranged to have the girl sent to the United States and at present she is staying with her.

It seems at long last that Dr. Sakin has found, in the peoples of the world, her family.

A few months ago at Grand Central Terminal in New York, a tall, husky man ran up to her, swept her off her feet and kissed her joyfully. She looked at him, puzzled.

"Don't you remember me, Major Sakin?" he cried. "Berlin. I was wounded at Remagen—you made me a new jaw. Look. Can't even see the scars."

She ran her fingers over the surgical lines that were almost invisible.

"I'm glad it turned out so well," she said with a smile, and he hurried off to catch his train. She didn't remember his face or his name or the operation; there had been so many. But she does remember the figure of the young man hurrying away and shouting back over his shoulder, "God bless you!"

This is her reward.

Too Much Is Too Much

THE BEST AN EDITOR can do is sometimes not good enough. For instance, there's one in Ohio whose daily paper somehow contrived to mix up the story of the wedding of the leading advertiser's daughter with that of the town's tryout of a new fire engine.

It began: "The bride came down the aisle on the arm of her father, wearing a stunning gown of tulle and old lace."

"Effortlessly the roaring monster hurled tons upon tons of water 80 feet into the air, showing not the slightest signs of strain."

The editor did not bother to resign; he merely put on his hat and departed, forever. —*New York Herald Tribune*

Ever since the Cherokees blazed the first Indian trail—Georgia has been a "happy hunting ground" for vacationists. Whatever you're hunting for—mountain lakes or deep sea fishing . . . ante-bellum houses or modern hotels . . . sports or relaxation — you'll find them all in Georgia! The following pages show only a few of the points of interest you and your family will want to explore in Georgia—vacation land of Presidents and People! Georgia welcomes you!

Marvin Griffin

MARVIN GRIFFIN, *Governor*

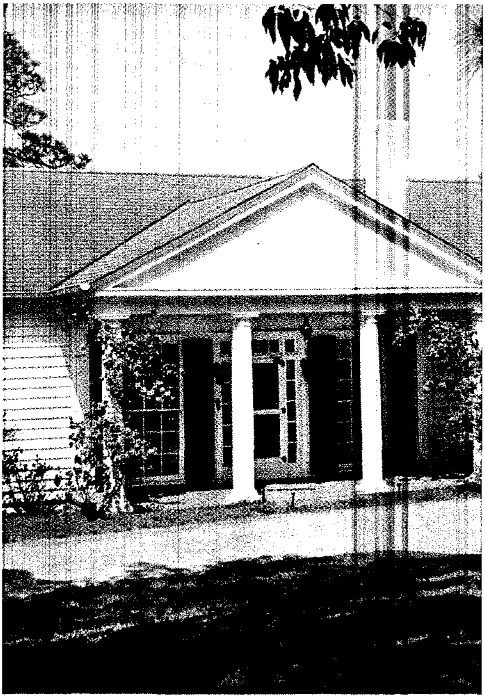
GEORGIA
Offers
Vacation Fun
for Everyone!

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Unicoi Gap—On this first highway through the North Georgia mountains, once pounded out by Indian feet—your Georgia adventure begins! Here along the famous Appalachian Trail stretch mile after mile of breathtaking mountain scenery, great man-made lakes, roaring mountain streams and forests filled with game. Vacation cottages and camping privileges are available at the following state parks located throughout the area: Cloudland Canyon, Fort Mountain, Vogel, Unicoi, Black Rock Mountain and Amicalola Falls.

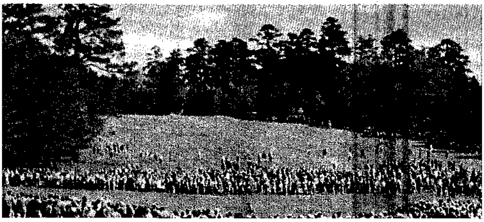
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY KENNETH ROGERS EXCEPT WHERE DESIGNATED

A typical tour through the North Georgia mountains might include fishing for rainbow trout . . . stopping to view 186 ft. Toccoa Falls . . . and exploring the Etowah Indian Mounds near Cartersville where Indian graves and many relics are on display . . . including these two Etowah Effigy Figures carved out of marble.

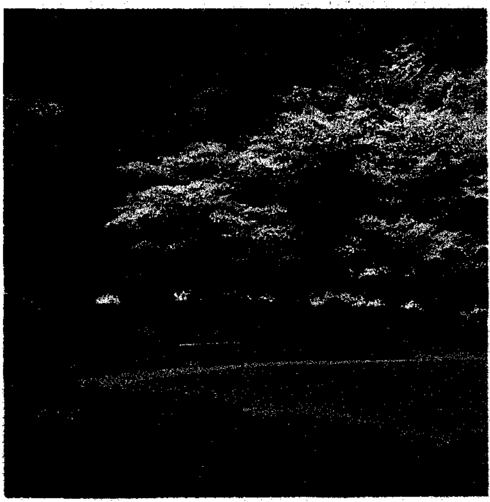


HOUSE—Franklin D. Roosevelt's national sh

IONAL GOLF COURSE—President Eisenhower'

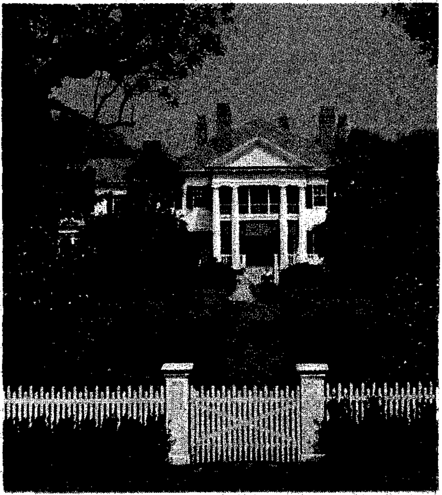


Stone Mountain—the largest solid body of exposed granite in the world, rising 800 feet over the surrounding terrain and bearing a massive, incomplete carving of the Confederate leaders on its steeper side.



CAROLYN CARTER

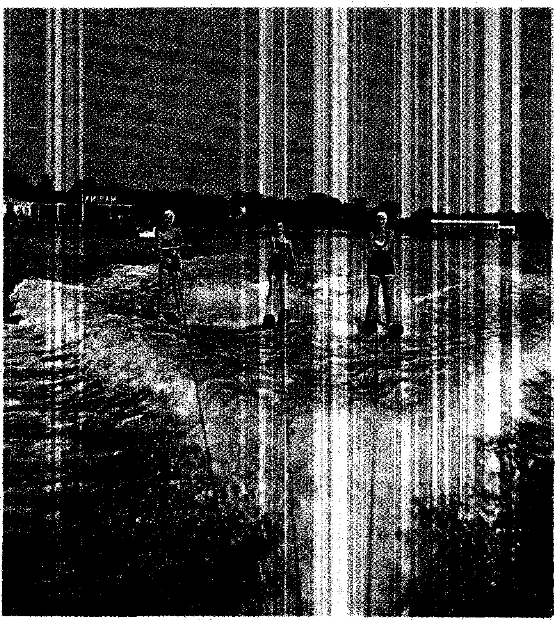
Dogwood and azaleas in the Spring.



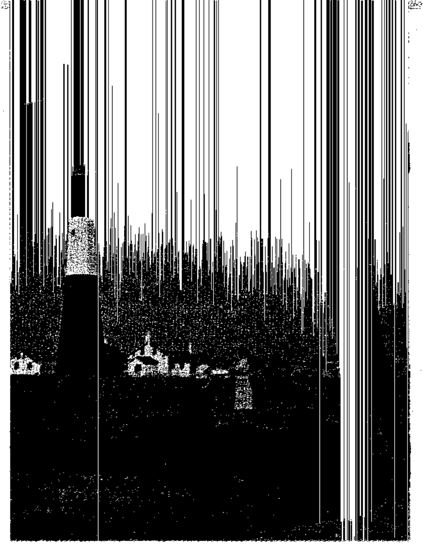
Magnolias and an ante-bellum house.

Georgia peaches in a Georgia peach orchard near Fort Valley.

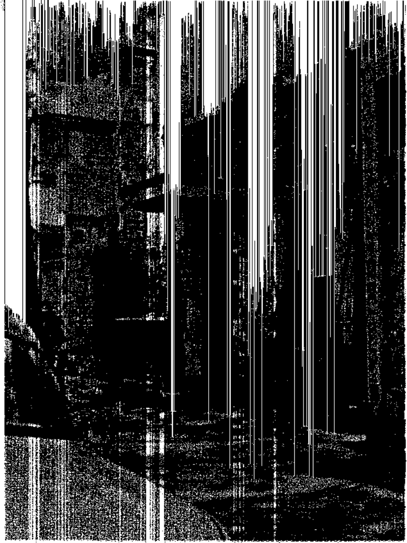
SAILBOATING AT ALLATOONA . . .
huge man-made lake near Atlanta.



WATER-SKIING AT ST. SIMONS . . .
along Georgia's famous golden coast.

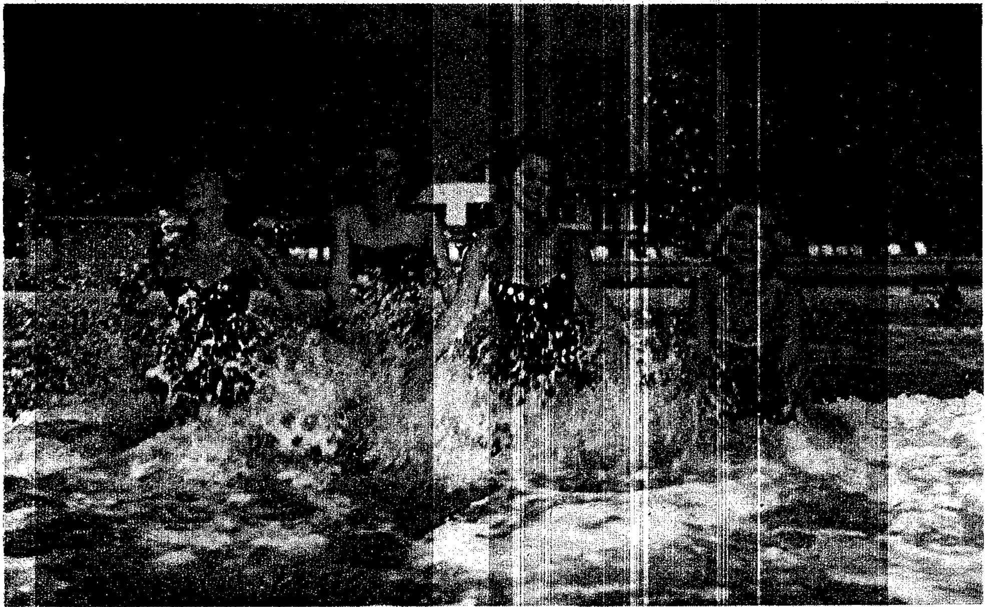


TYBEE LIGHT...famous lighthouse off the coast of Savannah, built by General Oglethorpe in 1753 and still used to guide ships into Savannah harbor.



JOHN MEYERS

OLD PIRATE HOUSE AND RESTAURANT, in Savannah. According to tradition, Captain Flint of Treasure Island fame is said to have stayed at Old Pirate House.



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Clip Out and Mail Today!

merry mixups

As I stepped into our apartment-house elevator, I met three children who live in the house—two girls, eight and nine, and a ten-year-old boy. The younger girl was saying to the boy, "We chased Ronnie all over the playground and when we caught him we kissed him." Without batting an eyelash the boy replied, "That's a wonderful way to develop leg muscles."

—MRS. HAZEL ESTES

I had just walked out of the gunsmith's shop where I had had the shell-ejector repaired on my double-barreled shotgun. On the corner I encountered my married (and conspicuously expectant) daughter, waiting for a bus.

She readily consented when I suggested that she let me drive her home. We started walking toward my car, parked several blocks down the street.

Suddenly my daughter turned to me, looked at the gun I was carrying, and asked, "Dad, would you mind if I walked to the car on the other side of the street?"

—ERNEST BLEVINS *(Quote)*

Mark Twain loved his comfort and did most of his reading and writing in bed. One morning when a newspaper reporter arrived for an interview, Twain told his wife to send the man up to his bedroom. She protested, "Don't you think you should get up? How will it look for him to stand while you remain in bed?"

He thought this over for a moment, then agreed, "I hadn't thought of it that way. I guess you'd better have the maid make up another bed."

—*Evening Chronicle (Allentown, Pa.)*

On the ship en route to my job assignment in Germany, we were given a brief course in the German language. I was in Berlin only a short time when one evening, while walking my dog, a small Volkswagon pulled over to the curb and one of the passengers asked me, in German, for directions to a nearby theater.

I was thrilled to realize that not only had I understood every word, but I actually knew how to give them their desired directions. So, laboriously and in badly accented German, I told them how to proceed.

They thanked me profusely and as they pulled away I heard in clear Brooklynese, "Now that is the first German I could understand."

—MRS. GEORGE W. BROWN

A friend of mine, after several months of strenuous dieting, paid a surprise visit to her daughter's home. Her four-year-old grandson, after gleefully welcoming her, stepped back, wide-eyed and asked hesitantly, "Granny, what did you do with all the rest of you?"

—MRS. J. C. PHILLIP KNOX

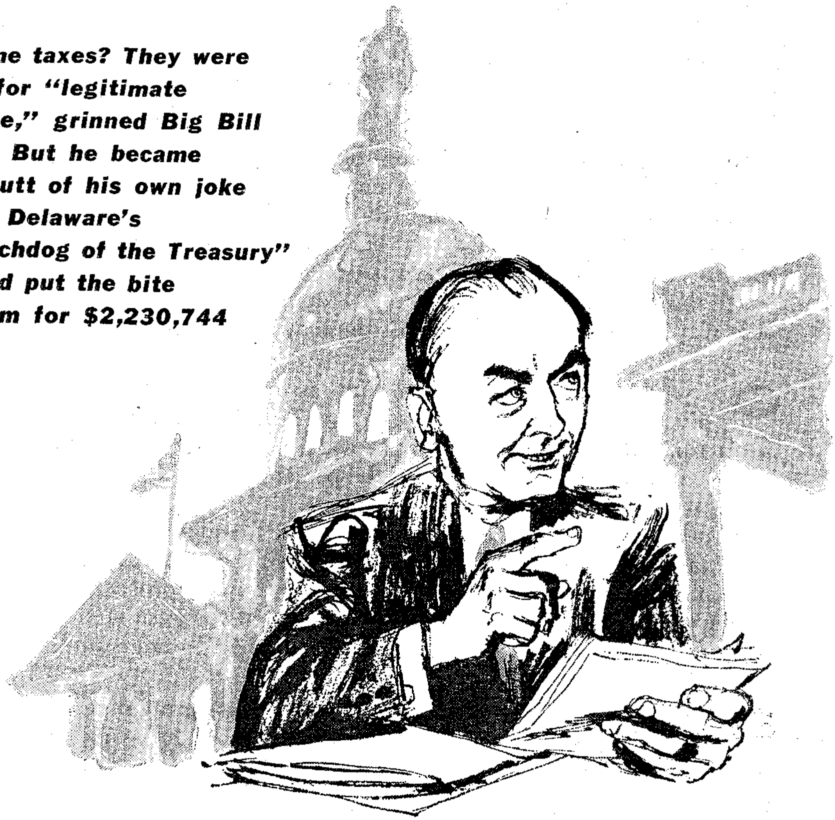
HOW THE SENATOR MADE THE RACKETEER PAY

by Deane and David Heller

Income taxes? They were just for "legitimate people," grinned Big Bill Lias. But he became the butt of his own joke when Delaware's "Watchdog of the Treasury" helped put the bite on him for $2,230,744

THIS YEAR APPROXIMATELY $46,610,239,000 in federal income taxes will pour into the treasury. The money will come from 60,186,000 taxpayers. Some will pay with a sense of resignation; others with a feeling of patriotism, and a few under protest. Nevertheless, they will pay. For as citizens they think they should.

Contrast this, then, with the attitude of triple-chinned, 360-pound Big Bill Lias of Wheeling, West Virginia. Described by the FBI as the racket czar of West Virginia and



southern Ohio, bootlegger, slot-machine mogul, numbers operator and gambler, he has amassed millions. But for years he cynically scorned even to file a tax return; and thereafter, although he went through the motions of filing, he resorted to every gimmick, dodge and loophole that a racketeer with political connections can use to thwart our tax laws, according to United States Senator John J. Williams of Delaware.

Ultimately trapped through the efforts of Delaware's "Watchdog of the Treasury," Lias has fought back bitterly as his assets were seized and $1,788,139 turned over to the Government for back taxes. He still owes close to another million, and faces possible deportation to Greece as an undesirable alien.

In a half-mocking, half-indignant retort, Lias claimed he thought income taxes were only for "law-abiding citizens" when the Senator forced him to admit, at a hitherto undisclosed conference in Washington, that he had failed to file any tax return until 1934.

Incredible as was Lias' attitude, it was no more so than some of the assertions and facts that emerged from his case (which Sen. Williams has branded as the "worst example" of tax enforcement against the nation's big-shot racketeers):

(1) Big Bill's boast that two prominent congressmen accompanied him to the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to help adjust his tax difficulties.

(2) Lias' claim that he "was friendly" with a federal judge who allegedly approved a deal whereby Big Bill was to be fined and put on probation instead of being jailed for pleading guilty to income-tax evasion.

(3) Lias was permitted to settle his income taxes for about 12 cents on the dollar; and the revelation that, despite delinquencies extending over 30 years, he has never been convicted on a tax charge.

The most incredible shocker of all came when tax officials, prodded insistently by Sen. Williams, got the government to place Wheeling Downs, Lias' race track, in receivership and impound his profits. A highly respected Wheeling lawyer, Carl O. Schmidt, was appointed to handle the track. But he couldn't run it profitably because he did not know the racing business. So the

court appointed Lias general manager!

For his services, Big Bill was paid a $35,000 annual salary, of which $25,000 was applied to his tax debt. As assistant manager, Lias hired George Lewis, under prison sentence as a $1,000,000 income-tax dodger, who was temporarily free while his conviction was being appealed.

Sen. Williams got into the Lias case in March, 1951, while in the midst of his sensational revelations of corruption in the Internal Revenue Service which ultimately forced T. Lamar Caudle, Assistant Attorney General, and other tax officials from office. The late Chester Potter, a newspaper reporter, tipped the senator that Lias had offered to settle his $2,230,744 tax liability for $500,000. The offer "was about to be accepted by the Internal Revenue Service," says Williams. "By working fast I was able to keep the compromise from going through."

After a seven-months investigation, Sen. Williams gave the Senate a report on Big Bill's underworld career, and how it allegedly flourished under official laxity. Lias got his start in 1914, when he was delivering bread for a bakery to Ohio. "He would take bread over and bring back a wagonload of beer and whiskey," Sen. Williams said. (Lias' lawyer, Thurman Hill, later revealed Lias "accumulated some $219,000" by the time he was 26, and had the largest illegal liquor business in the area of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia between 1922-1930.)

Lias, according to Sen. Williams, had been convicted on bootlegging charges four times, jailed three times and fined a total of $17,250. Of these, fines of $5,500 and $10,000 had been carried on the Government books as unpaid until 1946, nearly 20 years after they were assessed.

Sen. Williams told the Senate that on March 22, 1938, Lias "offered to pay $10,400 for all civil and criminal liabilities of income tax, penalties, and interest for all years prior to 1934." The offer was accepted; $80,003 in tax indebtedness settled for approximately 12 cents on the dollar! But after making three $1,000 payments, Big Bill's accountant wrote the Department of Justice that Lias was broke and couldn't pay any more. Subsequently, he made the same plea of poverty regarding his taxes for the years 1934 through 1940.

All of which was extremely peculiar, Sen. Williams declared, because later in disputing Government assessments on his large increase in net worth during the years 1942-46, Lias claimed the increase resulted from $1,000,000 in cash he carried over from the prohibition era.

THE YEARS 1942 to 1946 were easy ones for Big Bill. "During (that) period, the income-tax returns of Mr. Lias were not audited, the excuse being given that during the war the Treasury Department was short of help," Sen. Williams charged. In 1947, an audit was begun and when Lias' expenditures apparently exceeded his reported income, the years 1942 to 1946 were opened. As a result, taxes of $1,276,320.18 were assessed. Penalties and interest of $716,850.81 brought the total to $1,993,170.99.

During this investigation, two of

Big Bill's establishments were also found to have "forgotten" some of their income, Sen. Williams declared. The Automatic Cigarette Sales Company, Inc., Wheeling, West Virginia, (Lias' slot-machine distributing company) was assessed an additional $123,974.52 and Zellers Steak House, Inc. (a plush Wheeling gambling establishment) was assessed $87,106.28. This brought Lias' total bill, including penalties, to $2,230,744.82.

As a result of this audit, Big Bill was indicted on five counts of income-tax evasion from which, thus far, he has escaped imprisonment.

Lias pleaded guilty to one count. Then the Government moved to dismiss the other four. The presiding judge, William E. Baker, agreed with the Government's routine move and sentenced Lias to five years in prison. But about two weeks before he was to begin his sentence, Big Bill exploded a bombshell.

Charging in open court that he had been "double-crossed," he asked the judge to vacate his five-year sentence and permit him to withdraw his plea of guilty. Big Bill claimed that (a) despite his plea, he was not guilty, and (b) because of the "friendship" existing between Judge Baker and himself and because of a conference between Judge Baker, the U. S. District Attorney, C. Lee Spillers, and his own attorney, Carl B. Galbraith, he had pleaded guilty since he was led to believe he would not be jailed but "would receive a substantial fine and suspended sentence and be placed on parole."

Denying there had been any "deal," Judge Baker said he had told Galbraith that "Lias had been before me five times and I had sent him to prison twice and I wasn't going to put that kind of a man on probation." Spillers also vehemently rejected Lias' contention of a deal.

In support of his motion, Big Bill offered these sworn statements:

"... that for a long period of time immediately preceding the entry of the aforementioned plea ... he and the Honorable William E. Baker ... were friendly ... that the ... judge had been a guest at several of the business enterprises operated by Lias and was well aware of the activities involved in such enterprises ... (that the judge had visited Lias' office, that Lias had sent him several season passes to his race track, Wheeling Downs—which were returned—that the judge had been Lias' guest at Zellers Steak House. . . .)"

Big Bill's gamble to escape the penitentiary paid off. Judge Baker vacated his sentence, and allowed him to withdraw his guilty plea. In a later trial, Lias was acquitted.

In cracking the case, Sen. Williams pointed out that the acquittal of Lias on criminal charges had not ended his civil liability for the $2,230,744.82 income tax due; and that for nearly three years the Internal Revenue Service had done little to collect it. He further charged that eight days before his trial, Lias had made gifts of nearly half a million dollars in property and securities to his brother and brothers-in-law; and, by excessive payments in salaries and dividends to relatives, further drained off his assets.

The IRS, slow to move against Lias, now became tough; and Big

Bill, suddenly losing hope of quickly settling his tax troubles, telephoned Sen. Williams, insisting on seeing him at once in Williams' private office in the Senate Office Building.

But, on March 13, 1952, when he arrived for his "private" session with the senator, he found himself in an executive session of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Finance. He was not very convincing as he sat overflowing onto two chairs.

Invited to "tell your own story in your own way," Lias claimed, according to Sen. Williams, that members of Congress at various times intervened for him in income-tax matters; confessed he hadn't filed at all until 1934 and admitted he had about $700,000 in cash at a time when he told the Government he could not meet a $500 income-tax payment.

Sen. Williams also questioned Lias briefly about another of his scrapes with the law—one that failed to become a nationwide scandal only because of the direct intervention of influential politicians.

"During rationing, right after World War II, when critical materials were scarce and millions of veterans couldn't find homes, Lias built Wheeling Downs race track; the OPA investigated him and recommended prosecution," Williams said.

"I was told that when the file was sent to the District Attorney in Wheeling, it was bounced back with the notation 'the District Attorney flatly refuses to prosecute.' I tried to get a copy of the file but, instead, received a letter from Eric Johnston, administrator of the agency, stating that because of '. . . an historic public policy recognized generally and in the courts that Government files should be kept confidential except in limited circumstances, such as by direction of the President, etc. . . . it is my duty . . . not to release this file.' "

Big Bill disclaimed personal knowledge of the OPA affair.

Spurred on by Sen. Williams, Government receivers took over Lias' property, including Wheeling Downs. In U.S. tax court proceedings, deficiencies were sustained against Lias personally for $2,487,548.87, against his slot-machine company, Automatic Cigarette Sales Co., Inc., for $176,466.42 and against his plush gambling spot, Zellers Steak House, Inc., for $37,543.53. Lias' deficiency included a 50 percent penalty for fraud. The U.S. Court of Appeals affirmed the decision, and the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review it, slamming shut the door on Big Bill's last hope on April 22, 1957.

How did Uncle Sam finally make out in the tangled Lias affair? Not too badly, thanks to Sen. Williams and a new crop of Revenue officials. All Lias' assets, including the race track, have been sold, and approximately $1,788,139 in back taxes collected. That's still almost $1,000,000 short, of course. But any new Lias assets which can be found will be seized.

Meanwhile, the Government's long-delayed suit against Lias as an undesirable alien is being pressed. Should judgment go against him, he may yet be deported to Greece, where the U.S. Government claims he was born.

* * *

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Where do words hide? Often within other words, says Guest Quizmaster Frank Baxter, host of "Telephone Time" (ABC-TV, Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m., EST). As an English professor at the University of Southern California, Dr. Baxter is intrigued by how words work. The game below is like a jigsaw puzzle; fit the four-letter words into the right spaces and create new, six-letter words. Check the hiding places on pg. 141.

JIGWORD PUZZLE

acre
afar
aide
amen
aunt
chin
craw
earl
ease
epic
ever
hang
hint
laze
name
nigh
odes
omen
ones
oral
over
path
plan
quit
rang
rest
rope
wing

1. O ______ E
2. M ______ E
3. K ______ T
4. W ______ L
5. S ______ D
6. D ______ T
7. U ______ D
8. H ______ T
9. S ______ I
10. A ______ G
11. M ______ N
12. A ______ Y
13. L ______ T
14. E ______ Y
15. B ______ R
16. P ______ R
17. E ______ L
18. T ______ E
19. F ______ T
20. S ______ E
21. J ______ Y
22. M ______ T
23. C ______ E
24. P ______ O
25. N ______ Y
26. G ______ N
27. C ______ Z
28. S ______ L

by Ann Williams-Heller

The new "Magic 888"

WOULD IT MAKE you happy to slim down at the rate of a pound a day, or even more, for the next three or four days? Then here is a new "convenience reducing package," the "Magic 888," by which you can shed over-pounds and extra-inches pleasantly and safely. It is simple, easy to follow at home or away, and meals are ready in minutes and at moderate cost.

Here it is.

THE NEW MAGIC 888 REDUCING DIET

Breakfast and luncheon (each):
- 2 *ripe (medium) bananas*
- 1 *glass (cup) skim milk*
- *black coffee or tea*

Dinner:
- ½ *bunch crisp water cress*
- 1 *rye cracker*
- 1 *tbs. cottage-cheese balls*
- ½ *broiled chicken*
- ¾ *cup steamed broccoli*
- 1 *ripe banana, fresh or broiled*
- 15 *medium mushroom buttons*
- 1 *cup skim milk*
- *coffee or tea*

As you may have guessed, the "888" stands for calories, the reducing plan's total daily energy count. Since most reducing diets are set within a calorie frame of 1,100 or thereabouts, the new Magic 888 offers about 20 percent additional calorie savings.

When it comes to weight, it's the calorie that counts. And while an oversupply of calories in foods will infallibly be stored away as body fat, any undersupply will of necessity call upon available fat reserves (apparent as overweight and bulges) to burn them up for needed energy.

Count an average woman's daily calorie needs at a *minimum* of about 2,000, and you can readily see how the Magic 888 can show such fast reducing results. However, in spite of its drastic calorie curbs, there is no danger of "that hungry feeling," for it has sizable quantities of everyday foods that are tasty, satisfying and very easy to digest.

Equally important, it is remarkably well-balanced in all the health-essential proteins, vitamins and minerals. In fact, the Magic 888 detailed dietary evaluation, compared with the "Recommended Daily Dietary Allowances" for specific food substances of the Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council in Washington, D.C., reveals this. In the vital minerals (calcium and iron) and vitamins (A, B_1, C and riboflavin), it surpasses the Board's recommended quantities. Its proteins are tops in quality and kind, though their quantity is a negligible

1.19 percent shy of meeting the recommended daily allowances.

In a nutshell, the Magic 888 can be regarded as nutritionally safe for a three to four days' reducing regime at a time. But first, of course, check with your doctor to make sure nothing is wrong except undesirable overweight.

How is it possible to have so many hunger-satisfying foods for only 888 calories? Here the magic figure is 88, the calorie count of two venerable foods in the diet. One is a medium banana—golden yellow or flecked with brown spots at peak of ripeness; the other a cup of skim milk.

It is because of ease of digestion and inner values that doctors prescribe bananas as one of baby's first solid foods. Moreover—and this is especially important in reducing—they rank high in appetite satisfaction, the filling feeling known as satiety value.

It is really amazing how the two bananas and cup of milk for breakfast, and then for lunch again, can see you through to dinnertime with no pangs of hunger. Here is why: hidden behind their mellow sweetness, bananas supply both quick and sustained energy in quickly absorbed simple sugars (such as glucose and fructose), and slower-acting complex sugars and starches. Also, bananas are very low in sodium (only four mg.) and altogether free from cholesterol.

From the practical side, all the items on the breakfast and lunch menus are true-and-tried convenience foods in the real sense of the word. They are available everywhere, all year round, at moderate cost, need no preparation to get table ready; and since both beverages are calorie free—no sugar or cream should be added—they may be prepared in any desired strength.

Equally convenient is the Magic 888 dinner. In eating out, broiled chicken is on the menu everywhere. To broil chicken to juicy tenderness at home, rub it with one drop of olive oil on each side before flipping under the broiler about five inches below source of heat. When chicken is well done, season with very little salt, yet enough pepper or paprika to make it tasty. And should dieting day fall on a Friday, you may substitute chicken with a broiled steak of lean white fish, rubbed with lemon juice before cooking.

The vegetables in the diet may be either steamed fresh or frozen, or canned; here again season to taste. Sprinkle banana generously with lemon juice before broiling it.

The more active man who wishes

to follow this diet must add one slice of toast (4x3¾x½") each for breakfast and luncheon; also have one medium-sized potato for dinner, either jacket-cooked or baked. In meeting a man's greater nutritional needs, his diet will then measure about 1,100 calories, which is still low enough to achieve weight losses quickly.

Take it easy while following the new convenience reducing package for three or four days at a time. Eat leisurely and slowly, at definite hours. Plenty of sleep at night is important; also as much rest during the day as you can possibly get.

If you are a nibbler and sipper by habit, chew a few crisp celery leaves or water-cress sprigs or mushroom buttons, either as is or seasoned with a dash of garlic or celery powder. Sip a lemonade made with water or club soda, sweetened with a non-caloric sweetener; or have a non-caloric soft drink.

There is only one don't—*don't cheat!* Except for vitamin pills you may take regularly and coffee or tea (if so desired), do not skip foods hoping to lose weight at an even greater speed. It won't work because in a carefully planned, constructive food regime such as this it is the "altogether"—the sum total of the various and different body-building and regulating food substances—that counts.

Remember that while calories control your weight, food substances in definite quantities control your health, beauty, stamina and resistance. This need for building and regulating food substances remains constant regardless of any weight problem.

Therefore, both calories and food substances must be equally respected. And, since all the foods in the Magic 888 keep company to a wealth of health-essential food substances at a very low calorie price, the skipping of even a very few calories would cut a deep wedge off those important food substances.

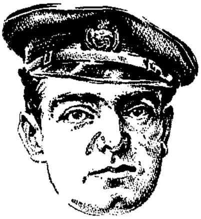
Finally, the Magic 888 is a crash diet for the removal of five pounds or so. It should be used only for the three or four days suggested. And here is what to expect in a three- to four-day battle against poundage: if considerably overweight, the loss may be a pound to a pound and a quarter a day; if only slightly above ideal weight for sex, height and body frame, it may be about a pound. The basal metabolic rate has a slight say, too; and so does the climate. However, why guess? The bathroom scales, the mirror on the wall, the formerly all-too-tight dress will tell. And so will *you!*

Have You Noticed?

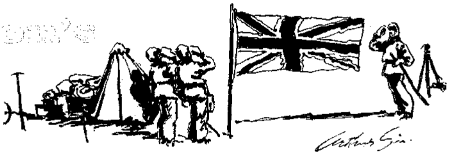
ABOUT THE TIME you get even with the Joneses, they refinance.

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY about avoiding temptation after you pass 50. That's when it starts avoiding you.

—General Features Corp.



Shackleton's epic journey



by ALLEN JACKSON

in the world's wildest sea, trapped by ice floes, lashed by racing gales, the last great Antarctic adventurer gambled all—and won

To navigate a 22-foot longboat 800 miles through the roughest, coldest, angriest sea in the world was a gamble no sane, cautious man would take—if he had a choice.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, veteran English polar explorer, had none. As he faced the raging Antarctic gales that swept across the bleak, frozen Weddell Sea on which he and his 28 men were marooned some 43 years ago, he knew he must forget caution and gamble wildly if they were to survive.

His ice-trapped, three-masted bark, the *Endurance,* had just sunk through the hurricane-churned ice, her hull smashed to kindling. The odds were impossible. There was almost no chance to make it to Paulet Island and the safety of an isolated, weather-whipped whaling station.

But Shackleton was a leader of epic courage and resourcefulness, an intrepid adventurer knighted for his efforts to plant Britain's flag on the South Pole. He was familiar with mountain-sized tasks—a man who had always turned bad luck into high adventure.

When disaster struck, fulfillment of what he called the last great adventure in polar exploration, crossing the Antarctic Continent from sea to sea, was almost in his grasp. By January, 1915, the *Endurance* had crashed and rammed her way through 600 miles of gale-swept pack-ice in the Weddell Sea. The goal was only another day's sailing.

Then the bad luck came. It came in the form of converging prairies of pack-ice, sail-splitting gales, and a severe below-zero drop in temperature—which was unseasonable for January, a summer month in the Antarctic. The ship became frozen in solid, and everyone on board knew that they would need a large amount of luck if they were to get back to England safely.

Shackleton and his crewmen and scientists were utterly helpless. They could not sledge their supplies across the sea ice to the mainland because the surrounding ice was slowly shifting, cracking and piling up into long, rough pressure-ridges often 15 feet high. The nearest land was 80 miles away, and it would be impossible to sledge tons of supplies across an ice surface like that.

They could only wait.

The incessant high winds were almost invariably from the south. If they had luck, they would eventually be carried northward far enough so that the swell of the open sea would break up the ice, and they would be able to sail free.

But if the winds were a little too much from the southeast, the ice that held them would drift toward the rocky cliffs of the Weddell Sea's western shore. This would produce a terrific pressure as the mile-square floes began to pile up on each other, and the ship would be crushed.

The men knew that they would need luck; but they also knew that in Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Boss, as even the skipper of the *Endurance* called him, they had a dependable leader.

Shackleton was 41, six feet tall, solidly built. He seldom laughed, but when he did, it was a roar. He had a forward-thrusting jaw and a heavy brow.

In 1901, he accompanied Captain Scott on his first and unsuccessful attempt to reach the South Pole. Five years later, Shackleton led his own expedition to within a hundred miles of it. In 1911, Scott reached the Pole to find a Norwegian flag already raised there. He and his men died in a seven-day blizzard on their return march.

And now it was 1915, and the *Endurance* was trapped in the ice.

By October, the Antarctic spring was beginning. In nine months they had drifted more than 570 miles northwesterly; but they still had another 500 miles to go before they would meet the open sea.

Then, in the middle of October, a hundred-mile-an-hour hurricane blasted down on them. In a roar of cracking ice and wood, the *Endurance* suddenly tipped over at a 30-degree angle. The next few days, with the ship breaking up steadily, the 60 dogs and seven sledges, each loaded with 800 pounds of emergency supplies, were hauled away to a strong floe. Then the three 22-foot lifeboats were lashed onto heavy cargo sledges and the exhausted men pitched tents and crawled into their sleeping bags.

At dawn, Shackleton told them what they would have to do.

Near the tip of Palmer Peninsula, 350 miles to the northwest, was a small rock called Paulet Island. Several years earlier, a Norwegian expedition had left a hut and a large cache of supplies there. They would have to haul the three lifeboats with them, because their next step after Paulet would be to sail 200 miles around the tip of the Palmer Peninsula to Deception Island, the only place where they could hope to be picked up by a whaling ship.

Ten days later, they had covered a total of 12 miles, a number of the dogs had died and the men were worn out. Shackleton gave the order to make a permanent camp. They would have to wait and hope that the drift of the ice would carry them near Paulet Island.

They waited, drifting northward steadily; and after six months they had drifted past Paulet Island with no chance of reaching it. Seals and penguins grew scarce with the coming of winter, and the men had to shoot their dogs and use them for food.

The breaking up of the ice came suddenly. Within an hour, the solidly frozen prairies changed to a swelling sea full of plunging floes.

The boats were quickly loaded and launched in temperature just above zero. They were in continual danger of being smashed by the careening floes, and the waves were high enough so that after a few hours the men were soaked by spray.

When evening came, the weary, miserably cold men had barely enough strength to drag the boats up on a floe, wolf a ration of stewed pemmican, pitch tents and crawl into their sleeping bags.

Shackleton took the first watch. At 11 o'clock he called his relief and crawled into his bag. He had been at the tiller all day, but he couldn't sleep. He felt a peculiar uneasiness.

He crawled out of his bag, put on his boots and paced around the camp. For no particular reason, he stopped by one of the tents.

As he did so, there was a report like that of a high-powered rifle as the floe cracked down the middle. The crack opened directly under the tent and there was a muffled cry and a splash.

Shackleton leaped to the edge of the crack and dragged out the man who had fallen in, sleeping bag and all. An instant later, the two halves of the floe came together again with a hundred-ton crunch.

There was no more sleep for anyone that night, and at dawn they launched the boats again.

According to the skipper's charts, their last chance of reaching solid ground was to head for Elephant Island, a craggy, glacier-filled, blizzard-swept rock 80 miles to the north. If they missed Elephant Island, there was nothing beyond but the unobstructed gales and immense waves of the stormiest ocean in the world.

Shackleton, his second in command, Frank Wild, and Captain Worsley, the skipper, remained at the tillers of their boats and did not sleep for five days and five nights. On the sixth day, the skipper's dead reckoning navigation brought them to a safe landing on Elephant Island, and just in time, for their water was gone, and some of the half-frozen, spray-drenched men were nearly mad with thirst. It was the first solid ground they had touched since leaving their jumping-off place, the whaling station island of South Georgia, 16 months before.

THEY WERE ABLE to kill a few seals and they rested as much as they could with zero gales roaring about them. It would be impossible to sail the three boats further; and Shackleton saw that his weakened men would never survive a winter where they were.

He explained the situation, asked for volunteers, and chose five. They took a sail from another boat and rigged a cover over the longboat, leaving a small open cockpit astern. Then they loaded it with a month's rations and Shackleton, the skipper and four others sailed out into the open sea.

Frank Wild was left behind in command of the remaining men, and it would be his job to keep their faith strong that the Boss would return with a rescue ship. It was Shackleton's and the skipper's job to navigate the longboat the 800 miles to the whaling station at South Georgia.

They were carried along by a succession of gales which strained the small mast until it seemed that one more pound of pressure would snap it off and they would founder instantly. The waves were 50 feet high.

Shackleton had made a point of not bringing a thermometer along, for it was better that they did not know how cold it was. They were perpetually on the verge of freezing, as well as being swamped, and their skin was both numb from cold and raw from rubbing against wet clothes. Their lips were cracked and bleeding. But their spirits were good, for they sailed 400 miles in a week.

On the 13th day they sighted floating kelp and land birds; they knew that in one more day they would either land or miss the island by a few miles; for if they passed to one side they could never turn back.

Of that next day, one of the men wrote: "It was the worst hurricane I'd seen in 20 years at sea, but at first I wasn't afraid. I only thought, what a pity, we've made such a remarkable journey, and no one will ever know."

The hurricane blew them straight toward the island's sheer cliffs until the roar of the ten-story surf was louder than the shrieking wind. When they felt they had only 15 minutes more to live, the wind suddenly died. They were able to claw off and beat to starboard, and an hour later they shot the reefs into a large calm bay.

They landed, found some chicken-sized young albatrosses in nests, and had the best stew they had ever tasted.

But they were far from being safe. The island was 90 miles long and 30 wide, and its interior was a scrambled mass of 10,000-foot peaks, crevassed glaciers, glassy-walled canyons, and steep declivities of solid ice. They had landed on the south side; the whaling station was on the north. They would have to cross.

Two sick men were left in a camp with another to take care of them, and Shackleton, Captain Worsley and Lieutenant Crean started across at dawn. By noon they were up to a 4,000-foot pass, but they found a sheer drop on the other side. They retraced their steps and tried three more passes. By the time they got up to the fourth, the sun was setting and the temperature dropping.

The valley before them was dark, and they could not tell whether the solid ice declivity that dropped down below them would end in a cliff, a snowdrift or a rock. Then they saw that fog was coming up behind them and they knew they could not retrace their steps to look for another pass.

They were dressed lightly, and if they stayed there all night they would freeze. If they tried to descend the northern side of the pass, they might drop over a cliff.

Shackleton turned to his men: "Who's for a bit of coasting?"

They sat down on the ice, held each other's legs and pushed off into the darkness. It was a thousand-foot slide at 50 miles an hour—and ended in a soft bank of snow. They stood up silently, shook hands, then continued on.

About 36 hours after they had left the south side of the island, they were greeting the astounded manager of the whaling station. Three days later they picked up the men they had left in camp and headed in a small ship for Elephant Island.

This time they had to buck the gales, and even though they had steam, the trip took two weeks. They found Elephant Island surrounded by 30 miles of thick pack-ice, and the ship was not built to go through it.

They sailed northward to the Faulkland Islands, where Shackleton got another ship and headed south once more. He made three attempts, each time finding Elephant Island surrounded by a 30- or 40-mile belt of pack-ice. On the fourth, almost five months after he had left the island, the ice was open. He landed on August 30, 1916, and found every man alive and well. But they had come to the end of their emergency rations.

Although Antarctica has been crossed by air, no one had yet done it on foot until last October, when teams of explorers set out across the continent. One group—British explorers—took much the same march that Shackleton planned more than 40 years ago. They had better equipment than he, and they also had the advantage of his example—which they acknowledged in their choice of a name for their base: Camp Shackleton.

Literary Lesson

SHORTLY AFTER a couple had moved to a small New England town, the lady of the house complained to her neighbor about the poor service at the local library, hoping that the woman would repeat her complaint to the librarian.

The next time the woman went to the library, she found that the librarian had set aside two best sellers for her and a new biography for her husband. What is more, the librarian seemed genuinely glad to see her.

The newcomer told this to her friend saying, "I suppose you told the librarian how poor I thought the service was."

"No," was the reply. "I hope you don't mind, but I told her that your husband was amazed at how well she had built up a small-town library and that you thought she showed wonderful taste in the books she selected."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

WHILE SUBSTITUTE TEACHING in an elementary school I introduced a word game of "opposites" to my third-graders. We went quickly through "hot-cold," and "thin-fat," and the more obvious ones. Then I said, "Let's try some harder words. How about "tight?" To my amazement, the whole class called out—"sober!" —MARGUERITE MUELLER

From TV to movies to tape recorders—electronics may help light the way to a solution of the teacher shortage problem

PUSH-BUTTON PEDAGOGY

by Norman Carlisle

IN A THIRD-GRADE CLASSROOM in New Jersey, my heart was warmed by the sight of a boy who was at last learning to read. The expression on his face was rapt, and he was plainly lost in the joy of words that had been mere gibberish to him before.

The teachers in the overcrowded schools he had attended previously had not been able to devote enough time to help him. He was being taught now by an electronic device and, his human teacher told me wonderingly, it was teaching him far better than she could.

This was my introduction to a machine that teaches a startling new way of attacking education's most desperate problem—the teacher shortage. For all over the country, educators have awakened to the exciting possibility that electronics, in the form of television, movies, tape recorders and teaching machines may offer a realistic solution to a seemingly hopeless dilemma.

Dr. Alvin C. Eurich, former acting President of Stanford University and now Director of the Ford Foundation's Fund for Advancement of Education, warns, "Unless we turn some of the burdens of teaching over to these tools of science, we face a future of increasingly cut-rate education for our children—just when we desperately need better education, not worse."

For right now we are short more than 100,000 teachers. But that is only a start. The exploding school population is increasing 2,000,000 a year, and enlistment of new teachers just is not keeping pace. Responsible authorities predict a shortage of more than 250,000 teachers by 1965. The prospect looks even more alarming when you study certain sore spots, like science teaching.

When Russia's first Sputnik raced around the earth last fall, its ominous beep-beep sounded an urgent call to expand our teaching of science, the very area where the teacher shortage is at its worst. Furthermore, out of the 4,000 science teachers graduated last year, only 2,400 joined science faculties.

But will not this proposed electronic teaching be cold, mechanical and inferior to traditional personal teaching? For that matter, can electronics really teach at all?

In Pittsburgh I got my first glimpse of the kind of electronic teaching being given a trial run in hundreds of classrooms this year. It was an eye-opening form of open-circuit TV operating right in the school.

In a fifth-grade classroom, I saw a teacher speaking in another part of the building, whose presence radiated from a 24-inch screen in the room. The children were alert. They raised their hands eagerly at the questions, gave enthusiastic answers when asked to recite.

The teacher, a pleasant young woman, was making arithmetic come alive. She had been chosen for her already proved success in the classroom. She could give full scope to her abilities because she had no other duties beyond preparing this single arithmetic lesson each day. She could devote every minute of her working day to studying her materials, working out effects and perfecting her presentation.

This lavish use of time was made possible because she was simultaneously teaching every fifth grader in that school (and, as it turned out, in a number of schools, as others in the district hooked their TV systems in). Assembled in classes of up to 50 pupils, each class was supervised by a teacher who could, in quite a different way, also be lavish with her time.

"See that boy in the third row?" one asked me. "Maybe you noticed he hasn't raised his hand at all, or shown much interest. He needs special help. And, thank goodness—rather, thank TV—I can give it to him."

This seems to be the emerging pattern of TV in the classroom: a studio teacher who does nothing but teach, via TV; a home-room teacher supervising each large group and giving special counsel and help.

This year, some 200 different schools under a national program are carrying out TV experiments sponsored by $1,150,000 put up by the Fund For Advancement. In three elementary schools in Miami, for instance, one half the pupils work in conventional small, personally taught classes for half the school day. During the other half, they are taught via open-circuit TV in large groups of 150 to 187 in one room—about 40 to a screen.

Hagerstown, Maryland, is the nerve center of one of the biggest current experiments in educational TV. This year 12,000 students in 23 Washington County schools are being taught a variety of subjects ranging from first-grade art clear through 12th-grade English. In any one subject in a particular grade, one teacher can teach those 23 schools.

Do students really learn from watching a teacher on TV? Educators' reactions ranged all the way from the "Unbelievably more and better" of an enthusiastic Hagerstown teacher to the guarded "At least as well" of a Michigan one. Only those in schools which had not tried it were frankly skeptical, or downright hostile.

Students themselves seem to entertain the same range of opinion. "You learn more because somehow you have to concentrate harder," said one. "You get a better view of what the teacher is showing you," said another. Some students, however, did complain that they got tired of looking at the comparatively small screen.

At Levittown, New York, an important experiment was carried out last year with 214 students enrolled in five different subjects. Their scholastic standings, compared with those of pupils in regular classes, showed that above-average students in the TV group actually had a greater increase in learning than similar above-average students taught conventionally. Average students showed a 71 percent gain in learning in the conventional classroom compared with 70 percent for the TV students.

Francis E. Almstead, special consultant on educational television to the New York State Education Department, reports, "The results of the experiment show . . . that there is no significant difference in progress made by pupils receiving full-time teaching during the year by instructional TV and full-time classroom teaching."

At the college level, where the teacher shortage is really desperate, results have startled educators. At Washington University in St. Louis, where TV was used last year, 475 students were given freshman math via TV and 20 per cent came up with As. In another group, given the same course in standard classrooms, only 12 percent earned this.

In Hagerstown, as I watched a geography teacher at work on TV, I got a revealing indication of how the pioneer electronic teaching tool, the educational film, may widen its already great usefulness. The teacher was talking about India when she announced, "Let's take a look at the life of a family in India."

Instantly, her students were transported across the miles and given a fascinating actual picture of an ordinary family going through an ordinary day in that faraway country. This superbly produced film added a new dimension to TV.

YEARS AGO, Thomas Edison predicted, "Pupils will learn from films everything there is, in every grade from the lowest to the highest. Films are inevitable as practically the sole teaching method."

The makers of educational films, who have turned out some 18,000 to date, have gone a long way toward making Edison's words come true. One company alone offers more than 800 films, and has 400 more in production or planned for the near future.

Perhaps films will find their greatest use in the era of TV teaching, where more time and effort can be devoted to integrating them into teaching programs, but already they are being used extensively in more than half the nation's schools.

"I couldn't have taught my physics class without films," a struggling science teacher in a Nebraska high school told me.

He was not just being modest about his science abilities, for he was not qualified to teach physics. He had stepped into the breach simply because his school had found itself without a physics teacher.

I could see that the film took over the job brilliantly as I watched one on color, a complex subject which is not easy to teach by ordinary means. Here was an amazingly clear explanation of the principles of color reflection and absorption.

Earlier in the year, the teacher had been able to hurdle similarly difficult jobs of presentation by the use of such films as *Using the Laboratory, The Nature of Light, The Nature of Sound.* Along with these basic films, he had used others on specific features such as Ohm's Law.

Even when the teacher is highly competent, educational films can produce a fantastic gain in the effectiveness of his teaching. Witness what happened when Dr. Louis Romano conducted an experiment among fifth, sixth and seventh graders in a Wisconsin school. Pupils in one group were shown selected motion pictures on science subjects, while those in another group used only regular textbooks.

At the end of the test period, the science vocabularies—a ready guide for grasping the subject—were tested. The film-taught sixth-grade vocabularies had doubled, the seventh-grade had jumped 200 percent, the fifth graders 300 percent, above those of the non-film-watching group.

At first, educators had grave fears about what "learning from pictures," whether on TV or films, would do to reading. To their surprise, it actually stimulated the demand for books.

One happy by-product of teaching by TV and movies is the teaching time made available to individual students who need it. And even here the teacher can be aided by electronic devices which can teach a single student at a time.

One such machine is the remarkable "Language Master" which I saw teaching the boy who was behind in his reading. It works quite simply. On printed cards, a sound track is magnetically recorded. The child, wearing earphones, sits before the machine and feeds in a card. On it is a picture of, let's say, a cake with candles. Printed beside it are the words "Birthday Cake."

As the card moves through the machine, a voice speaks the words or sounds out the letters. The child repeats the word, silently or aloud, as he is asked to do.

Educators report that the device, which has been tried out in scores of schools, produces dramatic results. The combination of sight and sound, plus the intense, uninterrupted concentration of the child, help him to learn in days what might otherwise take weeks of classroom drill.

In "The Language Lab" at College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts, I saw another use of magnetic recording for teaching. In this pioneering classroom, which may be the first of many such in New England, were 40 earnest students, each learning one of the three languages being taught in the room.

The Lab is equipped with 40 soundproofed booths, each with its own tape-recording machine. A student sits before a recorder and pushes a button which switches him to the French, German or Spanish channel. Donning earphones, he listens to a lesson being voiced, on tape, by a language teacher. At the same time, his own recorder transcribes it on his tape.

At the end of the period he has his own tape recording of the lesson, complete with his own version. He plays it back, then voices his corrections and improvements.

When the professor wants to check on how the student is doing, he can plug his own earphones into a jack at the side of each booth, or he can ask for the recordings and play them back at his leisure. Examinations too are given by records.

An elementary school in Covington, Louisiana, gives a striking demonstration of the ability of tape recordings to teach more than one group in the same room at the same time. The teacher, equipped with headphones and a microphone, stands behind a control board on which are four machines, each playing a different previously-made recording of her own voice.

As the lesson gets under way, children wearing headphones tune in on the lesson intended for each level, ranging from slow learners to highly advanced students. If a child wants to ask a question, he pushes a button, and a light flashes on the control board. The teacher then pushes a button, and the child talks into a microphone with which each is provided. The teacher can thus talk directly to a particular pupil without disturbing any of the others.

An ingenious arithmetic teaching machine has been developed at Harvard. The child sits before it, and problems printed on a tape appear in a window. By manipulating keys or sliders, the pupil brings up a set of figures that appear beside the window, then turns a crank.

If his answer is right, the tape advances to the next question. If it is wrong, the tape will not move, so the pupil tries again, until he does get the correct answer. It works the same way with spelling.

Science has many other teaching machines at the laboratory stage, but we do not have to wait for them to put electronics to work in education. Television alone, says Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, former head of the school systems of Los Angeles and Philadelphia, can reduce our shortage of teachers by at least 50,000. If we use all the devices at our command there is no doubt that electronics *can* do much to solve the teacher shortage.

IN MAY CORONET

"I'M AN UNCLE TO MY SONS"

This is the agonized plaint of a divorced father who fights for normalcy in his part-time relationship with his sons. A shattering story of a tragic social problem.

A LITTLE SICKNESS HELPS

How can exposure to various types of diseases increase your chances of a long life? Read Dr. Benjamin's provocative article exploring this seeming paradox.

CONFESSION? — Ask The Man Who Goes There!

Catholics go to Confession to a priest for one reason only: to obtain divine forgiveness for their sins.

But why, you ask, go to a priest? Why not confess our sins directly to God?

Ask the man who goes to Confession and here's what he will tell you: Sin is an offense against God; it must be forgiven by God. It is God, not man, who determines how forgiveness must be obtained. Christ plainly pointed this out when He empowered His Apostles and their successors to forgive sins or to refuse forgiveness.

"Whose sins you shall forgive," Christ said, "they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:22, 23). Thus Christ authorized the Apostles, and their successors, to pardon or to deny pardon as they judge the sinner worthy or unworthy. To do this they had to know what they were forgiving . . . the secret dispositions of the sinner . . . his sorrow and willingness to repair the wrong done to his neighbor by his sins. Who could make this known but the sinner himself — and what is this but Confession?

But Confession — the Sacrament of Penance — is only one of the seven Sacraments Christ left in His Church. Yes, seven — no more and no less! Christ's religion is not merely a message to be accepted, but a life to be lived — from the cradle to the grave. Christ's seven Sacraments are the answer to man's seven basic needs.

Man is born, but he needs to be reborn a Christian in the Sacrament of Baptism. He is nourished, but he needs Christian nourishment in Holy Communion, the Sacrament of the Eucharist. He grows, but he needs to grow and be strengthened in Christian life by the Sacrament of Confirmation. He is cured of disease, but he needs a remedy for sin, so destructive of Christian life, and this he finds in the Sacrament of Penance.

Man lives in society which needs officials to promote the common good—and for his life in the Church, he finds officials provided by the Sacrament of Orders. He perpetuates the human race in marriage, which Christ made the Sacrament of Matrimony. And at death, he needs consolation and strength for the last dread hour which he finds in the Last Anointing—the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

If you would like to know more about each of the seven Sacraments, write today for a free pamphlet which gives important information concerning them. Ask for Pamphlet No. AC-5.

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YOUR BABY SITTER CAN SUE YOU

by Will Bernard

By guarding against the many pitfalls that make your home a legal booby trap, you may save yourself from a whopping damage claim

DOES IT PAIN YOU to pay $1 an hour, or even more, for a baby sitter? Friend, that's nothing. A couple in San Francisco had to pay their sitter $350 for 60 minutes, it cost a Kansas family almost $500, and a teenage sitter in Los Angeles just recently put in her bill for $6,250 an hour.

Every time you hire a baby sitter, you run the risk of a fiscal blockbuster in the form of a damage claim. Yet most parents are unaware of this danger, for they are still attuned to the days before baby sitting changed from a casual, inexpensive accommodation to a billion-dollar-a-year business.

The key word in this legal booby trap is "hire." The old-fashioned baby sitter—relative, friend, neighbor—was an unpaid volunteer. If he or she was hurt, you were usually in the clear. But once you hire a professional, once money enters in, the legal picture changes.

Now it is a business deal—no matter if the "business" involves only a piddling few dollars, no matter if you are dealing with a naïve teenager or a sweet old lady. As long as she is a paid sitter, she is a business visitor on your premises—and you have the same sort of responsibility a department store owes to a shopper or a gas station to a motorist. If any harm befalls her, the chances are dandy that you will be stuck for the doctor bills—and then some.

That San Francisco sitter, for instance, collected because her rambunctious four-year-old charge knocked her down and injured her wrists. In the Kansas case, the sitter slipped on a loose rug and broke her hip. The Los Angeles girl is demanding $25,000 because a loose picture frame dropped on her head while she was watching a TV show.

Another California sitter collected medical expenses when the child's mother accidentally bumped her with a garage door. In an eastern city, a youthful sitter was attacked by a prowler who entered the house through an unlocked back door. Her claim for $50,000 against the baby's parents is pending.

An Oklahoma sitter collected for injuries suffered while she was being driven home from the job. A New Jersey court awarded a sitter $275 after she fell down some steps while hurrying to answer the doorbell. A Connecticut woman claimed $15,000 on the ground that the boy she was sitting with broke her arm in judo practice.

In Los Angeles, a sitter collected when she tripped on some toys in a badly lighted room. Also in Los Angeles, two sitter-claims were filed in a single week on the same ground: injuries inflicted by rowdy youngsters. One defendant has already made a cash settlement.

IF YOU ARE reasonably devoted parents, you know all about the special dangers that imperil children. But do you know there are special perils for sitters too?

Accident statistics reveal that in the over-45 age bracket, more people are killed by falls than by auto accidents. And an increasing proportion of the nation's 6,000,000 sitters are older women. Even if a fall is not fatal, the injury is usually far more serious—*and far more costly in doctor bills*—when the victim is an older person. But falls are only one illustration. Actually, there are many special dangers to sitters *both young and old,* dangers that a little forethought on your part can minimize.

Be *sure* you have personal liability insurance before you hire a sitter. It is cheap coverage and will protect you against most damage claims. Your insurance agent can tell you what kind of policy is best for you. Whether or not you are legally liable for an accident, it is worth a lot to have the insurance company do the talking for you in court.

"The smartest thing parents can do is to show some consideration for the safety and welfare of their sitter," says the manager of a large sitter agency. "It's not only a question of legal obligation. It's also what you get in return—the warm and kindly care that every parent wants for his children."

The following list of traps for baby sitters is based on findings of the National Safety Council. Any one of them can land your sitter in the hospital and you in court with a damage claim to fight.

1) *Defective Utensils.* Is the handle on your teakettle loose? *You* know it. But does the baby sitter? Don't let her find out by scalding herself.

2) *Contagious Diseases.* Sitters aren't nurses. Why assume, without asking, that they are willing to risk exposure to measles or the flu? Besides, children's diseases can be dangerous to an adult. One sitter almost died recently from mumps she caught from a child.

3) *Unfamiliar Doors.* A sitter in San Francisco fell downstairs to the basement when she opened a door she thought led to the bathroom. Familiarize her with your house. Remember: she's in charge.

4) *Pets.* An overprotective dog can get ugly with a sitter who has to discipline the dog's favorite little boy. At the other extreme, a too friendly dog put a sitter out of com-

mission by pawing her right off a porch step.

5) *Strange Noises.* An elderly sitter almost collapsed at a sudden rumble in the night. She didn't know the automatic door on the garage sounded like that. Does your furnace knock? Does the cat rattle the garden gate on its way in or out? Forewarn your sitter.

6) *Slippery Rugs. Very* important. Young sitters lack caution; old sitters lack agility. Tack those rugs down or anchor them with undermats. Other fall-causers are polished floors and stray lamp cords.

7) *Electrical Dangers.* Is there a loose socket or an ailing appliance that should not be touched? Don't forget that there's a stranger in the house.

8) *Structural Hazards.* Members of your family might be used to that narrow, dim stairway, without handrails, that leads to the nursery. But it could be a real menace to a comparative newcomer, especially when she's carrying your baby.

9) *Unruly Children.* If your son insists on swinging a baseball bat in the house, the least you can do is to tip off the sitter. Better: hide the bat. Best: teach the little angel some manners.

Good Questions

THE ADORING GRANDMOTHER, baby-sitting on the parents' night out, tucked the child cozily in bed.

"Now then," she said fondly, "let's have a bedtime story, shall we? . . . Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear. Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?"

There was no answer.

"Well, darling, was Fuzzy Wuzzy fuzzy, or wasn't he?"

The boy looked at her sternly, "Grandma," he asked, "have you been drinking?"

—*Circle "C" Chats*

A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN PHILANDERER had to depart hurriedly via the fire escape when the young lady's husband came home. Two floors down he tapped at a window and asked the man who answered: "Can you cache a small Czech?"

—ROBERT SYLVESTER

ATTENDING A PARTY in London, an American, wishing to be friendly, remarked to a guest: "When I'm in London I feel that I belong. You see, one of my relatives fell at Waterloo."

"How distressing," was the reply. "At which end of the platform?"

The American thought this a good joke and at his first opportunity told the story to his hostess, who became quite indignant.

"Ridiculous!" she exploded. "What difference could it possibly make at which end of the station platform he fell?"

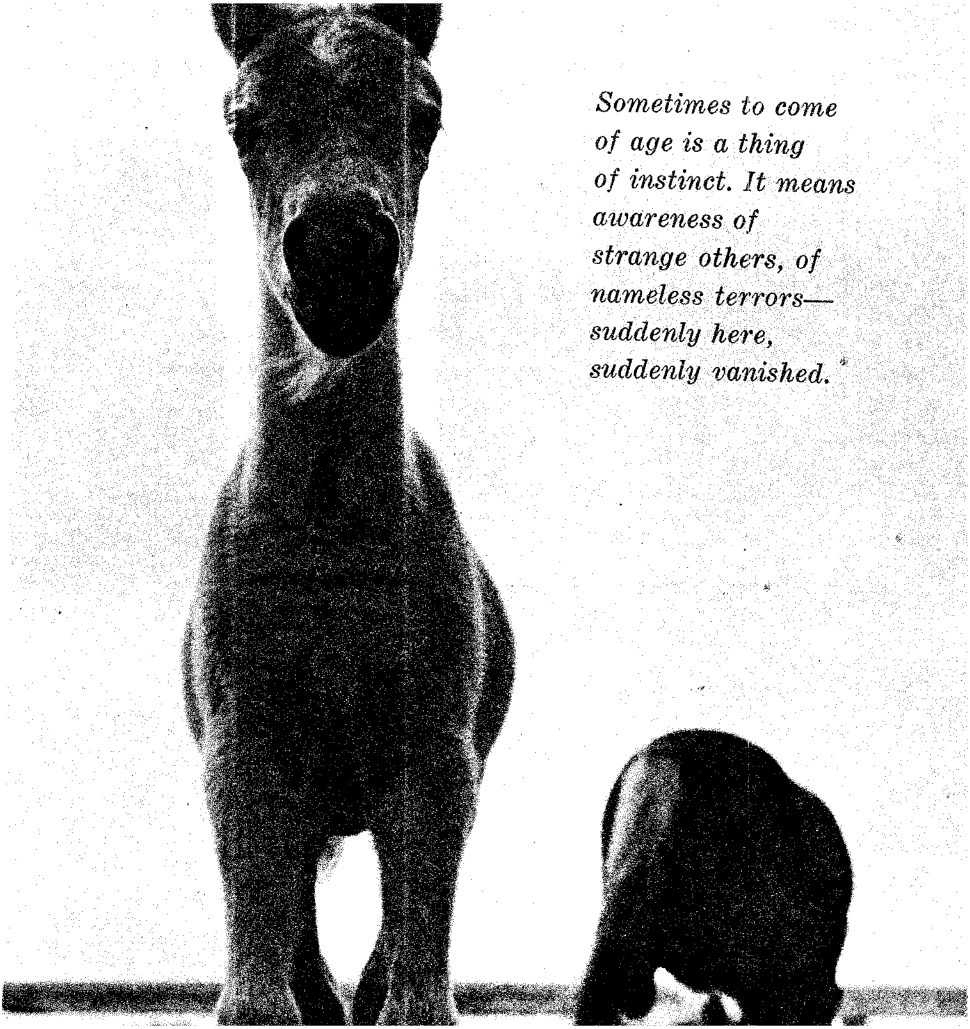
—*Wall Street Journal*

The coming of age

Text by Gerold Frank

For all of us there comes a moment unlike any moment before. Then suddenly, something is that was not. And all of us, all living things, know it by means beyond explaining—the moment when, in some special way, a new world opens

And others
enter a new estate,
a world wondrous
as themselves,
yet as unknown,
as challenging,
as love itself.

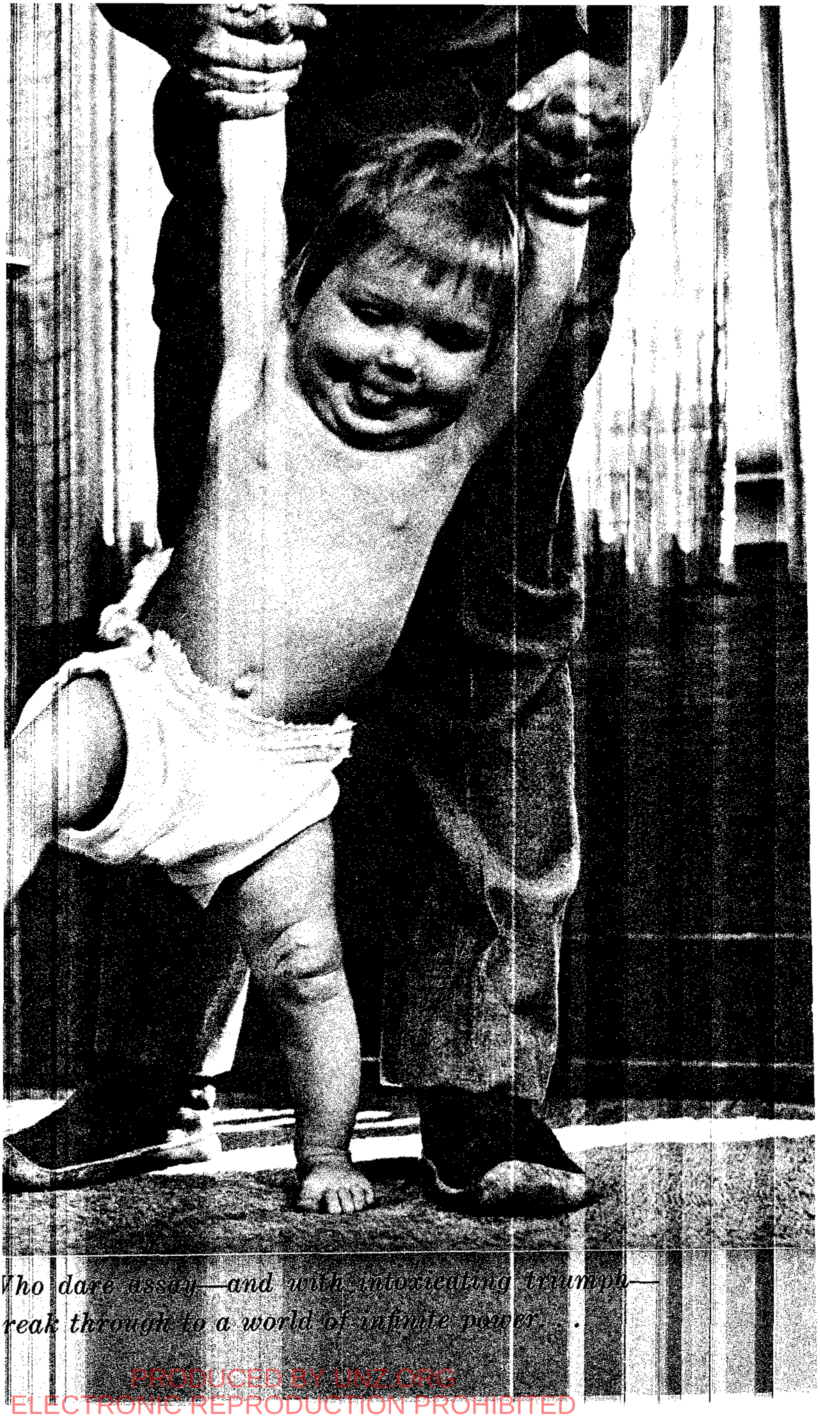


Sometimes to come
of age is a thing
of instinct. It means
awareness of
strange others, of
nameless terrors—
suddenly here,
suddenly vanished.

Or to learn how wide the world, how tiny oneself, how safe we are together.

And it is to stand, awed, wordless, humble, before proof of one's kinship to Creation.

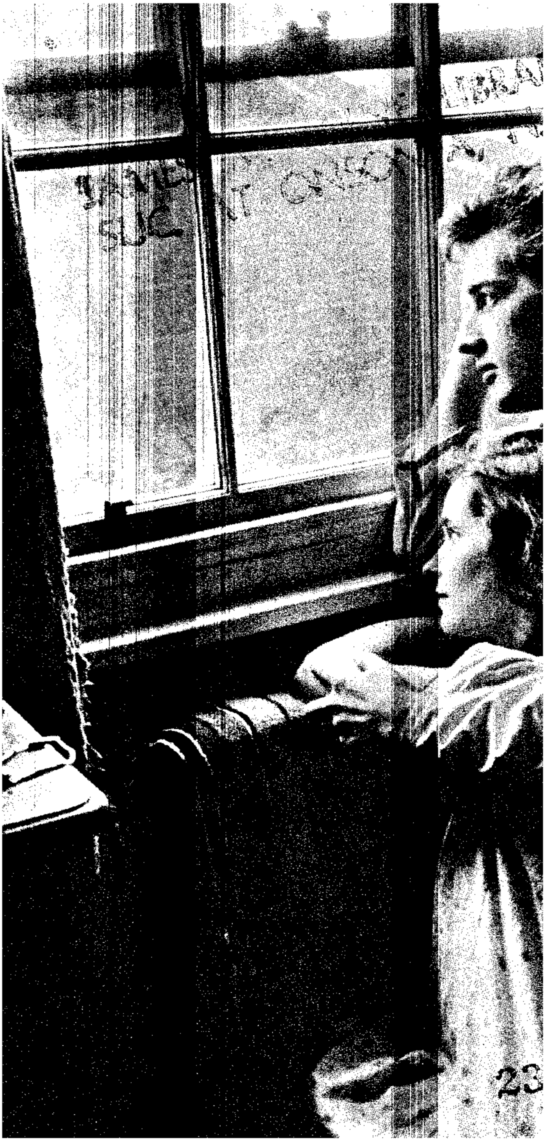
They come of age too, who, knowing only innocence, meet in a sacrament of mutual trust. . .

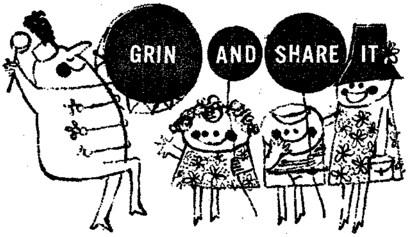


Who dare assay—and with intoxicating triumph—
reak through to a world of infinite power . . .

And coming of age can be
a sweet waiting, a fulfillment
born of desire ancient as
the race, touched by mystery
beyond all understanding.

Sometimes there's a fellow's
own moment of trial. He knows—
even if mothers fail to see.





THERE'S A FELLOW who has announced he expects to make a million dollars. He's invented a new candy covered with chocolates and nuts. It's for women who are on a reducing diet—and has a plain lettuce center. —MYRA COHEN

WHILE visiting a state mental hospital to conduct Sunday services, a bishop was told: "We have a patient here who calls himself God. Would you like to meet him?"

"That I would," said the bishop, and was presented to a dignified old fellow with a long white beard.

"I am honored to meet you," said the bishop, humoring the patient. "I understand I am addressing God?"

"You are," said the old man with dignity.

"Well, there is one thing I should very much like to ask you, something which in my study of the Bible I find difficult to understand."

"Bishop," was the solemn reply, "I make it a practice never to talk shop." —MILT WEISS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, strolling on the beach near his summer home one day, stopped to chat with a little girl playing in the sand. The child soon slipped her hand in his and walked along the beach with him. After a time she said, "I'll have to go home now."

"Goodby, my dear," said Dr. Holmes, "and when your mother asks you where you've been, tell her you've been walking with Oliver Wendell Holmes."

"And when your folks ask you where you have been," said the child, "tell them you were walking with Mary Susanna Brown." —DOROTHY WEBER

IN 1812 AN ENGLISH Quaker was disowned for marrying a Unitarian. It is reported that he was readmitted after having made a declaration to the effect that, though he could not—out of courtesy to his wife—say he repented having married her, he could say that he would not do it again. —IRVIN & RUTH POLEY
Friendly Anecdotes, Harper & Brothers

AN OVERWEIGHT New York executive was told by his doctor that he must get more exercise. He agreed to give up driving his car the mile each way to and from his office, but spurned a suggestion that he ride a bicycle. "Too conspicuous for Madison Avenue," he said. "Can't I walk?"

"No," the doctor answered. "I want you to run." The doctor then insisted that the executive get a hoop, and roll it on his daily excursions. Since the physician was adamant, the man reluctantly agreed and bought a hoop.

The next morning, as he ran down Madison Avenue rolling his hoop, he was surprised that he was attracting very little attention. Arriving out of breath at his garage, he explained to the attendant, "Doctor's orders." He made arrangements to park his hoop for fifty cents a day.

Everything went fine for about three weeks. The businessman was beginning to enjoy his exercise. Then one night the garage manager reported the hoop was nowhere to be found. "I'm sorry," he said, "but since you've been a good customer for a long time, I'll give you the price of a hoop and you can buy a new one tomorrow."

"Well," agreed the executive, "I suppose that's fair enough. But what worries me is how I am going to get home *tonight*!" *—Television Age*

THE DEAN of the faculty had a precocious seven-year-old daughter who one Sunday evening left reluctantly with her mother for vesper services.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I suppose we'll all be doing this till Doomsday." Her mother, who never let a difficult word go unchallenged, asked, "Do you know what Doomsday is?"

"Yes," said the child. "It's the day gravity lets go."
—NEAL O'HARA *(McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)*

AN AIRLINE PASSENGER who had indulged rather freely before boarding the plane annoyed the pretty stewardess by demanding a Martini. Finally she brought him a plate with a lone olive resting in its center.

"What's that?" he wanted to know.

"That, sir," said the stewardess with her best smile, "is what you might call a *very* dry Martini."
—Delta Digest

AT HIS FIRST formation after receiving his army gear, the scion of a wealthy society family, an impeccable dresser, fell into line still wearing his handmade English shoes.

As the sergeant paced unhappily through the ranks of fresh draftees, he stopped, incredulous, when he spotted the civilian shoes.

Placing his bulldog jaw next to that of the recruit and pointing his finger downward, he inquired bitingly, "May I ask, what are you doing in those?"

"They're mine, sergeant."

"They're yours?" the sergeant was beside himself. "Would you wear a confounded top hat if you had one here?"

"Oh, no," the elegant draftee said in shocked tones, "not with brown shoes!"
—BURTON M. HALPERN *(American Legion Magazine)*

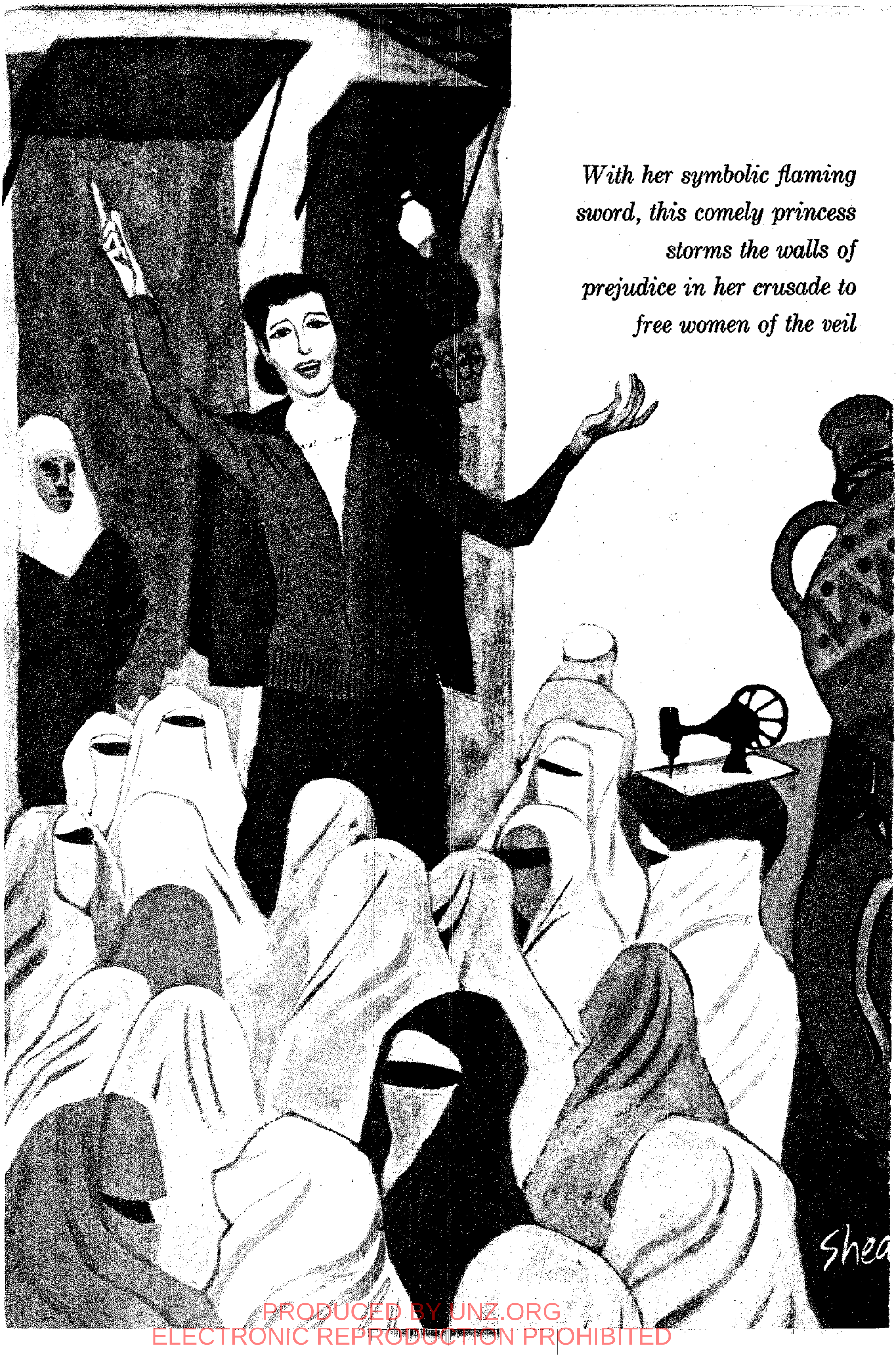
THE LANDLADY of a resort boardinghouse made a point of asking her departing guests to write something in her visitor's book. She was very proud of the names and the sentiments inscribed there.

"But I can't understand," she confided to a friend, "what one sour-looking man wrote. People always smile when they read it."

"What is it?" queried the other.

The landlady replied: "He wrote only the words, 'Quoth the Raven.' "
—MAXWELL DROKE
The Treasury of Modern Humor
Droke House

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



With her symbolic flaming sword, this comely princess storms the walls of prejudice in her crusade to free women of the veil

THE SULTAN'S DARING DAUGHTER

by *Geoffrey Bocca*

MODESTY IN THE MOSLEM woman comes in different layers. In the arid mountains of the Aurès, in Algeria, only one eye glitters through the folds of a blanket. In Tunisia, rich schoolgirls bicycle home in bobby socks and short French gym frocks with their faces uncovered.

For some Moslem women, the road to emancipation is longer than it is for others. Some do not want emancipation at all. But those who do seek it, look for leadership today to one woman who has achieved it, and is moreover determined that the whole sisterhood follow her. Being tough, being beautiful, and being a princess, she is beginning to succeed.

Her name is Amira (meaning princess) Lalla Aisha, and she is the eldest daughter of Sultan Mohammed V of Morocco, who recently took the title of King. She can often be seen in Rabat, the capital, driving her Cadillac through the narrow streets, her face unveiled and her auburn hair flowing in the wind.

Her clothes are often deceptively severe, a black skirt and simple blouse with a suede jacket thrown carelessly over her shoulders. Yet it does not need an expert eye to see that they are products of a Paris couturier. In fact, they come from Dior's.

Aisha's very appearance in such clothes, and in such manner, testifies to the enormous courage of this girl who has embarked on a campaign which has subjected her to resentment, humiliation, threats and exile. But she was apparently created to fulfill an extraordinary destiny.

The Morocco into which Aisha was born on June 17, 1930 was a land where women without veils offended decency as profoundly as if they had appeared in public naked. Moroccan women could be heard—their chatter is incessant—but not seen. They could be sold or given as concubines. (This word is deeply offensive to modern educated Arabs. A perhaps closer approximation might be our own "lady in waiting.") They could join a household where they were one of several wives, though the Koran stipulates that a husband must treat all his wives equally. The French and the Spanish who had controlled the country since 1912 found it politically convenient to leave old ways alone.

Aisha's father, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, had become Sultan young, however, and despite his two wives and 30 concubines, was progressive and even something of a feminist. He had promised he would raise the status of the nation's women; and taking the hand of little Aisha, he added: "This child will achieve emancipation for them all."

Ben Youssef knew what he was doing. He had seen Aisha engaged in a fight with her elder brother, Moulay Hassan. They finished by kicking each other's shins, and it was Aisha who kicked the harder.

THE FIRST IMPORTANT stage in Aisha's political development was passing her examinations to enter the French lycée in Rabat, and having her first taste of the freedom of a European girl.

"It was both a pleasant and unpleasant experience at the same time," she says. "I liked living the life of an ordinary young student, but there were too many things that I, as a Moslem, could not do or say."

Still, Aisha was not doing badly. She was eating in restaurants, learning to water-ski, and smoking. She was also building up, though she did not realize it, a formidable circle of enemies. Among them were not only the old traditional Moslems, but also the French authorities who sensed trouble in this pretty, determined Arab girl.

When she was 16, her father decided to send Aisha into the Casbah of Tangier, unveiled, to speak in public about women's rights.

Most western Arab cities have Casbahs, teeming, sunless jungles of interlocking alleys where every *cul-de-sac* has a hidden escape passage. No places are more dangerous.

Aisha drove into the Casbah, stood on a platform and crowds, too surprised to do more than gape, heard her demand more freedom for Moroccan women. She made her way out unharmed.

Aisha had had her first taste of public speaking and found that she liked it. "I began to realize what had to be done," she says. And she made so many speeches that the French asked her to stop.

Young, impetuous, in 1953 the Princess allowed a photographer to snap her at the seaside wearing a brief, tight one-piece bathing suit. It was not a Bikini and would not have shocked a Westerner. But for the Moslems the jump across the centuries was just too great to make in one stride; they were scandalized.

El Glaoui, the cunning old Pasha of Marrakech, who was scheming with the French against the Sultan, showed the picture to wavering chieftains crying, "What do you think of this disgusting sight? Would you have your wives or your daughters pose like this? And it is no ordinary girl. This is the daughter of the Sultan of Morocco!"

During the disturbances and riots, many provoked by El Glaoui, which swept Morocco in the next few weeks, the photograph was waved by the Sultan's enemies as wildly as if it had been a battle banner.

All this gave the French the opportunity they were seeking. The Sultan, his wives and children were banished, first to Corsica and then Madagascar.

The Sultan had a taste of Aisha's

emancipation medicine when he wrote from Corsica to the French administration asking for his 30 concubines, his staff of 60, and 15 of his 52 automobiles. The French complied; but to the Sultan's astonishment, eight of the concubines revolted. They were either engaged or married, but all the same this harem revolt was quite unprecedented. Traditionally, when a girl enters the Sultan's service she has no right to leave without the master's approval. The concubines' argument was that while they did not object to exile in Corsica, Madagascar was on the other side of the world.

The Sultan had never been particularly popular in Morocco, but his exile made him the symbol of nationalist resistance. Two years later, just before the French granted Morocco its independence, the Sultan returned in triumph while Moroccans fatted goats and lambs for a celebration.

El Glaoui, old, defeated, his ambitions frustrated, crawled along the floor to his enemy. "I am a slave at the feet of Your Majesty," he muttered. "Be cursed those who have misled me." Victory was complete and utter.

Meanwhile, Aisha, 25 now, had a special triumph of her own. Hundreds of women poured into Rabat to cheer the re-enthronement of the Sultan. They were women of all ages and stations—and not one of them wore a veil.

Today, Aisha is a confident, talkative, politically astute young woman of 27. She adores her elder brother, Amir (meaning prince) Moulay Hassan. He adores her, too, but with some reservations. He has not forgotten the kickings she gave him as a child. Her younger brother is Moulay Abdullah, and she has two grown-up sisters, Amira Lalla Malika and Amira Lalla Nzah, and a baby sister Amira Amina, who was born in exile.

In the winter of 1956, Aisha visited the United States with Moulay Hassan. She explored New York by bus, mastered its subway system, and fell in love with Greenwich Village.

Innocently, she asked to see how "ordinary Moroccans" lived in America. This was not too easy.. If one eliminates the consular and United Nations corps, one can live a long life in New York without being jostled by a Moroccan. Eventually one was found, a workman living in Manhattan. Aisha, Moulay Hassan and their friends, visited him and his wife, and stayed to dinner.

The Sultan exults at seeing his ambitions in his daughter so brilliantly realized. He calls her "my eyes and ears," and, when she returned from Sweden recently after an official visit to study women's institutions, he listened to her report just as carefully as though it were an imporant declaration of state policy.

Last year, Aisha headed a delegation of five Moroccan women to the fourth congress of the Pan-Arab Women's Federation at Damascus, Syria, and staggered even those emancipated ladies with her skin-tight décolleté gown.

Aisha has emancipated her sisters, too, and they lounge around the Sultan's palaces in blue jeans, listening to rock-and-roll records, and reading the latest French novels. But her mother, who is only 16 years older than Aisha, still veils herself, and never appears in public.

Every day one of the Sultan's viziers gives Aisha a complete account of the government's activities, to which she listens thoughtfully, asking questions and smoking.

She is seeking the abolition of the harems (Arab politicians like to declare they are already abolished, but they are not). She wants the vote for women, and a law requiring men to give legitimate reasons for wanting a divorce. At the moment, they simply have to say, "I divorce you."

The Princess fully understands that, before such reforms can be established, Moroccan women must be educated, "at least to the extent that they can read and write." To further their education she has sent teachers with movie projectors into remote communities to give elementary lectures to mothers and daughters. Travelers among the Riffs and other nomadic tribes have seen lecturers showing these films on mountaintops and under Arab tents.

Nevertheless, for Aisha herself many remnants of old ways still remain. Although she does not admit it, the incident of the swimsuit photograph shocked her, and influenced her later actions. For one thing, she dares not smoke in public as she used to. Actually, her emancipation is strictly relative. She is, for example, much more cloistered than Princess Margaret of England.

Long before she even met him, Aisha was reported by bazaar gossip to be engaged to Feisal, the Harrow-educated King of Iraq. Last year she quashed the rumors: "I am 27, and he is only 21."

Aisha has views on practically everything. About the veil: "I will wear a veil when I am 60, and cover everything but my eyes. A woman's eyes never get old."

About her sister-princess, Margaret of England, she makes a comment which may explain why Aisha, two months older than Margaret, is also unmarried: "I think she did her duty in not marrying the man she loved. She must have suffered deeply. In our position, hers and mine, it is not all pleasure. . . ."

Sound Advice

AN ITINERANT PREACHER one night read a passage to a small group of listeners wherein we are admonished to turn the other cheek. Then closing his Bible, he began his interpretation.

"Now, brethren and sisters, the Good Book tells us that if an enemy smacks you on one cheek, you turn the other cheek and let him smack you on that. But, brethren and sisters, the third lick, *the third lick,* I say, *belongs to you.*"

—LEO GOLDEN
—*Just What The Doctor Ordered*
Frederick Fell, Inc.

Canal, pond, lodge or fire-break, this tireless builder constructs them all—using only tooth and claw. He's nature's amazing . . .

Engineer in a fur coat

by Ronald N. Rood

When conservation officials need a fire-break, they send in special crews to cut protective swaths through the forest. But they are likely to be aided by that amazing 60-pound woodland engineer, the beaver.

For, placed on a stream, this big waddling rodent—the largest in North America—soon makes an opening in the forest canopy as he cuts down trees for his dam. Moreover, the resulting pond raises the ground-water level around it, making the area green and fire-resistant.

A colony of beavers can be flown to remote regions and parachuted to earth in self-opening cages in a matter of hours, while the same trip overland might take a human crew weeks. And the beaver's dams may

last for a period of years as succeeding generations keep them in repair.

No other wild animal creates structures approaching the size and complexity of the works of this tireless builder. His dams may be nearly half a mile long and as much as 14 feet high. His domed lodges may be over 30 feet in diameter, with an interior four feet high.

His transportation canals may run hundreds of feet away from the pond to a thicket of aspen or willow. If the thicket is uphill, he builds these canals in a stairlike series of weirs or locks over which he floats and pulls his wood supply down to the pond.

What irrepressible urge drives the beaver to spend night after night in laboriously cutting wood and carefully placing branches, mud and stones until he has built his dam and created his pond? The answer lies in his sturdy lodge with its underwater entrance, his submerged food pile, and his desire for peace and privacy.

The pond serves as a great protective moat surrounding his lodge, which is often located on an island or on debris built up from the pond bottom. There too he anchors quantities of branches and small saplings. Preserved perfectly by the water, their tender twigs and bark are available all winter, even though there may be two feet of ice overhead and the forest crackles with frost.

Winter may be a terrible time for other wild creatures. But the beaver, secure with his underwater food pile and his warm lodge, hardly notices the cold. In fact, he is one of the few animals that grows fat in winter.

The fur of the beaver is a great asset in his underwater life. So dense that it can scarcely be parted down to the roots, it serves as a waterproof coat of insulation. Air trapped all through it prevents it from wetting clear to the skin, and an underwater beaver often seems clothed in silver as he swims along in a close-fitting blanket of air.

That same luxuriant coat played a great part in early North American history. Pioneer trappers pushed westward in pursuit of these valuable pelts; and were followed by settlers, who likewise prized the fur. Hundreds of thousands of these skins went into beaver hats, robes and coats. So prized were the pelts that they became a medium of exchange.

Look for the beaver at his pond during the daylight hours and chances are that you will not see him at all. But steal quietly to the same spot at night, and you may see a long "V" of shimmering ripples as he silently glides along. Peaceful and shy, he would rather work at night than risk exposure during the day.

His webbed hind feet do most of the work in swimming, for his forefeet are small, unwebbed and look almost like little human hands. His broad, scaly tail serves as a powerful rudder, a prop while cutting trees, and a cushion on which to sit while he combs his fur.

Come too close to a working beaver, or let your scent drift across the pond, and you will have seen the last of him. With a mighty slap of that flat tail on the water, he dives for safety—and every other beaver within hearing will do the same.

Once submerged, they streak like

torpedoes for the safety of the lodge, or the camouflage of weeds along the shore. They can stay beneath the water for ten or more minutes if necessary, finally emerging so silently that you will not see the slightest ripple.

Although armed with a murderously sharp set of teeth, this big placid cousin of the squirrels and rabbits very seldom uses them in combat. He would rather disappear until danger has passed.

One observer tells of seeing some young kits threatened. The mother came hobbling up to the intruder, feigning a broken leg. Piteously she limped around, whining and creating such a commotion that the kits were forgotten, and the intruder started after her. When all was safe, she leaped into the water with a splash and a triumphant slap of her tail.

Early in spring, the female carefully arranges and rearranges nesting material within the lodge. Her mate, seeing this activity, and urged in no uncertain terms by his spouse, philosophically takes up temporary bachelor quarters elsewhere.

By mid-spring the kits, ranging in number from two to six, are born. Alert and playful soon after birth, they are small replicas of their parents, complete with orange chisel-like teeth and comical little wooden-spoon tails.

They soon follow their mother down through the mysterious water-filled hole in the floor and out into the pond. Within a month they are swimming along with her, and by late summer they are tugging manfully at little branches and putting tiny pats of mud on the dam.

The youngsters stay with their parents for two more spring seasons and then start off to live their own lives. As they travel, they stop to investigate peculiar little mounds made up of small mud-patties.

These mounds are scented with castoreum, the product of special glands beneath the base of the beaver's tail. Probably they serve to keep wanderers in touch with each other, as each beaver makes a small mud-pie, adds it to the pile, solemnly deposits a bit of castoreum on it, and goes on his way. Thus he has added his autograph to the community bulletin-board, a sort of castorine "Kilroy was here."

The beaver's basic needs are few. He asks merely a place to build his dam, provide for his family, and enjoy the solitude he loves. And since his engineering feats serve so well in both forest and wildlife conservation, we would be wise to help him get his wish.

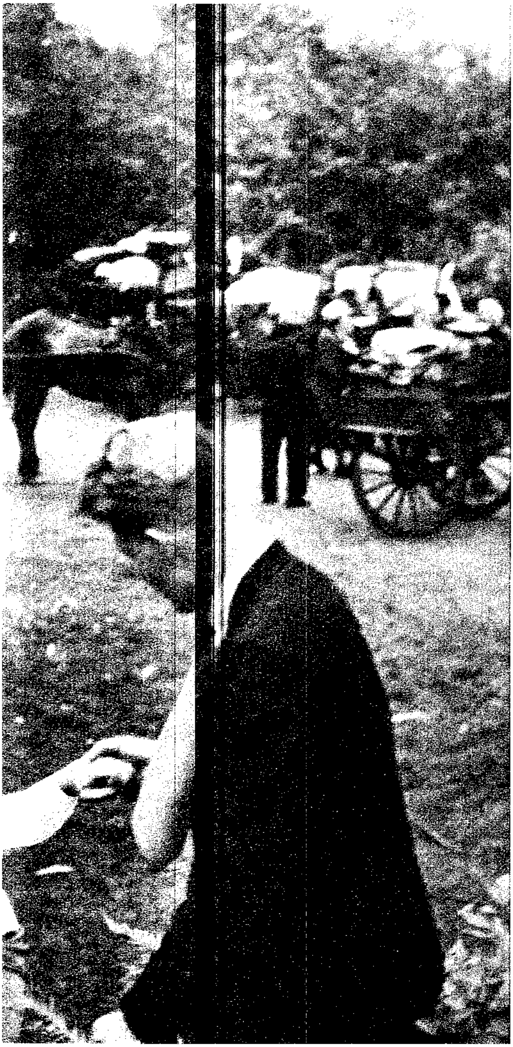
* * *

Do-It-Yourself Trend

A COUPLE in Martinez, California, named their new baby son Robert J., leaving the J. for him to complete with a name of his own choice later on.

THE RECTOR of a church in Inglethorpe, England, personally drove the church's double-decker bus to transport his parishioners to Sunday services.

—DR. W. E. FARBSTEIN



Cinderella in Ireland

SOME MONTHS ago Mary Jane Hawkshaw, 12, fell from a tree near her Miami, Florida, home and broke a shoulder. This set off a chain of events that brought Mary Jane's attractive 19-year-old sister Jean (above), who is in love with horses, a $3000 wardrobe, a five-day trip to the Dublin Horse Show and (left) dates with a handsome Irishman in Killarney.

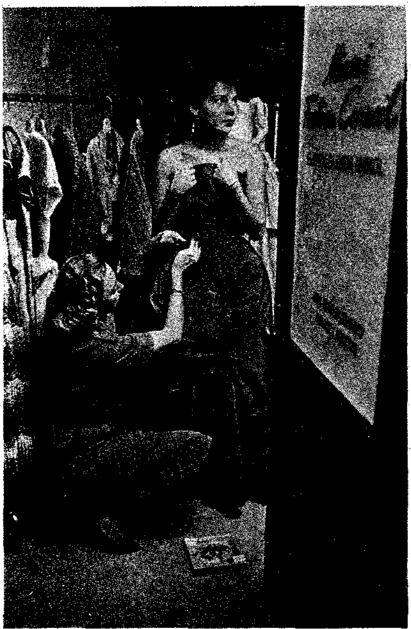
Photographs by George Barris

Text by Leslie H. Blum

At Gladewinds Farm, Miami, Jean cleans out a horse's stall for the privilege of riding him.

Honey-blonde, athletic Jean takes her daily dip at swimming pool near her Miami home.

Eleven merchants gave Jean a complete wardrobe. Below, she tries on evening gown.

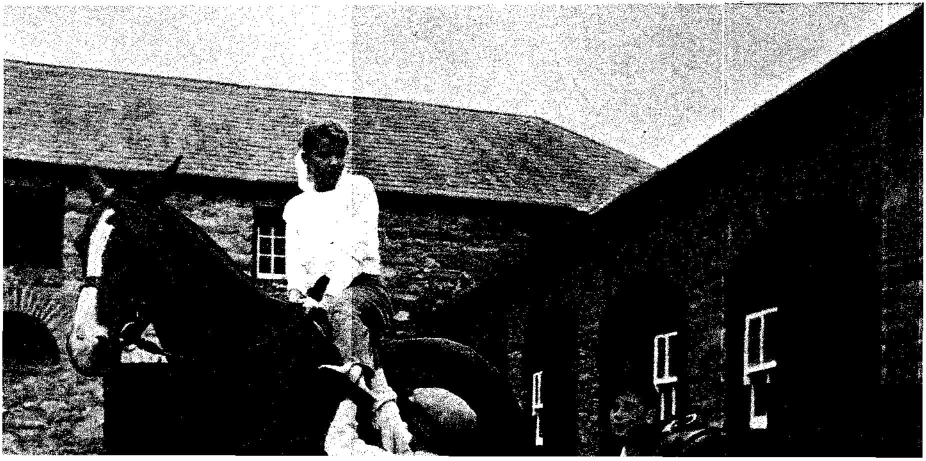


WHEN THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED, Mrs. Helen Rich, a neighbor, who covers Florida's horsey set for the Miami Daily News, rushed out to help, and met gray-eyed Jean. Of this first meeting she later wrote that Jean "would rather ride than eat . . . has a nice voice, and the measurements of Marilyn Monroe." Convinced Jean had potential as a model or actress, Mrs. Rich determined to publicize her "find," who worked as a typist. First she introduced her to Robert Kramer, owner of a horse farm, who let Jean ride one of his jumpers daily in return for grooming the animal. Then she arranged for Jean's lavish wardrobe and her exciting journey to Ireland.

On New York stopover, before boarding plane for Ireland, Jean in top hat drives carriage nag.

During chartered flight (above) to Dublin, Jean, who manages to keep her svelte figure without dieting, tackles a layer cake.

Jean had never ridden horses as huge as Irish hunters. Below, she is propelled aboard one on the estate of Lord Powerscourt.



In Killarney, Jean and Coris Carroll, son of Dublin's Lord Mayor, huddle to escape rain.

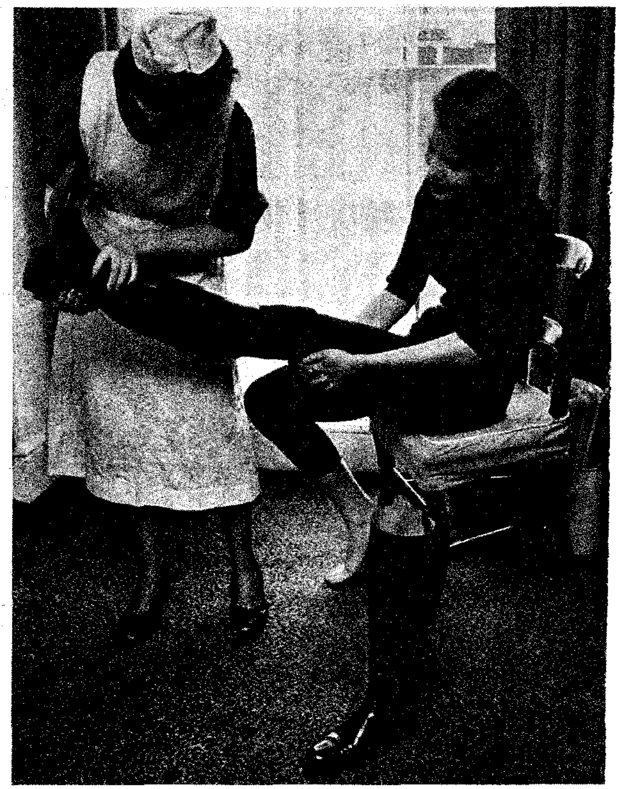
IT ALL BEGAN WHILE a chartered aircruise to the five-day Dublin Horse Show, last August 6 to 10, was being arranged for Americans anxious to bid for Irish yearling horses. Mrs. Rich, one of the organizers, got Jean an expense-paid invitation. But Jean's salary as a typist couldn't finance the finery she'd need for the social events held in connection with the show —two hunt balls, receptions at estates, cocktail parties and visits to the National and Aga Khan stud farms. Whereupon 11 Miami-Florida Fashion Council members presented her with a $3,000 wardrobe, including three specially designed formal gowns, afternoon frocks, handbags—even jewelry.

(Right) Jean watches keenly as Aga Khan Cup competition jumpers tackle a difficult course.

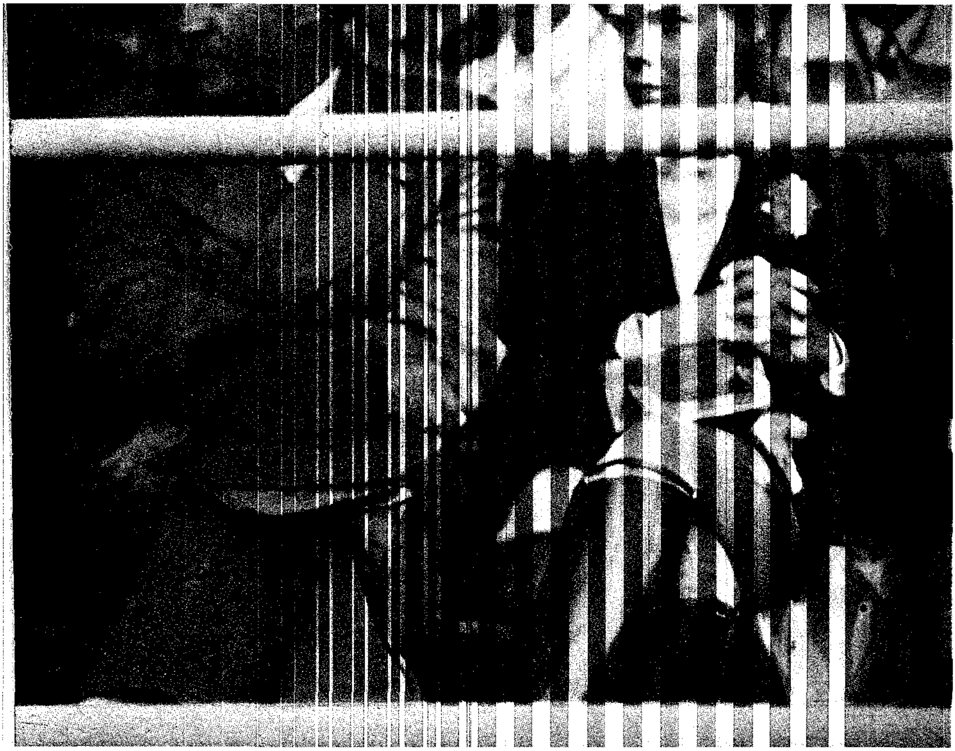
(Below, right) There were blisters when the boot came off. Jean forgot to wear riding socks.

(Below, left) In her free time, Jean indulged in one of her favorite hobbies: window shopping.

TWEEDS
IRISH
INDUSTRIES



THE IRELAND-BOUND GROUP met at New York's River Club for a 5 p.m. cocktail party, and by 8:30 the DC7-C airliner was heading out over the Atlantic with 52 passengers. To the pretty Miami typist, it had the elements of fantasy. Only six months before, she, her sister and their widowed mother, who teaches high school history and English, had moved to Miami from Washington, D. C. The realities of just making ends meet seemed to rule out forever such a dream journey as that on which Jean was now embarked. At 10:30 a.m. the following day, the plane landed at Dublin Airport and Lord Mayor James Carroll welcomed the Americans to Ireland.



Aboard a burly Irish hunter, Jean dashes through the green Killarney fields in the rain.

A flower exhibitor (below) on the Dublin Horse Show grounds pins a boutonnière on Jean.

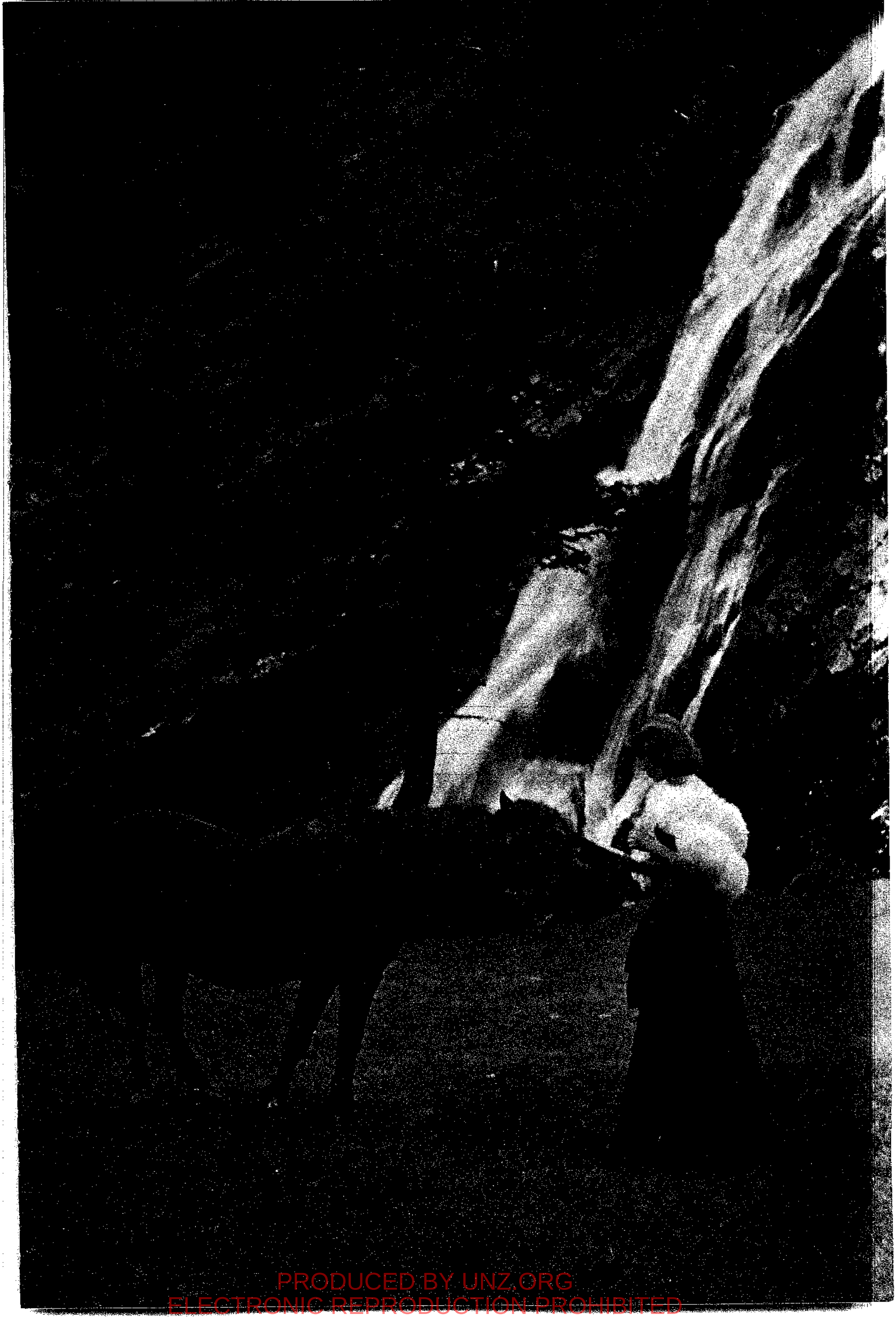
"I NEVER HAD such a wonderful time as I had at the two hunt balls," says the ecstatic Jean. "We danced until sunup, slept two hours, then went riding!" One afternoon she tried her luck at the Phoenix Park races—and lost $1.50. On another side trip she chatted with the actors backstage at Dublin's Abbey Theatre and, on the estate of Lord Powerscourt, an official of the Irish Sweepstakes, met political and social leaders. Quite as exciting was her trip in a cold drizzle—it rained most of the time—to the Lakes of Killarney in a jouncing cart. Here she met Coris Carroll, the handsome son of Dublin's Lord Mayor. They're still corresponding.

At a formal hunt ball in Dublin, Jea waltzed with a kilted Irish horsema

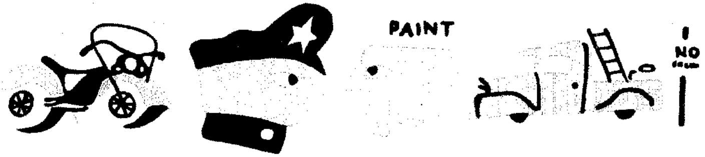
(Right) During a Powerscourt estate party Jean befriends a wild pony roaming the fields. (Top) Jean and guest stroll in gardens of Lord Powerscourt's 30,000-acre estate.

BECAUSE OF her knowledge of horses, Jean was asked by the late Captain J. E. Kiernan and by Mrs. Kiernan, visiting Americans who were also at the show, to buy a horse for them. She spent $3,000 for a four-year-old hunter, which was left in Ireland to be entered in competitions. Back in Miami, Jean gave up her job as typist to accept a modeling-school scholarship. Today she works as a model and acts with a studio theatre group. Her sister and mother have moved back to Washington, where the latter now teaches. "If my sister hadn't fallen out of that tree," muses Jean, "I might still be rooted behind a typewriter."

(Below) Back in America, Jean helps unload Irish horses from a plane at Idlewild Airport.



from coast to coast



IN ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA, a painter parked his truck in front of an office building. Knowing that his job would take some time, he cannily stuck a note on the windshield that read: "Painter working inside."

On his return the painter found his note had been removed. In its place was a parking ticket with a note attached: "Policeman working outside." —*Capper's Weekly*

DRIVING THROUGH MAINE last summer, we were attracted by the beautiful architecture of the Adventist Christian Church in the town of Friendship. Back of it, discreetly screened by trees and shrubbery, was an immaculate building with two doors.

Above one was the hospitable greeting, "Adam" and above the other, "Eve." —FRANK W. LOVERING

A TOURIST, driving through Texas, overtook a young man running along the road. He stopped and invited the perspiring runner to get in.

"An emergency, I suppose?" the driver asked.

"No," puffed the young man. "I always run like that when I want a ride. It seldom fails." —HARRY MISH

DURING A RECENT CONVENTION of atomic scientists at Las Vegas, Nevada, one of the professors spent his whole free time at the gambling tables.

A couple of his colleagues were discussing their friend's weakness: "Hotchkiss gambles as if there were no tomorrow," said one.

"Maybe," commented the other darkly, "he *knows* something!" —STANLEY DELK

Blending art and science, oral architects add new dimension to the lives of those afflicted with malformed jaws and teeth

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT Orthodontia

by Lester and Irene David

ROGER WAS EIGHT, and for almost a year now had refused to play with his old friends after school. Moody and irritable, his grades suffered and his parents grew increasingly alarmed—until one day his younger sister let the reason slip: Roger's upper teeth protruded and the kids had nicknamed him Bugs Bunny.

That weekend, Roger was taken to an orthodontist, a dentist who specializes in realigning teeth and jaws.

Just one year later, the youngster was playing as hard and as happily with the fellows as he did before his second teeth emerged. The outthrust upper ones had been corrected so that the Bugs Bunny tag did not apply any more.

Dental authorities estimate that there are literally millions of children like Roger whose malformed teeth can cause important, and often tragic, physical and psychological problems. The Dental Information Bureau, an official spokesman for the profession, reports that 30 percent of all children need some form of orthodontic care.

An orthodontist, most persons believe, straightens teeth and makes people look more attractive. This is true. With wire, springs, plastic and even wood he can do incredible things to a deformed mouth and face. He can pull out an Andy Gump-type of receding chin; he can push back a jaw that juts out like an angry bulldog's; he can put a smile of beauty on an ugly, twisted mouth.

Nevertheless, beauty and appearance are not his real concern. His main job is to ward off trouble by correcting malocclusion, the term dentists use to describe any form of teeth irregularity. Malocclusion can cause harm in four separate ways:

1. When teeth do not meet properly, extra strain is placed on gums and bones, setting the stage for periodontal or gum disease, by far the chief cause of tooth loss in adults. In addition, food is trapped more readily in misplaced, tilted and jammed-together teeth, increasing the likelihood of rapid decay.

2. An improper "bite" interferes with normal chewing, posing a triple threat—it prevents the individual from selecting foods needed

for adequate nutrition, puts an extra burden on the digestive system and added strain on the jaw joints and muscles.

3. Misshapen teeth can cause speech difficulties from a lisp to virtual incoherence.

4. Tooth deformity can cause facial deformity, which can lead to emotional and behavior problems in sensitive children and adults.

TWO MAIN FACTORS are responsible for most cases of malocclusion, says the American Dental Association—one inherited, the other acquired.

The size of jaw and teeth is handed down from parents to their offspring. A child, for example, may inherit his mother's small jaw and his father's large teeth, in which case he is in trouble. He gets the usual number of teeth but they are big and have to be jammed into a small area. Irregularity and crowdedness are inevitable.

Among the acquired causes, bad habits rank first. Abnormal thumb- and finger-sucking, tongue-thrusting or lip-sucking may bring abnormal pressure to bear on the teeth and delicate bones of the face, and damage will be done if continued vigorously for any length of time. The results: abnormal development of either or both jaws, open-bite deformities and displacement of teeth.

The ADA points out that there is an important difference between normal and excessive sucking habits. Thumb-sucking is practically universal among infants and will not do damage if continued until the age of two or three. Dr. Samuel Hemley, head of the department of orthodontics at the New York University College of Dentistry, asserts that even if an older child continues to put a finger in his mouth occasionally when he is tired, no harm will be done. However, prolonged sucking after five, dentists agree, will definitely alter the tooth pattern.

Malocclusion can occur if baby teeth are lost too soon or retained too long. In the former case, the adjoining teeth can shift toward the empty spaces, thus narrowing the area intended for the permanent ones and producing a jumble. And in the latter, the incoming second teeth may be prevented from erupting at the normal time or may have to emerge where they should not be.

If a child needs orthodontic work, he ought to get started promptly. The best age to begin? It may be as early as 2½, or not until eight or ten, depending on what is wrong. The earlier treatment is started, specialists say, the easier potentially harmful conditions can be corrected, because teeth can be guided into proper position more readily during periods of most active bone growth.

"A child should definitely be seen by a dentist by the time he is three," Dr. Hemley advises. If the dentist believes orthodontic work is necessary, he will refer the child to a specialist, who will decide the proper time to begin. He may decide to wait a couple of years, not do anything at all, or start right away.

A child probably requires some form of treatment:

If his teeth are crooked, overlapping, twisted or widely spaced.

If his second teeth have come in

before the first ones have fallen out, leaving him with a double row.

If there is noticeable protrusion of the upper or lower jaw.

If the front teeth do not meet when the back ones are closed.

If the upper teeth completely cover the lowers upon closing the back ones.

If the eyeteeth, third from the center on top counting the front teeth as the first, begin to protrude like fangs.

When the condition is only a minor one or work is begun at an early age, only a few visits may be necessary. For example, a three-year-old girl's lower jaw was just starting to stick out beyond the upper, threatening to leave her eventually with a bulldog-like scowl. In six months the condition had been corrected. Had she waited until early adolescence, it would have taken years.

Straightening one tooth which has come in wrong may take a few months. For a job of aligning all the teeth, with no complicating factors, a year or so is about par. A case involving a malformed jaw generally takes two to three years to correct.

Dr. Robert L. Fisher, who is associated with the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn, explains that you cannot move teeth too fast, otherwise you will do serious injury to the roots of the teeth as well as the surrounding bone which holds them in place.

"To reposition teeth," Dr. Fisher says, "we custom-make appliances such as bands, plastic plates, fine wires and tiny springs for each patient. These are constructed in such a way that they exert a gentle, continuous or intermittent pressure on the bone. As the tooth moves, bone cells on the pressure side of it dissolve and new ones are formed on the side from which the tooth has moved. This process has to be done at the rate at which new bony tissue can grow, and no faster."

Orthodontics is in no wise the exclusive province of children. Actually, there is no age limit for a successful job of teeth-straightening and mouth-reshaping. The Dental Information Bureau reports that adults comprise up to one fifth of an average orthodontist's patients and the number is increasing.

A brilliant 32-year-old junior executive, for instance, was by-passed for promotion time after time because his superiors felt he was sullen and unfriendly. Actually, he was afraid to smile because of unsightly teeth.

A woman of 37, an intelligent college graduate, could not advance beyond the steno pool because of a vacuous expression on her face caused by a badly shaped mouth. She just *looked* stupid and the bosses assumed she was.

Both of these people were helped by orthodontic treatment, and in each case the physical changes resulted in marked personality improvement.

What does an orthodontist actually do? What is eight-year-old Nancy to expect when she walks into his office, maybe a little scared? She needn't be afraid, because rarely is there any severe pain connected with the procedure.

On Nancy's first visits, the orthodontist will listen to her speech, appraise the shape of her head and try to discover if any psychological upsets are present. He will take X rays, photographs, tooth measurements and "tooth prints"—an impression of the mouth which lets him study the teeth and jaws carefully.

If he decides to proceed at once, he starts the first, or *construction*, phase. This involves the creation of the appliance Nancy will wear, which may be of metal (a gold-platinum combination or stainless steel), plastic, rubber or even wood. If it is a simple appliance, the orthodontist can complete it in a week; others take up to two months. During the first few days of appliance wearing, Nancy can expect some discomfort or soreness; but after she gets used to it, this will disappear.

Next, she enters the *maintenance* stage. She can expect to visit the dentist from once a week to once a month, depending on the severity of her condition and the complexity of treatment. During these visits, the dentist continues to adjust the braces to increase the pressure on the teeth.

Finally comes the last stage—*retention*. Nancy's teeth have been nudged where the orthodontist wanted them to go. But teeth sometimes have a habit of drifting back to their original positions, thus a retaining appliance may be prescribed to lock them in place. Generally, this is a band of thin wire which fits across the teeth and is attached to the molars. Frequently, it is worn only at night, or for a number of hours during the day.

And then comes the time when the last wire is removed and Nancy walks out with a new, healthier and prettier mouth.

It is impossible to say exactly how much this will cost, of course, because prices differ in various parts of the country and depend on the time treatment takes, the degree of difficulty and the specialist's own fee schedule. However, surveys indicate that the cost of a full-scale treatment averages between $750 and $1,200 throughout the U.S. Prices in rural areas run appreciably lower than in the cities. Most orthodontists require an initial fee at the start of treatments, then monthly payments as the work progresses.

In many sections of the country, clinics connected with dental colleges take a limited number of patients for a nominal charge. And in some cities, municipal agencies will pay private dentists for orthodontic work on children of indigent parents.

Vigilance is the best way to prevent acquired irregularities of the teeth and deformities of the jaws. Let a dentist see a child early and regularly so that he can (a) instruct parents on the elimination of faulty habits; (b) correct decay and thus prevent early loss of teeth; (c) extract baby teeth which are being kept past their time, and (d) insert "space maintainers" in vacant spots to prevent teeth from shifting.

Do these preventive measures really help? They do, and remarkably. Graphic illustration of their value came not long ago after a 15-year experiment at the New York University College of Dentistry. The progress of 500 children from early childhood to adolescence was carefully charted. The youngsters got continued, watchful dental treatment; harmful habits which arose were corrected as speedily as possible, and specific instruction was given on proper care of the teeth at home. The amazing results: not a single serious case of malformation and only a small number of minor ones developed.

How does one go about finding a qualified orthodontist? There are two sound ways: (1) Follow the recommendation of a dentist or pediatrician, or (2) ask a local dental society for a list of specialists from which to choose.

It may be a long road to travel, especially for a child, but orthodontic treatment is paying off in far healthier and certainly far happier lives. For children and adults as well, it can mean the difference between heartsickness and a completely new life.

Excuses! Excuses!

A BUFFALO, NEW YORK, bakery-truck driver told police he was speeding "so that the whipped cream on the cupcakes wouldn't turn sour."

IN PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, an ex-convict, discovered trying the doors of a rectory with a bunch of keys, stated: "I was just looking for a place to pray."

A DAVENPORT, IOWA, man, arrested for having in his possession an expensive pair of sandals, claimed: "I happened to fall through the store window and the sandals somehow became attached to me."

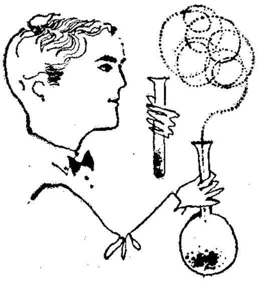
AN EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA, man asked the mayor to get a job for his steel-striking brother-in-law, explaining: "He supports my mother-in-law—if he doesn't, I'll have to."

A MONTREAL, CANADA, motorist, failing to signal a left turn, told police that because it was a local election day and he was afraid to put his hand out lest a candidate run over and shake it.

A ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, man considered he was entitled to a divorce because his wife's dumplings stuck to the roof of his mouth.

A SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, driver, fined for driving without a license, protested he couldn't get one because of poor vision. His job: car jockey in a parking lot.

—FRANCES RODMAN



Tomorrow's scientists are in today's classrooms . . .

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In an age when our national survival may depend on thoroughly-trained, competent scientists, the spotlight is focussed on our schools—which are now training tomorrow's scientists.

Mathematics—the basis for this training—must be made interesting to pupils in the lower grades. Such Coronet films as *Addition Is Easy* and *The Story of Our Number System* develop this interest at an early age.

Similarly, elementary science instruction is basic to developing interest in a scientific career. Such outstanding films as *What Is Science?, Simple Changes in Matter* and *The Moon and How it Affects Us* stimulate imagination and create a desire for further study.

The 145 films on these pages have been produced with the help of experts in science education and reflect the latest scientific knowledge. By stimulating interest in science, they create a desire to choose science as a career. The range of these films extends through all grades as indicated.

Science Films For the Primary Grades (1-3)

Arithmetic
- Addition Is Easy
- Let's Count
- Let's Measure: Inches, Feet, and Yards
- Let's Measure: Ounces, Pounds, and Tons
- Let's Measure: Pints, Quarts, and Gallons
- Subtraction Is Easy

Science
- Animals and Their Foods
- Animals And Their Homes
- The Big Sun and Our Earth
- Farmyard Babies
- How Animals Help Us (Observing Things About Us)
- How Animals Live in Winter
- How Birds Help Us
- How Insects Help Us
- How Machines and Tools Help Us
- How Plants Help Us
- How Trees Help Us
- How Water Helps Us
- How Weather Helps Us
- Lands and Waters of Our Earth
- Living and Non-Living Things
- Mother Hen's Family (The Wonder of Birth)
- Our Animal Neighbors
- The Seasons of the Year
- Seeds Grow into Plants
- Water, Water, Everywhere (Observing Things About Us)
- We Explore the Beach
- We Explore the Woodland
- What Do We See in the Sky?
- Zoo Babies (Observing Things About Us)

Science Films For the Intermediate Grades (4-6)

Arithmetic
- Decimals Are Easy
- Division Is Easy
- Measurement
- Multiplication Is Easy
- Story of Our Number System
- Story of Weights and Measures
- We Discover Fractions

Natural Science
- Adaptations of Plants and Animals
- Amphibians
- Animals with Backbones
- The Butterfly (Life Cycle of an Insect)
- Butterfly Botanists
- Camouflage in Nature through Form and Color Matching
- Camouflage in Nature through Pattern Matching
- A Frog's Life
- Garden Plants and How They Grow (Exploring Science)
- The Grasshopper: A Typical Insect
- The Growth of Flowers
- The Honeybee: A Social Insect
- Seasonal Changes in Trees
- Snakes
- Trees: How We Identify Them
- A Typical Garden Spider
- Understanding Our Earth: Rocks and Minerals

Physical Science
- Air All About Us (Exploring Science)
- Arctic Borderlands in Winter
- Electricity All About Us (Exploring Science)
- Fossils: Clues to Prehistoric Times

How Man Made Day
How Weather Is Forecast
Inventions in America's Growth (1750-1850)
Inventions in America's Growth (1850-1910)
Light All About Us
Maps Are Fun
The Moon and How It Affects Us
Our Big, Round World (Concepts for Geography)
Science and Superstition
Simple Changes in Matter
Simple Machines: Inclined Planes
Simple Machines: Levers
Simple Machines: Pulleys
Simple Machines: Wheels and Axles
Sounds All About Us
Understanding Fire (Exploring Science)
Understanding Our Earth: Glaciers
Understanding Our Earth: How Its Surface Changes
Understanding Our Earth: Soil
What Is Science?
Winds and Their Causes

Science Films For Jr. and Sr. High School—Grades (7-12)

Biological Science
- Behavior in Animals and Plants
- The Cell—Structural Unit of Life
- Development of the Chick Embryo
- Heredity and Environment
- How Green Plants Make and Use Food
- How Living Things Change
- The Human Body: Circulatory System
- The Human Body: Digestive System
- The Human Body: Skeleton
- Life in a Drop of Water
- Life in a Pond
- Marine Animals and Their Foods
- Reproduction in Animals
- Reproduction in Plants
- Simple Plants: Algae and Fungi
- Simple Plants: Bacteria

Chemistry
- Carbon and Its Compounds
- The Halogens
- Introduction to Chemistry
- Metals and Non-Metals
- Oxygen
- Sulphur and Its Compounds
- Using the Laboratory (Chemistry and Physics)

General Science
- Climate and the World We Live In
- Field Trip to a Fish Hatchery
- Global Concept in Maps
- Gravity
- Introduction to Electricity
- Magnetism
- Maps and Their Uses
- Matter and Energy
- Mechanical Aptitudes
- Our Common Fuels
- Prehistoric Times: The World before Man
- Properties of Water
- Rubber in Today's World
- The Solar System
- A Story of a Storm
- The Sun and How It Affects Us
- Understanding Our Universe
- Using the Scientific Method

Mathematics
- Algebra in Everyday Life
- Geometry and You
- How To Find the Answer (Mathematical Problem Solving)
- The Language of Graphs
- The Language of Mathematics
- The Meaning of Pi
- The Metric System
- Percent in Everyday Life
- Principles of Scale Drawing

Physics
- Air in Action
- Atomic Research: Areas and Development
- Force and Motion
- Introduction to Physics
- Laws of Conservation of Energy and Matter
- The Laws of Gases
- Measurement of Electricity
- Mechanics of Liquids
- The Nature of Color
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- The Nature of Sound
- Ohm's Law
- The Sounds of Music
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A two-faced sorcerer, witchweed flashes a blushing smile as its roots strangle the farmer's crops

SCARLET SCOURGE of the cornfields

by Peter Farb

A YEAR AGO LAST SUMMER, harassed North Carolina farmers sent samples of sickly corn plants to their State College Plant Disease Clinic. The plants appeared to be suffering from severe drought, as they were stunted, wilted, yellow. Yet when the rains came the corn refused to perk up.

Scientists examined the samples for damage by bacteria and by fungi. They searched for nematodes, they tested the soil in which the corn was growing to try to explain the blight. Results: negative.

Fortunately, a graduate student from India, who was peering over the shoulder of one of the investigators, took a closer look. Entangled in the corn roots he spotted thin strands of living matter resembling bleached stems. He promptly announced that they belonged to a parasitic plant known as "witchweed"—probably one of the world's worst agricultural scourges. Each year, witchweed takes a terrible toll from a host of crops around the globe but, until about ten years ago, the New World had miraculously escaped its ravages.

A team of scientists rushed to the cornfields from which the samples had been sent and were appalled. Some corn plants had been starved out by the underground roots of the parasite before they even reached three feet in height. In parts of some fields, corn production was reduced to zero. While flowering between the corn rows—sometimes as magnificently as a red carpet—

was the beautiful, lethal witchweed.

The gay little weeds were perhaps eight or nine inches tall, with bright green leaves and scarlet flowers. Their showy blossoms much resembled violets, and they bloomed all summer long.

Here was truly a vampire draped in raiments of beauty. Its sorcery had already bewitched many people in North Carolina. Some farmers had even dug up witchweeds in the field and tried to transplant them to brighten up home gardens.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture sent a hurried call abroad for information on battling the plague. Facts showed that indeed witchweed was something to be dreaded. The Union of South Africa reported that it does more damage to corn than all the insect pests and fungus diseases *combined.* In the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, losses in an average year may run as high as two-thirds of the entire crop. Equally dire warnings came from other places in Africa, southern Asia and Australia.

The weed is at present definitely entrenched in 17 North and South Carolina counties. It may possibly be elsewhere in these states, or even in other parts of the country, although no reports have as yet turned up.

There is every reason to believe that, unchecked, its ravages will equal those abroad. USDA scientists feel that it might be capable of destroying more corn each year than the corn-borer. It could also attack sorghums, sugarcane and pasture grasses. Since it parasitizes some lawn grasses also, home-owners may find it blossoming on their plots.

"Considering the fact that susceptible crops in this country are valued at upwards of $5,000,000,000 a year—and that in some cases complete loss can occur—witchweed stands as one of the potentially great threats to our agriculture," says Roy G. Richmond of USDA's Plant Pest Control Division.

To bottle up the scourge, a Federal-state quarantine has been thrown up around the infested area. Inside the barrier, every effort is being made to eradicate the infestation and to prevent its spreading.

Should the weed break through the barrier, the results could be calamitous. For it grows under a wide range of conditions, and will surely flourish on sandy soils from New Jersey to Texas. It could very possibly wreak tremendous damage in the Corn Belt.

The task of barricading the witchweed is an overwhelming one. A single witchweed plant produces up to 500,000 nearly microscopic seeds. When the seed pods burst, they spread like motes dancing in a sunbeam.

Tests made in South Africa have shown that the seeds can travel as far as seven miles in a windstorm—and the Carolinas are in the path of the yearly Atlantic hurricanes! Once mingled with bits of soil, the seeds are invisible. Farm machinery can carry them from field to field. They can be transported in the mud on a farmer's boots or the wheels of a car. The feet of birds and fur of animals are ideal for dispersing them.

Witchweed was first reported in

the Mazoe Valley of Rhodesia, for example, in 1916. Only 16 years later, more than 70,000 acres of corn in the valley were ravaged.

The witchweed is a prime example of parasitism in nature, whereby one organism gains a living in this crowded planet from the work of other organisms. Its seeds can lie in wait in the soil for 20 years, their vitality actually increasing rather than lessening. What they are waiting for are the roots of the host plant.

For witchweed seeds cannot germinate without the help of the very plants they eventually destroy. The tiny, compact mechanism of the seed does not spring into life until the root of a host plant—usually one of the grasses—probes within a tenth of an inch of the sleeping seed.

What awakens it? The roots of the host exude a stimulant, a hormone signal for the seed to germinate. But the stimulant does even more—it provides a chemical trail for the witchweed to follow right to the root that will soon be sucked dry.

The tiny strand that the awakened witchweed sends snaking through the soil has no root hairs by which to make its own way in the world. Instead, the strand follows the chemical trail right to its host's root. Upon contact, it suddenly swells into a conical form that presses against the root.

An enzyme helps the parasite organ pierce the host's root, dissolving the cell walls. As this occurs, the cone puts out tubes that reach into the host's food-and-water-carrying vessels. Now the weed is ready to live completely as an uninvited guest, shutting off for its own use the host's food supply.

Occasionally, it kills off the host too quickly, and thus loses its own food supply. But in most cases, the host remains alive, both plants growing up on the same root system.

After three to eight weeks, the witchweed begins its life above ground, quickly developing a green stem and leaves. Soon it becomes the bewitching red flower of the corn rows.

It grows like other plants, manufacturing its own plant food by photosynthesis; but it remains semiparasitic, depending on the host plant for water and minerals. It flowers gracefully and produces seed pods—which are then tossed to the wind to sow the destruction of future crops.

It is in the stimulant exuded by the host's roots that lie our best hopes of controlling this scourge. For other plants, besides the witchweed's hosts, send this stimulant into the soil. Soybeans do, and so do peanuts, sunflowers and other plants. These plants are decoys that make the witchweed germinate, but are not themselves parasitized.

Experiments in Africa have shown that when a decoy is planted, the witchweed seed comes to life, only to quickly die. For some unknown reason, its suckers can tap no sustenance from the roots of these crops.

This spring, USDA and cooperating states and farmers will start planting decoy crops on infested acres in the Carolinas. Doing this four or five years in succession, they feel, should bring a field of witchweed seeds under control.

Research is now underway at the Agricultural Research Center in Beltsville, Maryland, and at state experiment stations, on how to *artificially* manufacture the hormone that stimulates the seeds to germinate. Tests have shown that this substance closely resembles a form of sugar. Over 30 kinds of sugars were tested in Africa and one of them showed spectacular results in causing germination of the seeds. When the substance is finally isolated, the farmer may be able to merely apply it to his fields in the spring, then plant his crop in the cleansed soil.

Another possibility, under investigation abroad, is to import beneficial insects which feed on the pest. In India, researchers have found a beetle larva that gobbles up witchweed whenever it pokes above ground; reports of recent tests state that the beetle "spared no part of the weed, including the stem, leaves and pods." From India also come reports of a caterpillar that has a hearty appetite for witchweed.

But mightn't these insects, if we import them to this country in large numbers, transfer their hunger to other crops? Not at all. Indian scientists found that the caterpillars refused taking a nibble from all but one of the 78 other crop-plants given them! Here might be a control, with friendly insects fighting man's battle against the pest.

Meanwhile, the bewitching little flower has paid dividends in improved farming methods. Many farmers do a much more thorough job of weeding their fields, and they're fertilizing more, too, since they know that crops growing on fertile soil have increased resistance to the weed's attack. And the decoy crops, when plowed under, will inevitably enrich these worn-out cornfields.

Said one North Carolina farmer: "Witchweed may be a blessing in disguise, and a darn pretty one at that. It's already made me a better farmer."

"Jigword Puzzle"

(Answers to quiz on page 81.)

1. OrangE; 2. MoralE; 3. KnighT; 4. WeaseL; 5. SacreD; 6. DepicT; 7. UplanD; 8. HonesT; 9. SafarI; 10. AchinG; 11. MaideN; 12. ApathY; 13. LamenT; 14. EquitY; 15. BlazeR; 16. PropeR; 17. EnameL; 18. TwingE; 19. FomenT; 20. SeverE; 21. JauntY; 22. ModesT; 23. ChangE; 24. PrestO; 25. NearlY; 26. GoverN; 27. ChintZ; 28. ScrawL.

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As pumps keep sucking oil from the earth below, nature retaliates . . .

CALIFORNIA'S

WHEN THE FIRST oil drill broke the sands of the Wilmington oil field at Long Beach, California, in 1936, it triggered one of the most amazing disasters a city ever faced. And each of the more than 2,700 wells brought in from this field, one of the richest in the United States, has added to the dilemma of this city of some 325,000 on San Pedro Bay 20 miles south of Los Angeles.

For as nearly a billion barrels of black gold were pumped out, Long Beach sank—more than 20 square miles of it—some parts at the rate of 24 inches a year. And as it sank, strange and terrible things happened.

One family, for instance, awoke one morning to find the concrete floor of their home covered with water. They thought someone had left the tap on in the tub, but investigation soon revealed they were victims of Long Beach's dilemma.

They had known for some time that their home, along with hundreds of others located in the Long Beach harbor area, was sinking; but they never believed the water would rise that high.

Like the other thousand residents of the area, they could now always expect water on their floors, for inch by inch their home had sunk until it was below sea level.

One day, people found four feet of water in their homes. A tanker had passed through the harbor creating a heavy wash that swept over the small dyke protecting the area. It was considered unsafe, people were moved out and their homes wrecked and removed.

During the past 21 years, the Wilmington oil field has brought $125,000,000,000 to oil-well owners. The city fathers tried to use a small part of the profit from their wells to make up the personal property loss suffered by its citizens. But the law had tied their hands. They could not pay one cent in restitution because Long Beach was not liable, and making such use of public funds was illegal.

Nature set the scene for these odd goings-on when she arranged the pressures that built up the Wilmington oil field millions of years ago. Geologists say that during those years the field was covered with sand-bearing oils protected by a several-hundred-foot-thick dome of shale; and, like other oil fields, it was presumed the dome had up to a 45-degree dip on the flanks to make a strong arch.

The field is not so constituted today. The shale is shallow and dips only ten to 15 degrees on the flanks. The field's seven reservoirs are close to the surface of the earth and are

. . . and Long Beach continues settling slowly—threatened by oblivion

SINKING CITY

by Lee Elam and Leo Rosenhouse

overlain by thin layers of shale, gravel and sand.

Many believe that, to get the Wilmington field from its original state into its modern one, Nature played tricks by taking a river called the San Gabriel and twisting it back and forth for millions of years over a nine-mile coastal area on which Long Beach now sits until the flowing waters had washed off the shale dome.

By taking out black gold from the ground, oil and gas pressures have been reduced, causing the earth to sink in the shape of a great saucer spreading damage from its center to its perimeter.

Property owners first discovered that the earth was dropping in 1939 from their tide gauges; whereas the Navy, when building a dry dock at the Naval yard, saw that the floor of the dock would drop, and after construction they noticed that it moved both downward and sidewise.

When it was discovered that Long Beach was sagging, no one was particularly alarmed. Though it did come as a shock when people were told that the sinking was caused by subsidence of the earth, coinciding exactly with the extraction of oil, water and gas from the Wilmington field which lies under the entire Long Beach Harbor, some parts of the downtown districts, some residential areas, and all of the beach and water recreational areas of the town.

Over the years, the city's losses gradually mounted. Then, about two years ago, came a sudden, terse statement from the Navy, which contributes $120,000,000 annually toward the economy of Long Beach.

"You can write off the Navy if the land in this area sinks to 72 feet in the next few years as one engineer predicts," Rear Admiral R. K. James, Commander of the Long Beach Naval Shipyard, announced grimly. He had in advisement an authoritative engineering report that warned the land in the area of the Yard would drop at least 36 feet and perhaps as much as 72 feet before depletion of the Wilmington oil fields in 1978.

The Long Beach Harbor Department, a gigantic industrial and shipping area embracing approximately 172 firms, expects to spend $89,000,000 on repairs by 1970 to keep in working order its $500,000,000 worth of docks, warehouses and industrial plants.

The Edison electric plant is typical of the larger industrial units facing special problems in the sinking saucer. Workmen, accustomed to looking toward the harbor from the ground-floor level at ships, had to gaze upwards at vessels as the plant dropped 24 feet into the earth. A dyke has now been constructed around the area.

Few buildings in Long Beach have suffered as much from sinking as has the YMCA, an old structure in the port area which caters to the wants of an average of 243,000 servicemen a year. It will have to be abandoned, for the main floor is now five feet lower than sea level at high tide.

Other buildings may face condemnation as they gradually drop below sea level and have to have basements pumped free of water.

Engineers suggested that they keep ahead of the sea by building up the land until it reaches a normal land level. To do this, buildings have had to be removed.

The oil reservoirs, of which there are seven in the Wilmington field, set in a northwest-southeast position across the southern edge of Long Beach.

Long Beach citizens have been told that, with every one of the zones in the field worked, the city will sink as far as four and a half miles inland, thus threatening the downtown business district and many square miles of residential areas.

1958
1958
EASTER SEALS
©
HELP CRIPPLED CHILDREN

"This is a serious problem," California's Governor Goodwin Knight said when recommending the State Legislature do something about subsidence. The Governor had toured the area and was appalled at the destruction.

Many weird things have happened to this beautiful shore-front city. On countless streets, as the tide came in, the sea water gushed from manholes in wild fury. The storm sewers were made to operate by gravity flow to the bay, but the process was reversed. Water flowed back along the sewers and out into the streets during high tide. Gas and water pipes were being broken by earth movements, and the city had to replace permanent steel piping with a flexible type. Many downtown business structures are tilting.

A true southeaster storm, which is capable of driving a two-foot wall of water ahead of it at high tide, could flood the entire Belmont Shore and Naples residential area. Another uncomfortable thought is that a treacherous earthquake fault, the cause of the disastrous earthquake that hit the city in 1933, runs through its heart just north of the subsidence area. A minor quake could cause sudden sinking.

What then are the possible remedies?

The first is that production of oil is causing subsidence and oil pumping should be stopped; the second is to keep building dykes, raise foundations and fill in land; the third is to pump sea water into underground reservoirs to build up a pressure that will stop the sinking.

All seem practical, but the first

will not work because the city controls only 1,000 of the 2,700 wells and it seems out of the question to make the owners stop pumping oil.

The building of dykes and fills is not considered practical by many because of the cost, and because it will not save certain properties. Nevertheless, it is being carried out on a large scale.

But the final hope of saving Long Beach is the pumping of sea water into the underground. This is called repressurization and calls for pumping sea water into oil reservoirs at the rate of up to 1,000,000 barrels a day for five years or more. The cost of the equipment to do the job would come to $32,000,000 in itself, but oil productivity could be increased and could pay for the job.

Water flooding on the scale that would be required to stop subsidence involves the operation of each of the oil reservoirs in the Wilmington field as a complete unit. Under unit operation, the production from the entire reservoir as a whole would be divided on a fair basis between all of the separately owned properties.

In October, the California State Legislature's interim Committee on Manufacturing, Oil and Mining Industry began holding hearings on the problem. From them it is hoped will come a compulsory repressurization bill.

"Repressurization and unitization is the most desirable action, economically and physically, and we are expending every effort to get it started," says City Manager Samuel Vickers.

Long Beach is determined to stop the sinking of its land. It has made a late start in dealing with an increasingly serious problem; but at least now action has started. What will be the outcome? Only man's persistence and ingenuity as pitted against Nature's stubborn resistance will decide if the city sinks toward oblivion or is saved. Man does have a disdain for destruction, and that may be the ultimate answer and tell which force will win.

Life's Little Ironies

A MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, motorist stopped his car on a bridge, plunged into the Mississippi River and rescued a woman from drowning. When he returned to his car, it was decorated with a ticket for illegal parking.

IN OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA, a resident took a cab to a night club and invited the driver to join him in a drink. Following this the driver presented his fare with a charge of $8.95, claiming that much time had run up on the meter while they were inside.

IN HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN, a rookie policeman dropped two bags of groceries to chase a thief. He lost his man after a two-block pursuit, and returned to find his groceries had been stolen. —FRANCES RODMAN

Americans by the thousand
find a magic key to
self-expression in
easy-to-play electric
organs and other marvelous
"push-button" instruments

the big mechanical music craze

By Booton Herndon

I'VE JUST HAD ONE of the most exhilarating experiences of my life. It was a real old-time family song fest with the children, my wife and I all happily bellowing out "Silent Night" and "Home On The Range" (the only two songs I can play so far) over and over again. Never before has my little family been so warmly close together.

It was all the more wonderful because we never dreamed it would ever be possible for us. Both my wife and I used to join the gang around the family piano when we were children, and we treasure the memory. But neither of us—like many more of our generation—ever seemed to have the time to learn to play ourselves.

Then when we became parents we sadly realized our children would never have those golden hours of enjoyment we had loved so much.

And now, in just two days, everything has changed. We, along with thousands on thousands of other American families, have discovered that it is no longer necessary to put in laborious hours of practice to make family music. Today, practically everybody can make music good enough for his own pleasure, or his family's. We are making ours with an electronic marvel called the Thomas Chord Organ.

Electric organ manufacturers are now entering one of the greatest booms in musical history. Five years ago there were just 16,000 organs sold in this country. Last year, that number skyrocketed to over 120,000; and 20 years from now the industry expects to place 500,000 in American homes annually.

Big as the electric organ boom is, however, it is only part of a rising nation-wide enthusiasm for make-it-yourself music. Easy-to-play instruments are now even easier to play, thanks to new mechanical methods. Take the Ukulele Chord Finder, for instance. With this $1 device on the neck of your uke you can change chords simply by pressing buttons and accompany your family on a dozen different songs. They're pretty simple, but who cares?

Remember the old Autoharp? It, too, is having a vogue these days. It's a flat, harp-shaped board, small enough for a third-grade child to hold in his lap. It has many strings, and a series of buttons, right on top. Push down on one of those little buttons, strum your fingers across the strings, and sing or whistle to your heart's content.

"The whole country seems to be on a musical kick," observes Fred Kolster, manager of the musical instrument department at the big Schirmer's store in New York.

Unquestionably, the electric organ is in the forefront of this boom. For generations, of course, the piano was the home musical instrument. Yet a piano is not too easy to play, even on the most elementary basis.

There is one exception to this rule, of course, the player piano. Nobody knows exactly how, or even when, the new boom in player pianos started. The country went crazy over player pianos back in the 1920s; but then, thanks to radio, the bottom dropped out. By 1931, the player piano was as extinct as the mastodon.

Then, suddenly, in the past few years, reports began coming in from all over the country of a new interest in player pianos. They were being hauled out of attics and storerooms, dusted off, repaired, and put to work all over again. There was a resurgence in the sale of music rolls. Manufacturers brought back many old titles, put out new ones, and now the player piano fan has a choice of well over a thousand titles.

And there's a brand-new player piano on the market, the Hardman Duo at about $1,350, to play them on. You can play the Duo just like a regular piano, too.

The organ, until a few years ago, worked only by forcing air through its reeds and pipes. Then in 1935, an inventor named Laurens Hammond came up with an electric organ. Though only four feet long, two feet wide, and a little over three feet high, the Hammond organ equaled pipe organs 16-feet high in tone. It revolutionized the industry and made Hammond a multi-millionaire.

In 1946, Hammond's company developed the chord organ. It became successful immediately, as people found they really could make music on it. Hammond owners, as a matter of fact, make up the most loyal bunch of rooters since the drivers of the Model-T Ford. Hammond puts out a monthly news letter containing news of owners and a song of the month. The company's file cabinets bulge with letters praising the instrument, bragging about the owner's success with it.

In the meantime, a dynamic young Los Angeles manufacturer named Joe Benaron made a survey and came to a dramatic conclusion.

"The American public is turning from just listening to music," Benaron said. "They want to create it. The electronic organ makes that possible. The day will come when the organ will have just as important a place in most American homes as the television set."

What made Benaron's prophecy particularly dramatic was the fact that he, as head of Pacific Mercury, is one of the largest manufacturers of TV sets—marketed by a well-known chain under its own name.

Benaron's engineers, by utilizing the newest electronic principles, made it possible to produce an organ making the loveliest of sounds for a price as low as $700. In less than two years, Benaron's line of Thomas organs has become second only to Hammond in sales.

Benaron's engineers overlooked nothing. When I want to play mine late at night, for example, I just cut off the loudspeaker, plug in the earphones and play for my ears alone. And there's a percussion attachment by which the organ keeps time for me, even a boogie beat.

It weighs just over 100 pounds, fits easily in a station wagon, and can be powered by plugging into the cigarette-lighter attachment on the dashboard. Thus a family which likes to camp out on vacation can have its music along. A man in Florida has an organ on his yacht.

There are three chord organs on the market, Hammond, Thomas and Wurlitzer. Each has its own principle of operation, but the net result to the player is more or less the same. Press on a key with one finger of the right hand, and you get the melody. By adjusting various easy controls, you can make this one key produce many combinations of rich sounds, which continue as long as you hold it down.

What makes your playing sound "professional," however, is the bass chord accompanying the melody. On a piano or regular organ you must place three or more fingers of the left hand on different keys of the bass section of the keyboard simultaneously.

But with the chord organ you push one button to get a full resonant chord. It is just as simple as that. Hammond has worked out a system of picture music to make it even easier. Thomas has a color system by which the beginner can accompany himself merely by pushing the red, yellow or green button as directed.

MANY PERSONS, after getting the feel of the music, graduate from the chord organ, with its push-button bass chord, to an organ with two regular keyboards. New techniques of teaching music have made this possible for people who never dreamed they could play before. One is the "Play by Color" method. In this system each note has a color —"C" is black, "D" blue, and so on. The music is written in colored dots.

You get a cardboard keyboard, showing the color of each note, which you place right over the regular keyboard. Then, as my four-year-old will demonstrate for you with no encouragement whatever, if you play black-black green-green orange-orange green, you have made a perfect start on "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Chords, too, are portrayed in color. Push the black, red and green keys simultaneously, and you have the C major chord.

The Pointer System is the best known and most successful of the simplified methods. There are Pointer System books available for all makes of organs, with some 400 titles.

The Pointer System is basically a primary method of playing chords. Here's the way it works. Point the index finger of your left hand at "C." After a little adjustment, you find that your thumb falls naturally two keys up, or on "E," while your little finger falls naturally on "G," three keys down. And you have a full, rich, wonderful sound, the C major chord, taking its name from the key at which you pointed.

Keep your fingers in this position, and you find that when you point at just about any key, your thumb and little finger will naturally fall in place to make a chord.

Does it work? Take the experience of a stockroom foreman named Harry Hennig who walked into the Wurlitzer showrooms in New York one day and bought an organ for his 16-year-old daughter, Dorothy. Dorothy took formal lessons, and Hennig fooled around with a Pointer System book which came with the organ. After a while he began coming back for more booklets.

Then Hennig's company moved to Florida. It was either move with them, or look for another job. He didn't want to do either. One day he was telling his troubles to Guido Singer, sales manager of the organ department at Wurlitzer. As he talked he was playing one of the biggest display organs, really knocking it out.

"Why don't you come sell organs for me?" Singer asked.

"Okay, I will," Hennig said.

In his first year, Hennig has doubled his income, although he had never played anything—or sold anything, either—six months before he took the job.

Most electronic organ owners, however, are happy just to play in their homes. A survey by Thomas showed that most were in the $5,000- to $7,000-a-year salary bracket. Hammond gets letters from people in all walks of life. The president of the New York City Wurlitzer Organ Guild, which meets regularly, is a city fireman named Barney McManus, of Brooklyn.

Forrest Evashevski, the Iowa football coach, has a chord organ, as does Jon Whitcomb, the magazine illustrator. Owners also include Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, General Curtis LeMay, Lawrence Welk, Paul Whiteman, an Indian chief, a sufferer with spastic paralysis, several octogenarians.

A stocky young man paused in front of the window at the Hammond showroom in New York recently. He looked at the organ displayed, then entered, sat down and picked out a tune. "I'll take it," he said. He was Prince Rainier of Monaco.

There is even a portable, tabletop electric organ, the Magnus, on the market now, selling for just under $100. It actually is more like the real pipe organ than its electronic big brothers, inasmuch as it actually does operate by air. Its secret is electrically controlled forced air blowing over reeds. It has 37 keys, 12 chords. It weighs only 15 pounds.

And there is an electronic toy organ, called the Bell Organ, which is capable of playing many melodies.

And so that you may play with experts, the famous Music Minus One series of records features an ensemble with one instrument deliberately left out. That part is for you to fill in. These records are available in both classics and jazz. No matter how terribly you play, you can still fill in with the violin in a Beethoven quartet, or a tailgate trombone in a Dixieland number.

There has probably never been a time in history when musical relaxation was so important. The other evening, for example, a friend of mine with an extremely important executive position in a vital industry—and who is killing himself filling it—let himself be inveigled into sitting down at my chord organ. He played the chords as I played the melody.

After five minutes of impassioned button-pushing, he turned to me with an amazed look on his face.

"You know something?" he said. "All of a sudden I don't have my headache any more."

Musical Notes

ONE NIGHT at the Metropolitan Opera House, baritone John Charles Thomas was asked, on practically a moment's notice, to sing the role of the father in "La Traviata."

He was, of course, familiar with the music. However, when he stepped out on stage, he realized that he wasn't sure of the words.

Somehow he managed to stumble along until he came to his big aria. Suddenly, his memory ran dry and he couldn't think of a single phrase except the title of the song.

Being an old pro, Thomas made that do. He sang the title over and over again, in brilliant voice.

The cast held its breath, the prompter chewed his nails, the conductor stood frozen. But the audience, unfamiliar with the words, sat entranced and gave him a tremendous ovation when he had finished.

TO COMPOSER George Gershwin, nothing compared to his music in importance.

At one time, while contemplating matrimony, he signed a contract to write a musical comedy. He became so absorbed in the task that he began to neglect his fiancée. Finally, tiring of his seeming indifference, the young lady married someone else.

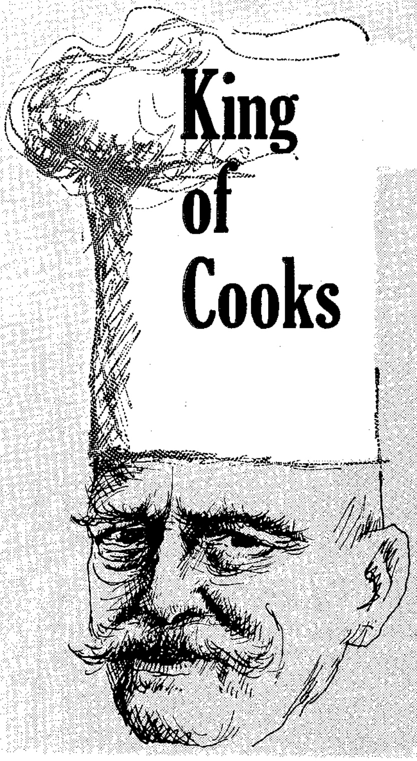
Gershwin took it in stride. "I would be miserable," he admitted, "if I weren't up to my neck in work."

—E. E. EDGAR

by Bernard Roshco

He ate mostly soup.
But his culinary
flights of fancy
revolutionized
the art of cooking.
This was Escoffier,
father of the modern
restaurant and . . .

King of Cooks



Just before the turn of the century, the Prince of Wales and several friends dining at London's most aristocratic hotel, the Savoy, ordered a dish never seen on the menu before, tasted it—and changed the eating habits of fashionable Englishmen.

The new dish was listed at the top of the menu as *"Cuisses de Nymphes à l'Aurore,"* nymphs' thighs at dawn. The future Edward VII and his guests, delighted by the unusual taste, demanded to know what they were eating.

Then the secret was out.

The "nymphs' thighs" were frogs' legs—poached in a white-wine bouillon, steeped in an aromatic cream sauce, seasoned with paprika, tinted gold, covered by a champagne aspic, and served cold. English society had considered eating frogs' legs a form of French barbarity. But from that moment, they became the thing for fashionable Englishmen to eat.

The culinary magician who turned a frog's leg into a nymph's thigh was George Auguste Escoffier, a small distinguished-looking Frenchman with large white mustaches, who had earned the title "The King of Cooks and the Cook of Kings."

For Britain's George V, the great chef invented a succession of dishes based on the king's favorite food—cream cheese. He served a salmon steamed in champagne to Kaiser Wilhelm that the German ruler found so delicious he demanded to know what gift he could offer in return. Escoffier, ever the patriotic Frenchman, is supposed to have replied: "Give us back Alsace-Lorraine."

The little Frenchman's ability to combine unexpected ingredients and invent new flavors made his name a byword among gourmets. But Melba toast was also invented by him, as was that rich, delightful dessert of ice cream, peaches and raspberry syrup known as Peach Melba.

Once, asked the secret of his success, he replied: "My success comes from the fact that my best dishes were created for ladies."

During the 1880s, when Escoffier was becoming well known, fashionable women were beginning to eat in public dining rooms. He was the first chef to study the problem of providing suitable cuisine and service for this new clientele. This led him to concentrate on comparatively simple recipes, subtle sauces and swift service. He devised more new dishes than almost any other chef in history, revised the art of cooking, and developed the techniques of modern à la carte restaurant service.

When Escoffier died in 1935 at the age of 89, he was acknowledged to be one of the greatest chefs of all time.

CHEFS were cooking for men with gargantuan appetites and infinite leisure when he arrived in Paris in 1865 as an apprentice of 19. He introduced the then revolutionary doctrine that "food should look like food." He wanted his cooking to be easily digestible, and he eliminated many of the garnishes and trimmings that formerly made food colorful but hard on the stomach.

He did away, for instance, with heavy flour-thickened sauces and developed the technique of simmering meat, fish and vegetables in their own concentrated juices. Instead of serving 20 courses at a formal dinner, he prepared seven in a sequence carefully designed to create a symphony of flavors.

To make sure that his food came to the table looking and tasting exactly right, the great chef designed platters, sauceboats, servers, serving spoons and other utensils that met his exacting standards of service.

The man who did so much to make food tastier and healthier to eat was born in 1846, the son of a blacksmith. He was apprenticed at 13 to his uncle, who ran a restaurant on the Riviera.

During the Franco-Prussian War, the young cook found himself practicing his trade in the army. When his unit was reduced to eating horse meat, he devised a way to make the meat tastier. His recipe: "Scald the meat and cool before cooking, to kill the bitter taste."

His war experience taught Escoffier the importance of canned food, and eventually many of his delicacies were made available in cans all over the world. The housewife who wants to add a French touch to her cooking can purchase in food specialty stores two of his most famous sauces—Sauce Diable and Sauce Robert—bottled and ready to use.

Sauce Diable is a tangy blend of tomatoes, vinegar, sugar, tamarinds, dates, mangoes, raisins and spices. It goes especially well with fish, all kinds of grilled foods, and eggs.

Sauce Robert, described by one

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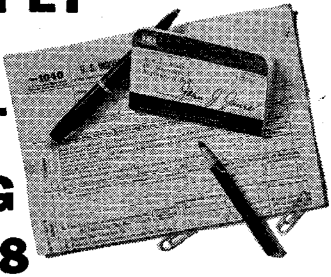

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cook as "the world's most elegant ketchup," is a combination of tomatoes, vinegar, sugar, pimientos and spices. In his cookbook, Escoffier recommends using Sauce Robert either hot or cold on meat, fish and poultry.

"An essential point in the making of sauces is the seasoning," the great chef advised, "and it would be impossible for me to lay sufficient stress on the importance of not indulging in any excess in this respect. It too often happens that the insipidness of a badly made sauce is corrected by excessive seasoning; this is an absolutely deplorable practice."

Early in his career, the young undersized cook realized he would have to be especially bright and swift if he wanted to succeed. For kitchens were ruled by tyrannical chefs who rarely hesitated to curse their helpers if they worked too slowly, or to beat apprentices when they made mistakes. Escoffier worked hard, learned quickly, and wore built-up shoes to keep his head away from the oven flames.

His great opportunity came when César Ritz, the hotel manager whose name became a synonym for luxury, hired the unknown Escoffier to be the chef of the Grand Hotel in Monte Carlo. Ritz wanted his establishment to offer better service than had ever been known before, and he believed the most important service a deluxe hotel could offer was superb cuisine.

The two perfectionists made a perfect team and spent most of the rest of their careers working together. Russian grand dukes, England's Prince of Wales, and the wealthy and titled of every country followed them to the Savoy in London, the Ritz in Paris, back to London at the Carlton.

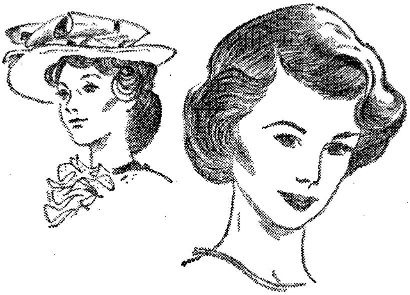
An old saying among cooks was that "if you want to keep your appetite, keep out of the kitchen." When he became a chef in charge of his own kitchen, Escoffier demanded absolute cleanliness of his employees.

He insisted on an atmosphere of calm efficiency, instead of the turmoil he had known during his own apprenticeship. When he found himself losing his usually placid temper because of a particularly outrageous mistake, he would leave the kitchen, saying, "I am going out. I can feel myself getting angry."

During the week, the hard-working, even-tempered chef supervised his kitchen dressed in a severely tailored black dress coat. On Sundays, he wore his chef's white coat and high white hat. His own evening meal was almost always the same—a bowl of soup with a little rice, and some fresh fruit.

In order to keep his sense of taste and smell as keen as possible, he neither smoked nor drank. Edward VII once asked the chef if it were true that he rarely tasted the dishes that were cooked. "Yes," he answered. "No need." To explain how he supervised the cooking, Escoffier placed one finger to his nose and sniffed.

When the Carlton Hotel opened in London in 1899, it introduced for the first time completely à la carte restaurant service. In order to serve up to 500 diners a day any combination of dishes they might order from



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the sizable menu, Escoffier perfected a system of specialization and developed the kitchen equivalent of the assembly line. Different teams worked on soups, fish, roasts, sauces, pastries, ices, sweets.

Waiters brought their orders to *"l'annonceur,"* who cried them out in a loud voice. Escoffier or his assistant then gave instructions to the head chef of each department, who assigned jobs to members of his group.

When the dish was ready, it was brought to Escoffier, who examined it and gave a quick, appraising sniff to make sure everything was just right. Then the waiter whisked the food into the dining room.

Under the old order, Eggs Mayerbeer, for example, would take one cook at least 15 minutes to prepare. Under Escoffier's system of specialists, an *entremettier* baked the eggs in butter, a *rôtisseur* grilled the kidney, a *saucier* prepared the truffle sauce, and the gourmet had his order almost before he had finished tucking his napkin into his collar.

Even though he is considered the father of modern restaurant service, Escoffier could be old-fashioned when he thought the result would be better cooking. He would not use gas or electric heat, for example, insisting that the only way to grill, broil or roast to perfection was with the natural heat of wood and coke flames.

No dish was so simple that Escoffier would not try to give it the extra touch that makes eating an interesting experience instead of an unavoidable necessity. Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, was particularly fond of his scrambled eggs, claiming they had a special flavor no other cook could match.

Escoffier always mixed the eggs with a knife which had on its point a small clove of garlic. He never told Bernhardt the secret of the flavor she loved, because the actress always insisted she could not bear the taste of garlic.

Escoffier believed guests had to be given perfect cooking—even in spite of themselves.

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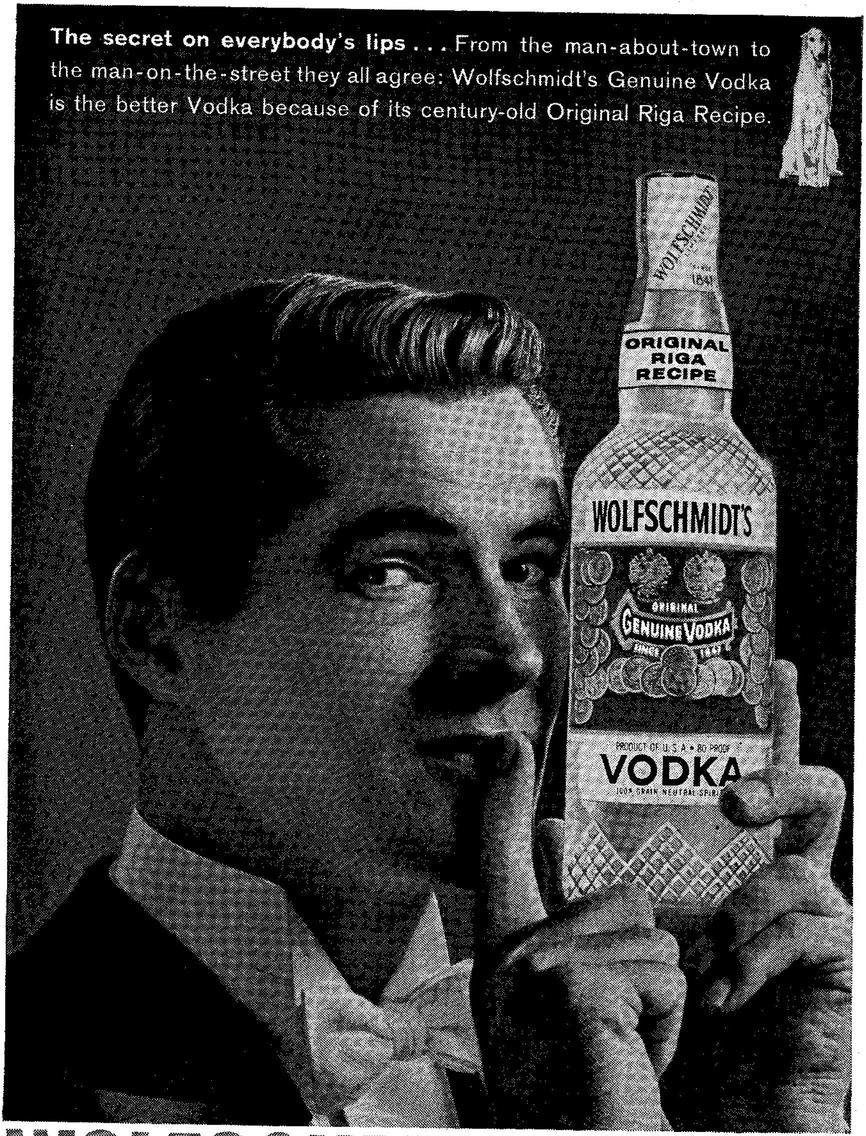
✓ **Valuable Prizes** . . . merchandise items for you and your family.
✓ **Free Sales Aids** . . . to make order-taking easy and enjoyable.

To get started immediately, rush a two-cent postcard (your only investment) to me and I'll promptly send you *free* 1958 selling material. Write today to: ***J. M. FOSTER, CORONET, Dept. 303, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.***



WOLFSCHMIDT'S
1847
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ORIGINAL
GENUINE VODKA
SINCE 1847
PRODUCT OF U. S. A. • 80 PROOF
VODKA
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

The secret on everybody's lips . . . From the man-about-town to the man-on-the-street they all agree: Wolfschmidt's Genuine Vodka is the better Vodka because of its century-old Original Riga Recipe.

WOLFSCHMIDT VODKA

GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

A do-it-yourself "bank," run by you and your friends, may ease your money problems

CREDIT UNIONS

the "buddy system" of borrowing

by Sol Fox

A STRIKE HAD SHUT down United States Steel plants across the country and Al Bowman, idled for eight weeks at Gary, Indiana, faced the loss of his home.

He had built his dream house on a land contract; and now, unless he could repay a balance of $670 within two days, he would lose it and all he had previously paid. With $670 he would be able to clear the contract and take title to his home.

Al had tried everywhere to borrow the money. Friends didn't have it. Banks wouldn't lend it to an unemployed steel worker without collateral. Someone suggested the credit union at the strike-bound plant. Al had little hope of help there, because of the large sum he needed, but he decided to see the treasurer.

The treasurer proved to be sympathetic and knowing. He pointed out that, to take title, Al would have to pay closing costs and a lawyer's fee in addition to the $670. In all, he would need about $1,000. That seemed out of the question to Al.

To his surprise, the loan was granted later that day. Al paid off the land contract and took title to the dream house that had almost become a nightmare. He repaid the loan after he returned to work.

Al's experience is strictly routine for credit-union members, of whom there are more than 10,000,000 in 18,000 credit unions in the United States alone.

These organizations have assets of about $4,000,000,000 and outstanding loans of $2,500,000,000. The figures have doubled since World War II and are expected to reach new highs in 1958.

Basically, credit unions are cooperative do-it-yourself savings and loan organizations owned by and operated for their members, each of whom holds one vote regardless of his savings (which credit unions call "shares"). Savings are used for loans (to members only) and the interest (limited by law to 1 percent per month on the unpaid balance) provides dividends (limited to 6 percent annually) on the shares.

A credit union may be organized by any group with a "common bond of association."

That sort of bond would exist within a church congregation, members of a fraternal lodge, a group of neighbors in a well-defined housing development or, as in the case of my colleagues at the New York headquarters of a news service, among

BILLY EAGLE WING'S LAST STAND

Billy is one of America's forgotten children. He is an American Indian, an innocent victim of neglect and denial of opportunity. As a youth of nine, he already faces problems other boys and girls do not know about. His clothes are tattered and patched—he has no warm coat, no sturdy shoes. His health is fair now, but bitter cold weather finds him vulnerable to disease.

His father, a hard-working sheepherder, ekes out a meager living on the reservation for the family. Father and mother have high hopes for Billy's future, for a life with opportunity and usefulness. But they can do nothing for Billy to give him a chance.

This is Billy's last stand against the poverty and misery that surround him and darken his future. As a native American and inheritor of a glorious tradition, he deserves a chance to live and become a useful citizen.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You . . . your club . . . your class . . . your office group . . . can help Billy or another needy Indian child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. For just $8 a month, $96 a year, you will provide "your" child with funds to buy warm clothing, sturdy shoes and other needed items.

You will receive a case history, like the story of Billy Eagle Wing, and a photograph. You may correspond with "your" child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

Your contribution
in any amount will help.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (a partial list)

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, James A. Farley, Herbert Hoover, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Mrs. Spencer Tracy.

"Registered with U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid."

Serving Children for 27 Years.

SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION
345 East 46th St., New York 17, N.Y.

● I would like to sponsor an American Indian child for one year. I will pay $96.00 for one year. Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐. $24 for the first quarter ☐. $8 for the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story and picture.

● I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $.............................. CO4-58

Name..

Address...

City.......................................Zone..........State...............................

Contributions are deductible for income tax purposes.

the employees in an office or factory. Some credit unions have as few as 100 members, or as many as 30,000.

Our group, with about 375 members now, decided to organize in March, 1955, and called on the New York State Credit Union League, Inc. for help. The League, one of 48 in 45 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, is a self-help, non-profit organization devoted to assisting groups who wish to organize credit unions. These leagues maintain the Credit Union National Association, or CUNA, as an international headquarters for the U.S. and Canada. CUNA and the leagues furnish a thousand essential services which take most of the anguish out of a credit union's growing-pains period.

There are also thousands of Credit Union Leagues throughout the world, although they do not all belong to the CUNA.

The New York League sent a field representative to our exploratory meeting and, when he had finished talking and answering questions, we were ready. That night, we put up $25 for the federal charter fee and seven of us signed the application.

Our charter arrived within two weeks; and 30 days after applying for it, we were in business, assisted by the League. We had more than enough volunteers to fill the jobs on the board of directors, which would oversee the general operation; the credit committee, which would pass on loans; the supervisory committee, which was the watchdog group; and most important of all, our collectors.

Our employers provided free office space and the use of necessary equipment and gave us a new file cabinet and storage closet; and through the supply cooperative run by CUNA, we purchased on credit and at a discount ledgers and stationery. We also got how-to manuals which detailed each officer's job, and we attended free classes conducted by the League.

Through the mutual insurance company set up by CUNA, we arranged to have all our loans insured against the death or disablement of the borrower. More important, we bought inexpensive savings insurance from the same organization, which provided that the beneficiary of a deceased member receive his savings plus an equal amount in insurance.

As it happened, three of our members died during our first year of operation. Their savings were matched dollar for dollar and loans involved paid in full by our insurance organization.

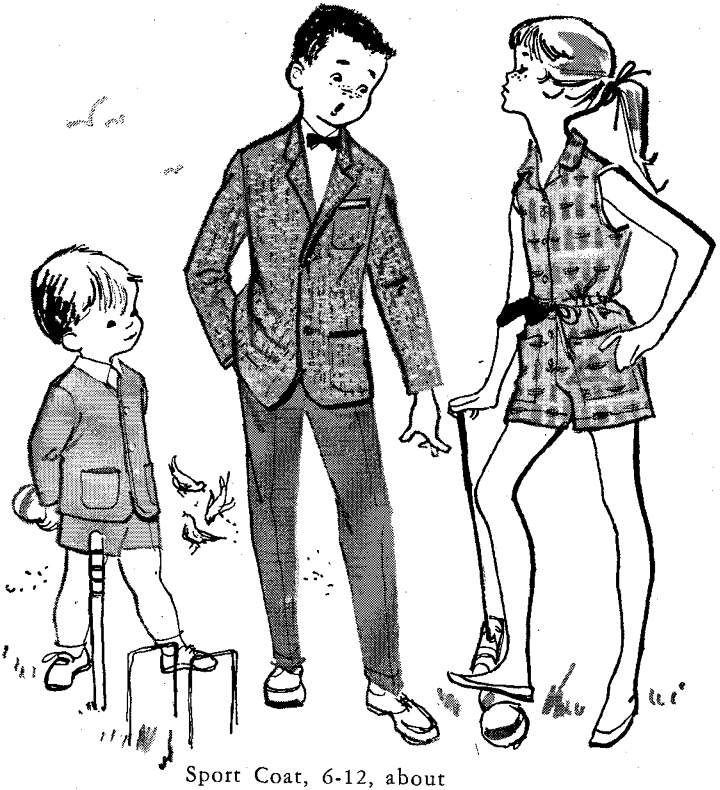
By law, unsecured signature loans are limited to $400. On collateral (usually a co-maker) we could lend up to ten percent of our assets to one borrower. For the first month, we limited loans to $200, and raised the ceiling to the legal limits as our situation permitted. We also adopted the legal maximum interest, one percent a month on unpaid balances.

Since we accepted good character as sound collateral and banks had more stringent requirements as to salary and job tenure of a borrower, we could make loans that a bank might not or would not be able to make. Also, since many borrowers repay ahead of time, the fact that

Growing Up in Style this Spring...

Shining examples of prized children's fashions, styled to solve their what-to-wear problems. Each a bright blend of pattern and color, crafted with care in durable Santone-selected fabrics.

Just what you'd expect from this famous label... **Santone**®



COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Baby Eton Suit, 9-24 mos., about $5.00

Sport Coat, 6-12, about $11.00. Slacks, 6-12, about $5.00. Button-down Shirt, about $3.00.

Gay Print Playsuit, 7-14, about $4.00. (Also 3-6x, about $3.00.)

Juvenile Manufacturing Company, Inc., 327 N. Flores St., San Antonio. Also New York, Los Angeles, Dallas we charged only precisely for the number of days a loan was held proved an important consideration.

Our progress was swift, and the credit for our success must go to the 12 hard-working collectors who took on the unpaid jobs of receiving savings and loan payments in their departments. These bonded collectors didn't wait for members to approach them. Operating on the credit union credo of thrift encouragement, they not infrequently made polite pests of themselves as they badgered members to save regularly.

There were some good-natured complaints about this, but several who never before had held more than their pay checks began building up their shares accounts.

In December, only eight months after opening for business, we had about 250 members who had saved an average of $150 apiece. We had made loans totaling about $28,000.

One of the ex-GI copy boys, for instance, needed money for a tuition payment because his Government check had been delayed in a snafu. He couldn't borrow at the bank. We loaned him the money he needed.

A photo printer wanted to buy a used car which wasn't considered adequate collateral by other lending agencies. We advanced the money without collateral.

We made a co-maker loan for an editor who wanted to buy a summer cottage but couldn't get mortgage money for it. The cottage is now his, unencumbered. The personal loan is being repaid regularly.

In all, we have made more than 500 loans: some as little as $100, several between $1,000 and $2,000. Of these, only one turned "bad," and there is reason to expect that it eventually will be collected. The record compares favorably with the national figures which show that, of the billions in credit-union loans, less than 1/5 of 1 percent have been written off as bad. It's a record to be envied by any lending institution.

The secret is the loyalty of the members to themselves and their friends. When one man went to the hospital for what was to be a lengthy stay, for example, our board of directors voted to waive interest payments and defer principal payments until he was well again. He declined, insisting that his sick pay would enable him to make full payments regularly.

AT OUR FIRST annual meeting, the membership approved a rebate of 10 percent on the interest paid by borrowers and a dividend of 4 percent on savings. The group also unanimously approved a proposal to start payments of $50 a month in salary and expenses to be shared by the treasurer and assistant treasurer, the only two who, by law, may be paid.

Our experience has been a satisfying demonstration of the effectiveness of a cooperative self-help movement based on precepts of thrift and inexpensive financial aid. Our people, like people generally, are of good character, which is what makes a successful credit union possible.

The credit union movement was founded by Friedrich Wilhelm Raiffeisen, mayor of Flammersfeld, Germany, in 1848, as an antidote to poverty and usury. Peasants of Flam-

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain,
Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

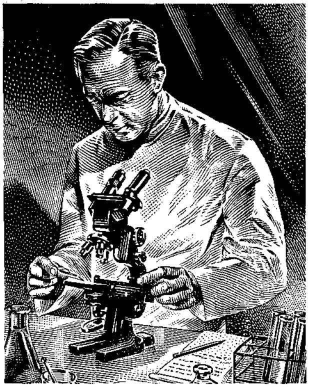
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.



All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

mersfeld were in bondage to money lenders who demanded such high interest rates for loans in poor years that it took the harvest of good years to pay off the loans.

Raiffeisen persuaded rich friends to advance funds from which a loan society could make long-term loans at low-interest rates. Four years later, the credit societies added the savings, or "shares," feature.

The credit union movement arrived in the U.S. around the turn of the century and got its biggest boost from Boston's merchant prince, Edward A. Filene, who had been impressed with what he saw of it in Europe and Asia. Filene put up $1,000,000 to promote credit union laws and help groups organize. The work was done through the Credit Union National Extension Bureau, which was succeeded by CUNA, with Filene House at Madison, Wisconsin, as U. S. headquarters, and Maison Cuna at Hamilton, Ontario, serving Canada.

Like most credit unions, ours has been aided by CUNA and its leagues. A New York League representative has worked with us regularly, correcting errors, teaching, demonstrating. But all agree that the foundation for a successful credit union is a devoted corps of responsible people, like our intrepid collectors.

Recently, one of our members, persistently hounded by his department collector, confided, "I've saved $200, which is more fluid cash than I've ever had at one time in my life. I couldn't have done it without the credit union."

Multiply that by 10,000,000 and you have the credit-union story.

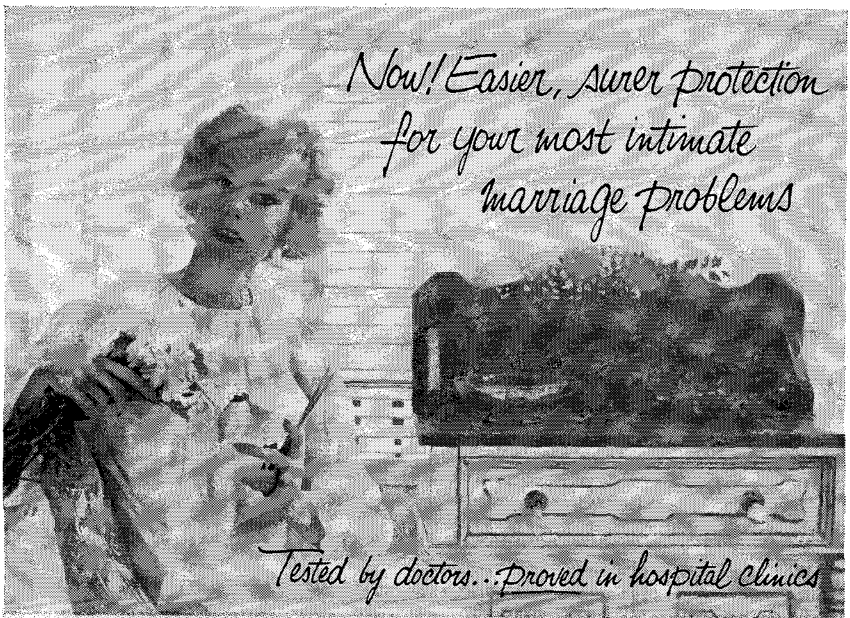
A Fighting Chance

IN THE SPRING OF 1955, a lovely river, which had its source high in the mountains of one of Southern California's parks, flooded the valley through which it flowed down into the small town that sat where the river was joined by its two tributaries.

In the cold wet dawn, rescuers and rescued took stock of the utter devastation and apprehensively checked for loss of life. There were many stories of near tragedy but only Charlie, the town character, a man of strictly non-churchgoing habits, was missing. As the rescuers searched, they called Charlie's name over and over. Finally, they heard faint answering calls which led them to a large sturdy tree, where, perched high on a branch, Charlie had ridden out the flood while trees around him were uprooted.

When asked by his rescuers, "Well, Charlie, did you think of your past or do any praying through the long anxious night?" Charlie answered, "Not exactly. I didn't think as how the Lord would pay no mind to the likes of me, but I sure as heck prayed for Him to save this tree."

—E. Brooks


Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problems
Tested by doctors..proved in hospital clinics

1. Germicidal protection! Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant protection! Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenience! These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Tested by doctors . . . Trusted by women

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VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

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***FREE** informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CR-84
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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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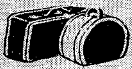
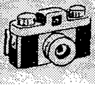
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. *Your complete satisfaction is* the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

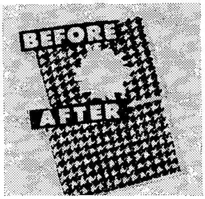



NEW! SUPERWIDE FIBERGLAS DRAPES

Now in 127 custom sizes and colors that fit any window, wall or corner! Never need ironing or dry-cleaning. 14 decorator colors in prints and solids. Save ⅓! Send for Free Drapery Sample Kit. Ronnie, world's largest distributor of Fiberglas Curtains and Drapes. 245SS-6 Ronnie Bldg., 145 Broad Avenue, Fairview, Bergen County, N. J.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an *hour!* Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 394, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.



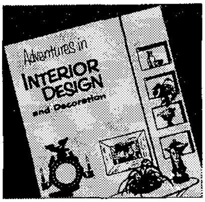
SAFE, SURE INSECT KILLER

clean house kills insects

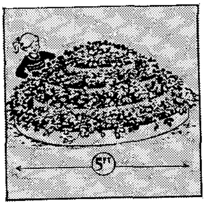
In 2 hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense Cone, place in ashtray. Airborne chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs, etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-D Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

INTERIOR DECORATION—HOME STUDY

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free 24-page illustrated booklet, "Adventures in Interior Design and Decoration." Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 1414, Chicago, Ill.



PYRAMID STRAWBERRY GARDEN



Grow more quarts of strawberries in 60 to 90 days in 5 ft. area with new everlasting aluminum Pyramid Strawberry Garden. Add interest, beauty to your garden. Special 5 ft. diam. Pyramid with 50 Superfection Everbearing Strawberry Plants compl. $9.95 ppd. Pyramid Garden only, $7.95 ppd. Send Ck., M.O. Minnetonka Nurseries, Dept. CT4, Excelsior, Minn.

IF YOU'RE STOUT—FREE STYLE BOOK

Save money on the latest styles in dresses, coats, sizes 38 to 60, designed by our experts to fit your figure gracefully. Dresses $2.98 to $35.00. Coats as low as $12.98. Also suits, sportswear, shoes, hose, hats, underwear, corsets. All at low prices. Send name, address for 108-page Style Book, Free, postpaid. Lane Bryant, Department 79, Indianapolis 17, Ind.

CLEANS ALUMINUM DOOR, ETC.

Corky cleans and polishes aluminum storm doors and windows quickly, efficiently—they operate easier, stay brighter longer. Removes oxidation as it supplies fine, satiny protective coating. Easily applied—safe on hands. Preserves finish a year for pennies a unit. Corky has m-a-n-y other uses, too. Send $1.95 ppd. Corky, 337 Washington Ave., Newport, Ky.

MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND

Men and women, for that casual feeling, choose the easy, airy comfort of natural color Water Buffalo sandals, entirely handmade of leather imported from India. Leather covered cork wedge, hand shaped to fit the arch. Women's sizes 3-11, $7.20. Men's sizes 6-12, $7.65. Ppd. Bloom's Dept. CO-48, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, N. Y.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 175

Silver Linings

MY PARENTS PURCHASED a small restaurant during the Depression and, although I was only 12, I enjoyed the new experience of "waiting on table" after school.

One day a tall, dark stranger came and ordered a bowl of soup. "And what else?" I asked brightly, thinking it very efficient to fill the rest of the order while he had his soup.

"Just soup!" he snarled.

I felt my face flush at his vicious tone as I hurried away to repeat the scene to my mother.

"Well, he's not asking for a handout like so many do," she said as she carefully filled the bowl to the brim.

After the surly customer left, I

$1,000,000.00 IN CONFEDERATE MONEY

in genuine, authentic reproductions for $2.98. Be a deep-south millionaire with money to burn. Do everything with this money but spend it. A million bucks in $10's, $20's, $50's, etc. Light your cigarettes or cigars with a ten-spot. A million for $2.98 or 4 million for $10. Ppd. Body Massager Co., Dept. M-291, 401 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

CEDARIZE DRAWERS & CLOSETS

with new inexpensive Cedar-Pads. Contains more fragrant cedar oil than the wood itself. One Pad will cedarize a dresser drawer, wardrobe, linen closet, trunk or storage bag. Hang 'em in your closets ... get rid of musty odors. Guaranteed or your money back! 12 Cedar-Pads for $1. Sunset House, 2247 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles, 16, California.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS

Jarra Gems surpass all other gems in fiery brilliance. Jarra Gems, like the finest gems, are indiv. hand cut, polished to enhance their dazzling beauty. Send for Free Booklet! Tells amaz. story of Jarra Gems and shows wide variety of Ladies' & Men's rings. Unset Jarra Gems (1-5 carats) $24.00 a carat, tax incl. Dept. CR1, Jarra Gem Corp., 489 Fifth Ave., NYC.

COLOR MURALS—ONLY $8.95

Beautiful 32 page book on murals. Shows variety of color subjects available; Do-it-yourself suggestions, lighting, window treatments, etc. Living rms., offices, recreation rooms, dens, windowless areas all take on a spacious new look with murals—65″x45″ only $8.95. Send 25¢. (deducted from first order) Arrow Photo Mural. 523 Plymouth Ct., Chicago 5.

BRACELET FOR MOM & GRANDMA

This bracelet in beautiful St/Silver bears record on each disc or silhouette. Script engraved with name, day, month & year of birth of child or grandchild. St. Silver Bracelet $1.50 Ea. Disc & Silhouette $1 12K G/Fill Bracelet $2.75 Ea. 12K G/Fill Disc $1.75 Plus 10% FET. No COD's. Edward H. Ziff, Importer Box 3072, Mdse Mart Plaza Dept. C-4, Chicago 54, Ill.

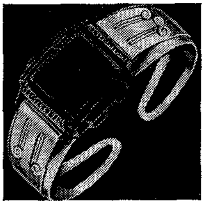
THE GIFT OF GIFTS

Healthful, beautifully designed fountain decoration. Humidifier avail. in solid copper or brass. 16″ diam. Plug in, compl. unit, adj. spray. Recirculates same water. Fully guar. Ck, M.O. or $10.00 deposit. Bal. C.O.D. Reg. $49.50—Special $39.50. F.O.B. N. Y. (Chrome plate on solid copper $6.00 extra.) Canal Electric Motor, Dept. C-48, 310 Canal St., N. Y. C.

(*Continued on next page*)

WATCH BAND OF MODERN SIMPLICITY

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only $4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

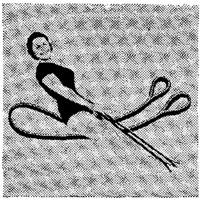


FOR BIG MEN ONLY

We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 606 Brockton, Massachusetts.

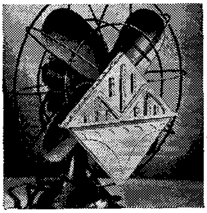
IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve tummy, thighs, hip & bust measurements. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. Guar. or money back! $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 2246 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Cal.



2-WAY AIR CONDITIONER $1

Beat summer heat, enjoy cool breezes without cost. Simply attach to any fan, fill water tank, and turn on. Evaporation chills and conditions air. Also perfect for humidifying dry indoor air. Fits any fan or grilled air duct. Only $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-D Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



WRITE SHORTHAND IN 4 DAYS!

Because you use the regular alphabet in this shorthand system, it's easy as A-B-C to learn the complete method in 4 days. Perfect for school and business. Instruction and Practice Books only $2.98 ppd. 11th large printing. Order now from Publisher: Fineline Co. (Dept. 441) 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y., or write for Free Literature.

SHORTHAND
IN
4 DAYS

started to clear away his place when I noticed a sheet of paper under the bowl. It was a pencilled drawing of a young girl's eager, smiling face—my face.

The artist had not signed his name but he did leave a signature of sorts. Under the picture, in heavy lettering, was scrawled, "SORRY, KID."

—MRS. MARGARET MORRISON

WHEN WE FOUND IT necessary to move from New York City to a small Massachusetts town my husband and I were unhappy at the thought of leaving our families and friends, since we had been told that New Englanders were very reluctant to accept newcomers.

The first day in our new hometown was bleak and cold—all we had anticipated—and since our furniture would not arrive until the

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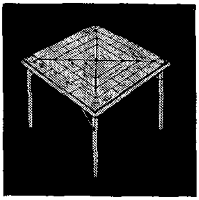

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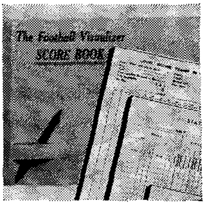

following day, we spent the night in a motel. The next morning when we opened the door of our new apartment we couldn't believe our eyes. There on the living room floor stood 16 vases filled with flowers. Printed on each was a different name and address, and on one there was the following note: "Each of these vases entitles you to a dinner at the owner's home. We know how lonely a new town can be—so WELCOME."

It was signed: "Your neighbors and new friends." —MRS. IRENE SCHWARTZ

I STOPPED IN A super market to buy a shopping bag on my way home from the hospital. The clerk, a sweet looking, white-haired lady watched, curious, as I placed my son's little suit, cap and shoes in it. So I explained: "I've just left my little boy at General Hospital where he has to undergo heart surgery. I didn't know I would have to take

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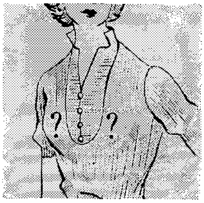

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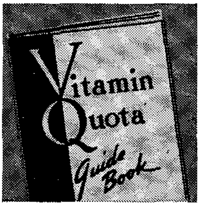

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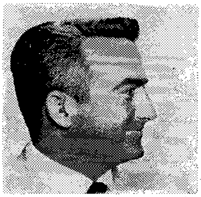

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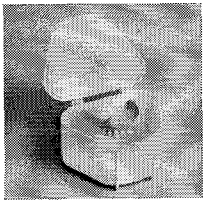

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(Continued on next page)

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his clothes home with me, and I didn't bring a suitcase. I can't bear to look at his things without him in them, right now."

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We learned that a white-haired lady had brought the flowers and toy to the hospital the previous evening. She said they were for a little boy whose name she didn't know, but who had been admitted that day for heart surgery. With them was a gift card on which was written: "From your fairy godmother."

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care enough to cheer up a sick child she had never seen. —TERESA PULLEY

AN ELDERLY COUPLE, visiting New York on the occasion of their fiftieth wedding anniversary, were being interviewed on a network radio program.

The interviewer asked the beaming husband to what he attributed all those years of blissful marriage.

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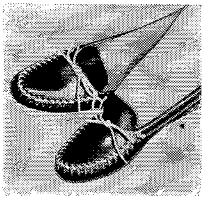

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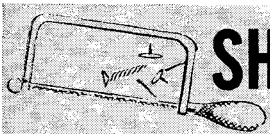

SHOPPING GUIDE

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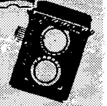

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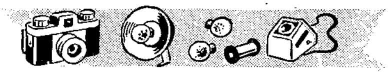

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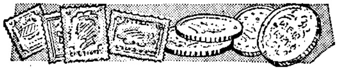

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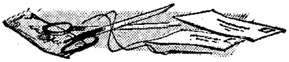

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(Continued on next page)

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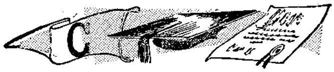

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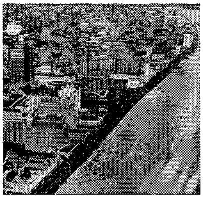

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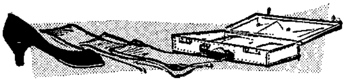

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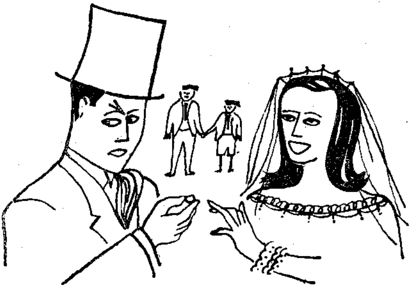


They called it justice

by Will Bernard

AN ASTUTE NEW YORK LAWYER received a distress call some years ago from a luckless client whom police had arrested for arson. With plenty of damaging evidence in the hands of the authorities, things looked dark.

Yet the lawyer evinced such confidence during the preliminary proceedings that the prosecutor began to have doubts. It came as a distinct relief to him when the lawyer offered: "If you'll drop the arson charge, my client will plead guilty to attempted arson."

The prosecutor consented and the judge approved the agreement. But when it came time to impose sentence, the lawyer blandly called the judge's attention to a peculiar problem of arithmetic. According to a newly passed state law, the penalty for any attempted crime should be half of the penalty for a completed crime. *And the penalty for arson was life imprisonment.*

How long, inquired the lawyer, is half of a man's life?

"The Scripture tells us," he went on, "that we knoweth not the day nor the hour of our departure. Will this court sentence the prisoner to half of a minute—or to half of the days of Methuselah?"

Stumped, the judge finally decided to set the defendant free.

EQUALLY RESOURCEFUL was a Nevada lawyer who received this appeal many years ago from a woman in Alabama:

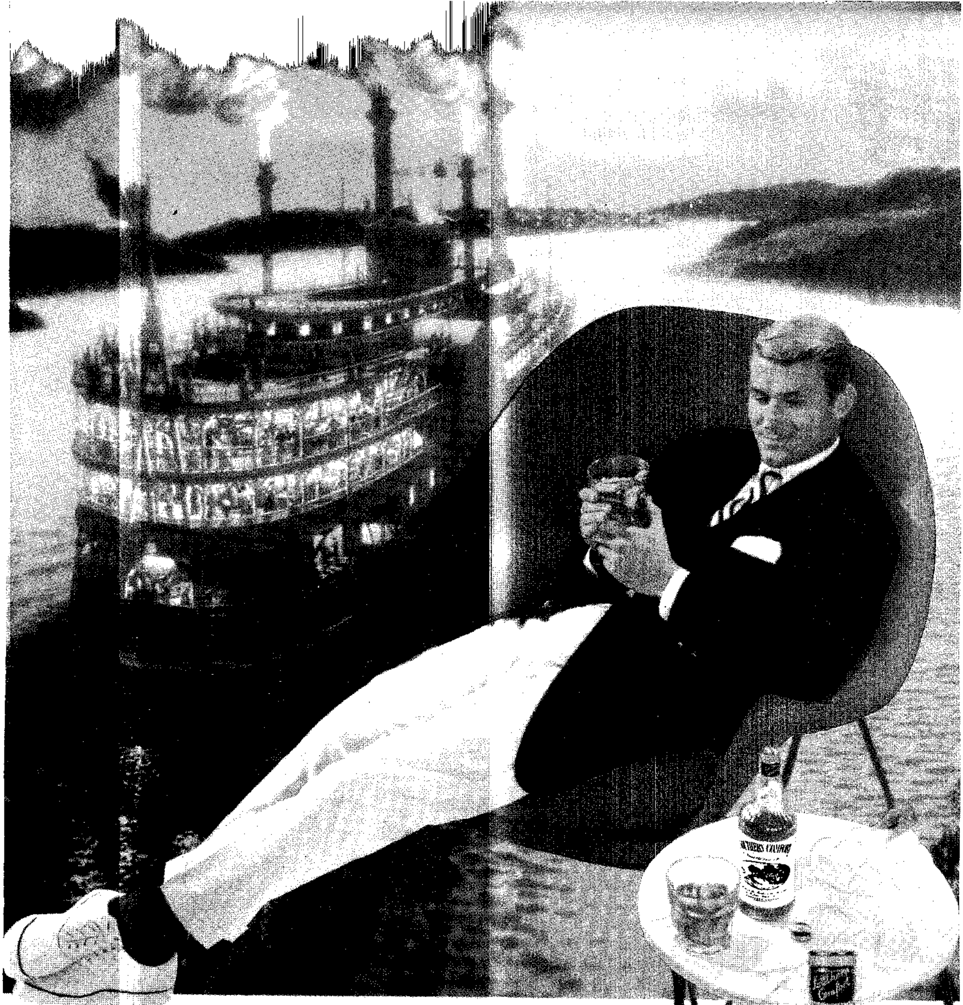
"My husband left me ten years ago. I have just heard that he is living in your city, under the name of Henry Brown. I beg you to get me a divorce. I don't want alimony."

There *was* a Henry Brown in town—an honored leader of the community. When the lawyer showed him the letter, he broke down and confessed his identity.

"But now I have a loving wife and two fine sons," he said desperately. "I'd rather die than disgrace them."

The lawyer did some thinking. Then he suggested, "First, I'll file a divorce suit against you under your original name. You will fail to answer, thus losing the case by default. Second, I want you to give your present wife a surprise party on your next anniversary."

The climax of the anniversary party which Henry Brown gave for his wife was a "mock wedding" of the host and hostess, complete with minister, string band and wedding march. Mrs. Brown never found out that the marriage license, far from being a prop in a festive joke, had finally turned her into a respectable married woman.



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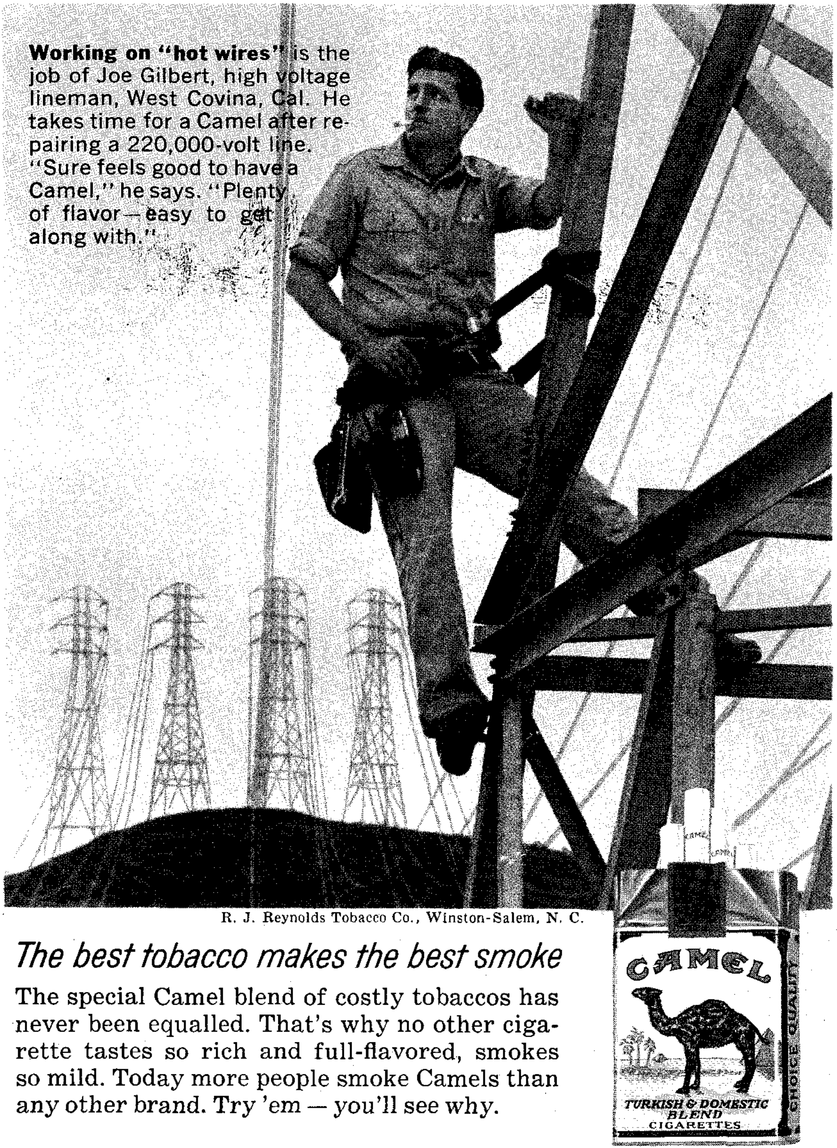

Working on "hot wires" is the job of Joe Gilbert, high voltage lineman, West Covina, Cal. He takes time for a Camel after repairing a 220,000-volt line. "Sure feels good to have a Camel," he says. "Plenty of flavor — easy to get along with."

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